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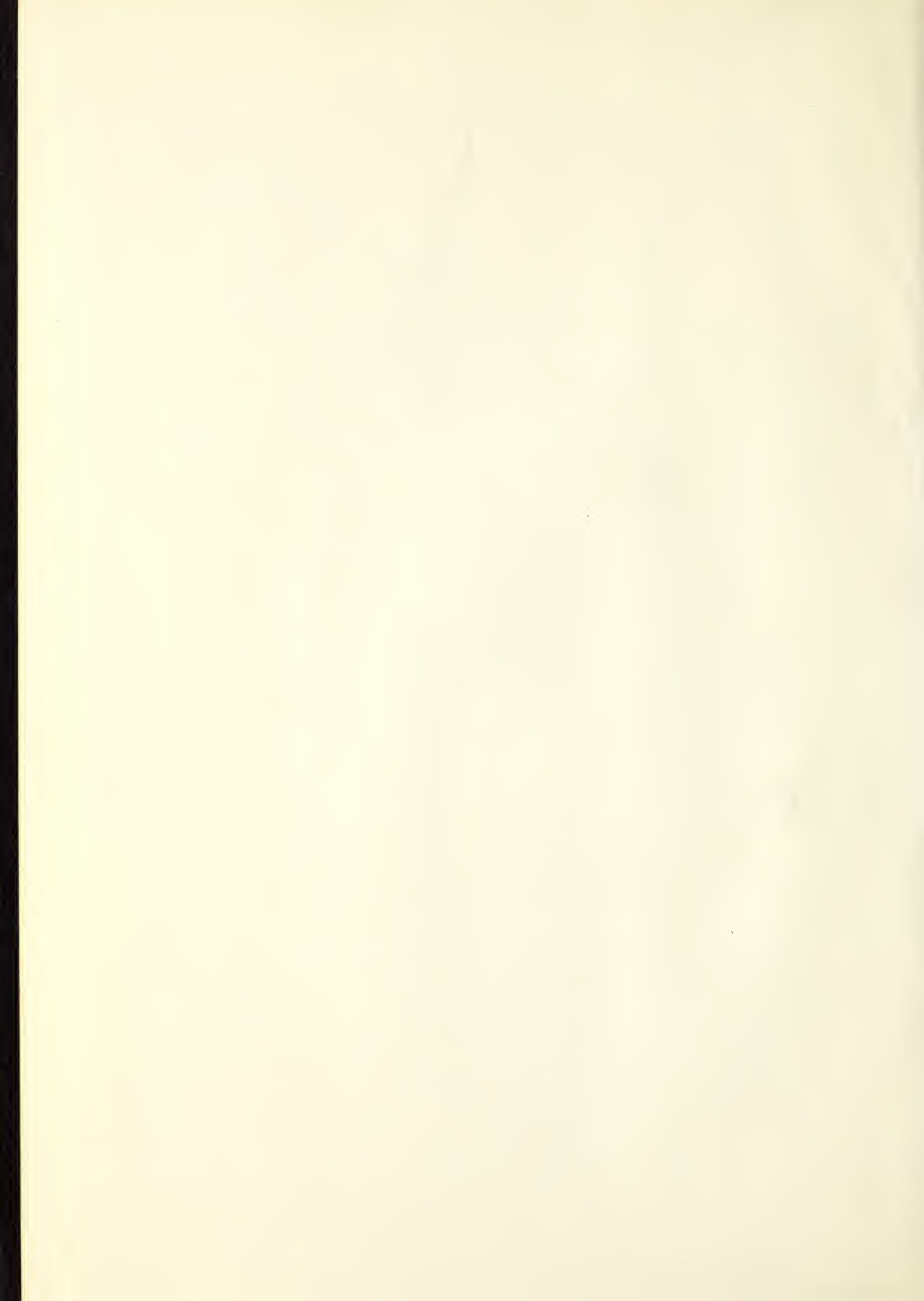

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ERRATA

Page 103, for "May," read "June."
Page 360, insert after sixth line, "R. French and the mother of."
Page 390, eighth line from last, read "Lovisa" for "Louisa."

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IN THIS ISSUE:

NEW HAMPSHIRE DAY BY DAY

HARLAN C. PEARSON, Publisher

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Judge George F. Morris.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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NEW HAMPSHIRE DAY BY DAY

George Franklin Morris of Lancaster, the new judge of the United States District Court for the District of New Hampshire, is seventh in the line of that honorable and distinguished succession, the office having but four occupants between 1804 and 1921. The first judge, appointed by President Washington September 26, 1789, was General John Sullivan of Durham, hero of the Revolution and one of the most interesting figures in the early history of New Hampshire. He was a brilliant lawyer, as well as a gallant soldier and courtly gentleman, and was attorney general of the state before accepting the place on the bench which he filled until his death, January 23, 1795.

His successor was John Pickering of Portsmouth, whose life story is one of the tragic pages in the history of the New Hampshire bench and bar. Native of Newington, Harvard graduate, eminent lawyer, useful patriot, one of the framers of the state constitution, chief justice of the supreme court, attorney general, he was in failing health when he received his appointment to the federal court and a few years later became insane. His removal from office, effected by the harsh expedient of his impeachment for "high crimes and misdemeanors," became not only a celebrated case, but a national political issue.

In his place was appointed John Samuel Sherburne of Portsmouth, who had been the first United States district attorney for this district. He was a preacher turned lawyer, Revolutionary soldier, legislative leader and congressman, and served as judge until 1830. After him came Matthew Harvey, the only man who ever resigned the office of governor of New Hampshire; which he did to accept the appointment to the federal bench. Born in Sutton, educated at Dartmouth, he was a lawyer in Hopkinton until his removal to Concord in 1850, where he died in 1866, having held office, state or federal, continuously for 52 years. His name appears in the list of our executive councilors, speakers of the House, presidents of the Senate and United States Senators, as well as in those of governors and judges.

Daniel Clark of Manchester, the next district judge, also resigned what some might consider a more important office to go upon the bench; for he was United States Senator when he accepted the judicial appointment and qualified July 27, 1866. This action, however, was not unique, like that of Governor Harvey, for in the early days of the Republic Samuel Livermore, James Sheafe and Nahum Parker resigned the office of United States Senator from New Hampshire, as did, somewhat later, those more famous sons of the state, Levi Woodbury and Franklin Pierce.

Judge Clark was a native of Stratham, a graduate of Dartmouth and for two years during his service in the Senate president of that body. Upon his death in 1891 the choice for his successor fell upon Edgar Aldrich of Littleton, native of Pittsburg, graduate of the University of Michigan, speaker of the New Hampshire House, whose distinguished career as lawyer and jur-

ist and eminent public services are still fresh in the public mind. It was his lamented death on Sept. 15, 1921, which caused the vacancy now so well filled by the appointment of Judge Morris.

George F. Morris was born in Vershire, Vt., April 13, 1866, the son of Josiah S. and Lucina C. (Merrill) Morris, and attended the schools of Corinth and Randolph, Vt. For some years he was a successful school teacher, at the same time reading law, and was admitted to the bar in 1891. He practised at Lisbon until 1906, when he removed to Lancaster and became a member of the firm of Drew, Jordan Shurtleff & Morris, headed by U. S. Senator Irving W. Drew and the late Governor Chester B. Jordan, the most important law partnership in Northern New Hampshire. In this connection he has had a very wide and successful professional experience. While at Lisbon he represented the town in the legislature and constitutional convention and was for four years solicitor of Grafton county. In the House of Representatives of 1905, when the important standing committee on ways and means was first appointed, he was made its chairman, although a new member, and in that capacity rendered valuable service. Both at Lisbon and Lancaster he served on the school board. He has been a member of the state board of bar examiners since 1914 and in 1917 was president of the state bar association. Despite his devotion to his profession he has many outside interests, including an extensive farm, and has been president of the Coos County Farm Bureau. He is an authority on the early history of Northern New England as well as upon its flora, of which he has a large collection. Judge Morris married May 16, 1894, Lula J. daughter of Charles and Persis (Hall) Aldrich, of Lisbon, widely known as a clubwoman and as past grand matron of the Eastern Star. They have one son, Robert Hall Morris.

Federal Building, Concord, N. H.

Judge Morris counts himself fortunate in having the experienced and expert assistance in his new

duties of another North Country lawyer. Burns P. Hodgman, formerly of Littleton, who has been clerk of the district court since August 1, 1900. He is the 12th occupant of the position, his predecessors having beenJonathan Steele of Durham, 1789—1804; Richard Cutts Shannon of Portsmouth, 1804—1814; George Washington Prescott of Portsmouth, 1814—1817; Peyton Randolph Freeman of Portsmouth, 1817—1820; William Claggett of Portsmouth, 1820—1825; Samuel Cushman of Portsmouth, 1825—1826; Charles W. Cutter of Portsmouth, 1826—1841; John L. Hayes of Portsmouth, 1841—1847; Charles H. Bartlett of Manchester, 1847—1883; Benjamin F. Clark of Manchester, 1883—1891; Fremont E. Shurtleff of Concord, 1891—1900.

Mayor Fred H. Brown of Somersworth has been United States district attorney since 1914, being the 26th in a distinguished succession which includes such names as Jeremiah Smith, John P. Hale and Franklin Pierce. Thomas B. Donnelly of Manchester took office this year as United States marshal in this district, an office in which he has had 21 predecessors.

HON. GEORGE E. TRUDEL.
Mayor of Manchester.

Sessions of the district court are held in Portsmouth and Littleton as well as in Concord, but the permanent offices of the clerk and marshal are in the federal building at Concord.

While 1921 was the "off year" in New Hampshire as regards state elections, the people of several cities went to the polls in November and

December to choose members of their city governments, and some interesting contests resulted. This was particularly the case in our metropolis, Manchester, where Hon. George E. Trudel, Republican, member of Governor Albert O. Brown's executive council from the third district, defeated John L. Barry, Democrat, president of the State Federation of Labor. Mayor Trudel is a native of Canada, of French descent, but has lived in Manchester since childhood. Throughout the State he has a wide circle of friends, gained during many years

HON. F. W. HARTFORD,
Mayor of Portsmouth.

"on the road" as a commercial traveller and is now prosperously engaged in business for himself. His candidacy for the council was his first political experience, but he now holds the record of having, within thirteen months, "redeemed" both his city and his councilor district from the opposing party. An issue in this election was the legislation regarding Manchester enacted by the general court of 1921, which was favored by Councilor Trudel and his supporters and denounced by their opponents.

It was a somewhat singular circumstance that in every case where a mayor was a candidate for reelection he was successful. Major Orville E. Cain, mayor of Keene, and William K. Kimball, mayor of Rochester, had no opposition. In Concord, Mayor Henry E. Chamberlin was given a second term over Alderman Arthur F. Sturtevant. At Portsmouth, Major Fernando W. Hartford, editor and publicist, was elected for a second term, his opponent being ex-Mayor Daniel W. Badger, member of Governor Samuel D. Felker's executive council. Henri A. Burque was re-elected mayor of Nashua by 4,343 votes to 1,873 for Alderman John W. Broderick. The chief election day surprises were in Dover and Franklin. In the former city, Charles G. Waldron, Democrat, defeated Alonzo G. Wiliand, Republican, for mayor, although the latter party carried four of the five wards for other offices. Mayor-elect Waldron has chosen a "cabinet," or board of advisors, of eight Republicans and four Democrats with whom he says he will take counsel as to the financial and other policies of the city. In Franklin the strike of paper mill workers was made an issue in the election and the labor candidate, Louis H. Douphinette, Democrat, beat Clarence P. Stevens, Republican. Mr. Douphinette, like Mr. Waldron, was a member of the legislature of 1919 and is president of the Central Labor Union of his city.

Several women were elected to the school boards of their respective cities, Mrs. Ida Benfield in Portsmouth; Mrs. Della Alton in Nashua; Miss Annie Wallace and Mrs. Sarah E. Kendall in Rochester; while in Keene one woman councilman was chosen from each of the five wards: Mrs. Maude S. Puthey, Miss Grace A. Richardson, Mrs. Annie L. Holbrook, Mrs. Katherine E. Faulkner and Mrs. Lulu F. Lesure.

HOW NEW HAMPSHIRE RAISED HER ARMIES FOR THE REVOLUTION.

By Jonathan Smith

In the three great Wars which this country has waged, namely, the Revolution, the Civil and the World War, the nation has raised its armies in three different ways: by the militia system, the volunteer method and by conscription. In the Revolutionary struggle, under the so-called militia system, the men were drawn from State Militia regiments already organized, through voluntary enlistment or by draft. Its distinguishing feature was a short term of service, and was the sole method of raising the armies in the war for independence. Under the volunteer plan the men are recruited from civil life, and are usually enlisted for one, two or three years, as may be named in the call for men. This was the leading method of raising the armies during the Rebellion, although during the last three years a conscription law was in force. In the World War the reliance was on the draft. Still a large number also volunteered for service. Each plan has its advantages and its disadvantages.

The Legislation of New Hampshire and Massachusetts was generally alike in the Revolutionary war, and in its details varied only in minor particulars. The two States often consulted together through Committees, not only in answering the calls for men, but also in general war legislation. Both met with the same difficulties in filling their quotas. The men were called for substantially the same length of time, given about the same pay, and each state was compelled to fix penalties on both officers and civil authorities for negligence in performance of their duties imposed under many of the calls. The methods pursued by both, and their experiences in recruiting men for the armies, were probably similar to those of every other colony.

There was no standing army when the conflict opened, but all men were already enrolled in companies and regiments. New Hampshire had twelve, and when it re-organized its militia in May, 1775, created the same number. When it again re-organized its militia in 1777, it made eighteen regiments. The size of these regiments varied from two or three hundred to seven hundred and fifty men each. All male inhabitants were divided into two classes, one called the active list, which included those between the ages of sixteen and fifty, and the alarm list, embracing all between sixteen and sixty-five, not enrolled in the active list. Many of the official classes were exempted from both groups. The State appointed the general officers of Divisions and Brigades, and also the Colonels and Field officers of the several regiments. Each Company elected its own officers. The men on the active list were required to meet for drill and instruction eight times a year, and those on the alarm list, twice a year. These encampments lasted from three days to a week each. They were scenes of hilarity and dissipation, and were nothing but picnics on a large scale. As schools for instruction in the serious duties of the soldier, they were of no account. Each man had to furnish his own gun, accoutrements, and ammunition while serving in the militia. There was no prescribed uniform. If a man was unable to provide himself with his arms and other military implements,

the selectmen or State furnished them for him. In the first years of the war the calls were from the active list, but later the alarm list was also included and no distinction was made between the two. It was from this force, so organized, that the armies of the Revolution were drawn.

The men were called for service in this way. If they were wanted to protect the sea coast or critical points within the State, the demand originated in the Legislature, Council or Committee of Safety, which passed Acts or issued orders to raise so many men to guard certain points named in the Law, and the Colonels of the militia regiments were ordered to recruit them out of their commands. The men called for State service were enlisted generally for longer terms, varying from three months to a year; while if they were to serve without the State, the Governors of neighboring commonwealths, General Washington, or the Continental Congress would call upon the Governor or Legislature to furnish so many men for such and such a duty. The Legislature would forthwith enact a law, or the Council or Committee of Safety issue orders, addressed to the General commanding the militia or to the Regimental Colonels to recruit the number of men required. The General would divide the quota among the State regiments, and direct the Colonels commanding to recruit or draft the men called for. The Colonels would apportion the men among the towns represented in his command, and order his Captains to execute the law. No town was required to furnish more than its proportionate share under a call. The orders were given more frequently direct to the Colonels of the regiments. The law enforcing the call frequently stated the number of men each town was to furnish as its quota.

Officers to command the men thus called out were not the same as those of the original militia regiments, but were specially appointed by the State for each battalion, and company officers were selected by the companies. The Field officers were often drawn from the primitive organizations, but not always, while the companies elected entirely new officers. They were original organizations, except that the men were taken out of the old order.

An enumeration of the laws passed for filling the armies, and a brief outline in some detail of the terms and conditions under which the men served, is necessary to appreciate fully how the system worked as a way of recruiting for the army. It is briefly sketched in the following pages, and explains, in part, why the struggle was so long, and makes plain in its results some of the reasons why the people suffered so intensely during the struggle. It will be appreciated by those who are familiar with the methods of raising armies.

The armies of 1775 were entirely volunteers, and were recruited in part out of the men who went to Cambridge, after the Lexington alarm. They came from all sections of Massachusetts and central and southern New Hampshire. The historian of a New Hampshire town has left on record a description of how they started for Cambridge. The alarm reached the Captain of the militia company of the place about daylight on April 19th. He immediately sent out his hired man to notify the members, and by ten o'clock all had assembled. "We all set out," to quote the words of an actor in the drama, "with such weapons as we could get, going like a flock of wild geese we hardly knew why or whither" and in two hours from the time of getting notice he was on his way to the place of assembly with his

son and hired man, they on foot and he on horseback, carrying a bag with pork in one end of it and a large baking pan of bread just taken from the oven, in the other. The company was ready to march at 10 o'clock; some had fire arms with a meager supply of powder and ball; some of the guns were the old heavy, clumsy Queen's arm; some were light French pieces called fusees. Many of the guns had seen hard usage in the French war. Some of the men had pitchforks, some shillelahs and one ardent patriot was armed with his grain flail. The men were of all ages, untrained in the soldier's art, and their uniforms of homespun were as various in cut and color as the personality of the wearers. This would be a fair description of many of the men when they got to Cambridge. This company started for Cambridge and had got as far as Groton when they heard the result of the Concord fight, and half of them, including their Captain, turned back home. The rest kept on to their destination. At Cambridge, all was confusion and chaos; some of the men were under their regular officers; many of them were mere detachments of their companies, while a large portion were without any officers or semblance of a Commander or organization.

But the authorities of Massachusetts immediately set themselves to work to bring order out of this confusion.

Boston of course was the center of military operations, and the people of Massachusetts felt the crisis more keenly than those of any other State, but New Hampshire was not idle. In May, 1775, the Fourth Provincial Congress voted to raise two thousand men for the cause, dividing them into three regiments. The regiments under Stark and Reed were largely recruited from the New Hampshire men present at Cambridge between April 20th and June 1st. The third regiment, under Colonel Poor, was first designed for the protection of the New Hampshire sea coast, but after the battle of Bunker Hill was also ordered to Cambridge and there remained until the following January. These men were enlisted to serve until the last day of the next December, and their pay was forty shillings a month.

They were volunteers and there was no suggestion of a draft by either State. The men were to furnish their arms and equipment, the same as in the original militia. An allowance of a penny a mile was made for travel and four dollars was allowed for an over-coat.

September 1st, 1775, the Fourth Provincial Congress voted to raise four regiments of Minute Men out of the Militia regiments to be ready for immediate duty on call; to serve for four months and at the end of that time to be re-enlisted and keep being re-enlisted until further orders. When called to duty they were to be allowed the same pay and emoluments as the men in active service. How many of these Minute Men actually entered active service afterwards does not appear, but probably most, if not all, of them did. Aside from these men there came a call the first of December from Generals Washington and Sullivan upon the two States for five thousand men to take the place of the Connecticut militia, which had taken a miff at some fancied grievance, and refusing to serve longer, had marched off home. New Hampshire recruited thirty-one companies, eighteen hundred men, and Massachusetts contributed the balance. These men were to serve six weeks, and at the end of that time were discharged. Besides the men so furnished New Hampshire

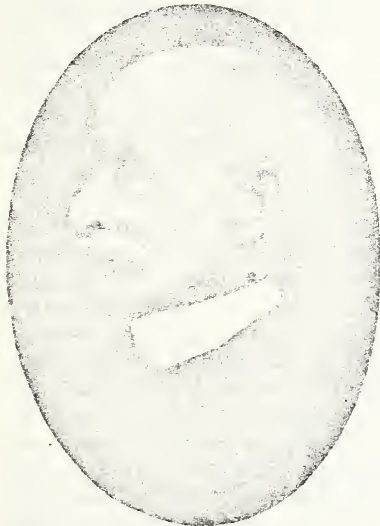
also raised three companies for service in Canada, and one or two companies to guard the coast about Portsmouth.

The year 1776 was a busy one in raising men for the army. The colonies had come to realize the character of the struggle before them. The Declaration of Independence gave them a new incentive and had also emphasized the intensity of the war on the part of Great Britain. On January 20th, 1776, the Legislature voted to raise two regiments of 780 men each for two months. One of these was intended for General Schuyler and its term of service was later extended to one year. The other was to reinforce General Sullivan and its term was two months. Two months' pay in advance was offered. In March of this year New Hampshire voted to raise a regiment of seven hundred and twenty-five men, besides three hundred additional, to serve for nine months, as a guard for the sea coast, and seven hundred and sixty men for service in the Continental army in Canada. Their pay was to be the same as in the preceding year. Again in July the State decided to raise seven hundred and fifty more men for service until the 1st of the next December to serve in Canada. The Colonels of the several militia regiments were to recruit the men out of their commands. A bounty of seven pounds for equipment and one month's pay of 40 shillings in advance was offered, while their regular pay was the same as formerly. After the defeat at Long Island in August, in response to urgent calls from General Washington and the Continental Congress, it was decided to raise one thousand men for duty in New York to serve until December 1st, offering a bounty of six pounds and advanced pay, as in the preceding case. All these men were to be raised by voluntary enlistment—but in December the State ordered a draft of five hundred men out of the militia for service in northern New York to serve until the first of the next March. Their pay was three pounds a month. General Carleton had invaded that State and captured Crown Point, thus creating an emergency which required prompt action. The fore part of the year it was determined to raise eight companies to reinforce General Schuyler, and to serve in Canada until the first of the following January. These companies were a part of the one thousand men called in July. Two months' wages in advance was offered. In September a regiment of militia was raised to serve for four months at Portsmouth.

By the Act of September 12th of this year, every soldier was to furnish his own gun, ramrod, worm, procuring wire and brush, a bayonet, cutting sword, or tomahawk or hatchet, a pouch containing a cartridge box holding fifteen rounds, one hundred buck shot, a jackknife, tow for wadding, six flints, one pound of powder and forty balls. If unable to supply them the Selectmen were to furnish them for him. Men refusing to obey the call were to be fined not less than 20 shillings nor more than three pounds. In all subsequent calls the men were required to furnish these equipments. This year, the State, besides the three regiments in the American army, had one in Canada, another in Portsmouth, and had also furnished five regiments of militia besides several companies recruited to guard certain points within the State.

By the middle of the year, the colonial leaders had seen the folly of trying to carry on the war under the methods hitherto employed. Washington had denounced the militia as unreliable and that the short terms of its enlistment made it a worthless force with which to oppose the trained veterans of Eng-

land. In September, 1776, Congress voted to raise about sixty-six thousand men—the men to be enlisted for the war. This was modified later to make the term three years or during the war. These battalions were apportioned to the several States, three being assigned to New Hampshire. Congress offered a bounty of twenty pounds, a suit of clothes, consisting of two linen hunting shirts, two pairs of overalls, a leathern or woolen waistcoat with sleeves, a pair of breeches, a hat or leathern cap, two shirts, two pairs of hose, and two



JUDGE JONATHAN SMITH.

pairs of shoes, all of the value of twenty dollars, and one hundred acres of land to each man.

The States agreed to pay twenty shillings a month, wages; the soldier was to be allowed a blanket and one penny a mile for travel. When the request for the battalions came, the Assemblies appointed Commissioners to go to the armies and enlist out of the militia of their own State there serving, as many men as possible into the battalions. The State offered a bounty of twenty pounds in addition to that of Congress, and in 1779, increased the travel to six shillings a mile, and the bounty to three hundred dollars. On March 20th, 1777, a peremptory order was issued to General Folsom, Commander of the State Militia, directing him to order the Colonels of the regiments to command the Captains of their companies to raise the required number of men for the battalions forthwith and to recruit these from both the active and alarm lists. In 1778, it was voted to appoint a suitable person in each militia regiment to enlist 700 men to fill up the three battalions on or before March 18. The cost for getting the men was to be assessed upon the towns short on their quotas and the militia officers and others of the delinquent places were admonished in the strongest terms to complete their number, and they were authorized to hire the men anywhere within the State. In November, 1779, the Council and Committees of Safety voted that the 3 battalions be filled up; that a committee of two be sent to headquarters to re-enlist the men whose terms were expiring and to offer them instead of a bounty, 100 acres of land or such sum of money as may be given by Massachusetts and other States. The men re-enlisting were also to be assured that they should be paid the same for depreciation of money as those enlisting were entitled to be paid under existing laws. In December, 1779, General Folsom was ordered to fill up three battalions immediately. On March 3rd, 1780, recruiting officers for the three battalions were allowed 30 pounds for each man they secured. On June 8th, it was voted to draft, for service until the last day of the next December, to fill up the battalions. By the act of March 19th, 1780, the State amended its militia laws providing that the Colonels

and subordinate officers neglecting or refusing to enlist or draft men called for, were to be cashiered; and the law gave the Colonels power to draft the men. If the conscript did not go he was ordered to be fined 15 pounds to be collected by a warrant of distress; in case of no goods his body was to be taken. If he failed to appear when ordered and did not furnish a reasonable excuse or furnish a substitute he was fined 150 pounds; and officers refusing or neglecting to collect fines from the delinquents were assessed 250 pounds. On June 16th, 1780, the militia officers were ordered to enlist or draft six hundred men to fill up the three battalions of the State. Every conscript was made subject to a fine of five hundred dollars for failure to march or furnish a substitute within twenty-four hours. The pay was to be forty shillings a month, reckoned in corn at four shillings a bushel, sole leather at one shilling, six pence a pound and grassed beef at three pence a pound. If the man served until the last day of December, 1781, he was to have one suit of clothes and if he served until the last day of December, 1782, he was to be entitled to a suit of clothes annually. In January, 1781, thirteen hundred and fifty-four men were called for to fill the State's three battalions. The terms of the men enlisting in 1776 and 1777, were expiring and these men were called to keep the battalions full. The towns were permitted to divide their inhabitants into groups, as many groups as the quota called for, each group to be responsible for one man. Towns were allowed to offer a bounty of twenty pounds, reckoned in corn, etc., at the above prices. Classes were to furnish their men for three years before February 20th. If they (the classes) refused or neglected to do so then the town was to furnish them and assess the cost upon the classes or individuals responsible for the failure. If the towns themselves failed to make the assessments then the towns were to be penalized to double the amount it cost to hire a recruit, if the men were not furnished by March 3rd. Later in June, it was enacted that if the towns found it impracticable to raise the men under the January law, then they were to recruit them to serve till the 31st of the next December. If the towns neglected or refused to get them, the men were to be hired and the cost to be assessed on the delinquent towns. In March, 1782, the State was still short in its quota by six hundred and fifty men, and delinquent towns were peremptorily ordered to complete their quotas before the 15th of May. In 1781, the officers were ordered to hire men wherever they could be found, but these measures did not fill the quota for at the end of the war the State was still short by more than 550 men.

This recital is a suggestive description of the difficulties of the colonies in getting soldiers, particularly for the 88 battalions. The men were loth to enlist for anything but short terms. As the war went on their ardor and patriotism, so manifest in 1775 and 1776, abated, and ony by large bounties, increased pay and by threats of conscription could they be induced to enter the servce at all, and even by draft with heavy penalties upon both men and civil and military authorties for negligence or disobedience, could soldiers be obtained, and then in insufficient numbers.

The battalions suffered severely from sickness, deaths and desertion. During the last years of the struggle, as in the case of the Civil war, towns fell into the habit of hiring men to fill their quotas, paying what was necessary for the purpose. These hired recruits were younger in years than many of those serving

in the earlier part of the struggle.

General Knox reported to the First Congress in 1790 all available data for the men furnished by the two States for the eighty-eight battalions. According to this report New Hampshire never had more than twelve hundred and eighty-two men in the Continental line, and in 1781 had only seven hundred. Massachusetts' highest number was seven thousand, eight hundred and sixteen in 1777, and in 1781 had only three thousand, seven hundred and fifty-two. The total number of the Continental line in Washington's army was at its highest in 1777, when, according to General Knox, it numbered thirty-four thousand eight hundred and twenty men, which in 1781 had shrunken to thirteen thousand, eight hundred and ninety-two.

The year 1777 was one of great anxiety to the New England States. The British plan was for General Burgoyne to invade northern New York with an army of ten thousand men; General Howe to march up the Hudson river with his army from New York City and St. Leger to advance down the Mohawk valley from Fort Niagara. These forces were to unite at Albany, crush General Schuyler's troops, and then to invade, over-run and subdue the Eastern States. St. Leger's army was beaten and dispersed at Oriskany; General Howe went off on a campaign into Pennsylvania, but Burgoyne faithfully tried to carry out his part of the plan with an army of seven thousand regulars and a large force of Indians and Tories. Calls upon the militia of the two States were many and came often to resist the invasion. Burgoyne reached northern New York early in the season, and in May, on a report that Ticonderoga was in danger, the New Hampshire Assembly ordered the militia Colonels to send all the force they could muster as soon as possible, to the point of danger. Four hundred and thirty-four men were called, but before they reached Ticonderoga, word came that the enemy had fallen back, and the men were ordered home and discharged, after a little over a month's service. A few days later another alarm came that Ticonderoga was again in danger, and the militia were once more sent out, but after marching part way it was reported that the fort had fallen and the men returned home after a service of from four to fourteen days.

In January of this year the State enacted a law that when an order came for men to the Generals of the militia, the Captains were to call their companies together and if a sufficient number did not volunteer, to draft the balance of the quota. If the conscript failed to appear and did not pay a fine of ten pounds, afterwards increased to fifty, he was then to be held and treated as a soldier. If he failed or refused to march when ordered he was to be fined twelve pounds, which was later increased to sixty pounds.

On June 5th, a regiment of 720 men was voted to be raised for service in New England for a term of six months. Three hundred of these men were sent to Rhode Island. As stated before the men were to be paid a bounty of thirty shillings when they enlisted and a further bounty of four pounds, ten shillings when they were accepted, with the same monthly pay as the year before. Officers were allowed six shillings for every soldier they obtained.

On July 18th, the State Assembly reorganized its militia, into two brigades of nine regiments each, and on the same day ordered a draft of one-fourth of the militia of the second brigade and three regiments of the first for a service of two months.

Their pay was four pounds and ten shillings a month. The whole draft was placed under the command of General Stark. It was these troops, with the Massachusetts militia from Hampshire and Berkshire counties, that fought the battle of Bennington and afterwards joined General Gates at Stillwater. Their term expired on the very day of the battle of Bemis Heights and they marched home a few days later.

A contemporary has left on record a description of one company of these men that marched out of New Hampshire on the 19th day of July to join General Stark, as follows:

To a man they wore small clothes, coming down and fastening just below the knee, and long stockings with cow-hide shoes ornamented with large buckles, while not a pair of boots graced the company. The coats and waist-coats were loose and of huge dimensions with colors as various as the barks of oak, sumack and other trees of our hills and swamps could make them, and their shirts were all flax and like every other part of the dress, were homespun. On their heads was worn a large round-top and broad-brimmed hat. Their arms were as various as their costumes; here an old soldier carried a heavy King's-arm, with which he had done service at the conquest of Canada twenty years before; while at his side walked a stripling boy with a Spanish fusee not half its weight or calibre, which his grandfather may have taken at the siege of Havana, while not a few had old French pieces that dated back to the reduction of Louisburg.

Instead of a cartridge box a large powder horn was slung under the arm, and occasionally a bayonet might be seen bristling in the ranks. Some of the swords of the officers had been made by province blacksmiths, perhaps from some farming utensils. They looked serviceable but heavy and uncouth. Such was the appearance of the Continentals to whom a well appointed army was soon to lay down its arms. After a little exercising on the Old Common, and performing the then popular exploit of whipping the snake, they briskly filed off on the road by the foot of Kidder Mountain and through the Spofford gap towards Peterborough; to the tune of "Over the Hills and Far Away."

Let no one smile at this description. These men were the raw material out of which the very best soldiers in the world could be made by training and discipline, and it was their descendants that eighty-seven years later crushed the charge of Pickett at Gettysburg and in 1918 cleared the Belleau Wood and the Argonne forest of the German enemy.

Early in September the State ordered one-sixth of the militia to join General Gates at Saratoga, and it was in service for only a month or six week. On the 17th of the same month a large number of volunteers out of the militia were also called and sent forward to the army at Saratoga. How many men were furnished out of this last call does not appear for many of the military rolls are missing. Some of them were in service six weeks, and some served as long as two months. Besides these men sent to the army in New York, the Asembly in June in response to a call from the Governor of Rhode Island, voted to raise a force of three hundred men for six months in that State A bounty of six pounds was offered them and their pay was two pounds a month. Four companies of two hundred men were also raised to guard the western and northern frontiers to serve till January 1st. They were to be paid ten dollars a month and one month's pay in advance. Besides these troops two

companies were also recruited for guards at Portsmouth.

In 1778, the attention of both States was largely directed to Rhode Island and most of the men recruited, except for local service, were sent there. Early in the year New Hampshire voted to raise two hundred men for one year, and later added one hundred more, for duty in Rhode Island or elsewhere in New England or New York. They were offered fifteen dollars a month with one month's pay in advance and a bounty of six pounds. The Committee of Safety afterwards increased that bounty to ten pounds. Enlistments for this service were slow, and on the last day of May the Assembly voted to draft the men necessary to fill the call, who were to serve until the end of the year. They were offered a bounty of six pounds; and four pounds, ten shillings a month for pay. In August the same State voted to raise a brigade of five regiments, two thousand men, for one month's service in Rhode Island. They were paid five pounds a month, and were in service less than thirty days. The State also raised a regiment for the defense of the Connecticut River and offered the men the same wages, namely six pounds a month. Besides these calls 420 men were ordered to be drafted; their wages to be thirty dollars a month, for one month's service: to guard the sea coast and different points within the State. Their terms were to expire the first of the following January. In 1779, the State voted three hundred men for the defense of Rhode Island to serve for the term of six months. They were offered a bounty of thirty dollars and twelve pounds a month. The State also raised twelve companies and one regiment for local defense.

In June 1780, the Assembly voted to enlist or draft nine hundred and forty-five men for the defense of the United States for three months' duty. The soldiers were to be paid forty shillings per month, and said money to be equalled to Indian corn at four shillings a bushel, sole leather at one shilling, six pence per pound, and grassed beef at three pence per pound. If a man served until the last day of December, 1781, he was to receive in addition a suit of clothes. If he served until the last day of December, 1782, he was to receive an additional suit. Under the same Statute 180 men were called for three months' service on the frontier and at Portsmouth Harbor. This year the State also raised four companies of rangers for duty on the northern border, for a term of three months, and two companies to guard Portsmouth Harbor for nine months. In November it was enacted that all men drafted for three or six months who did not march or pay their fine should be arrested and committed to jail. The following year, 1781, two companies were raised for a term of six months for local defense. In the last days of June it was agreed to raise by enlistment or draft, a regiment of six hundred and fifty men for the Continental army. The number of men each militia regiment was to furnish under this call was stated in the Act. If the drafted man refused to march at once, he was to be fined thirty pounds. In the following August the quota not being full, the towns were ordered to hire the number of men required to fill the quota, and the officers were to pay them in specie or the equivalent in produce. The pay was to be forty shillings per month, and the cost of hiring the men was to be assessed proportionally on the towns deficient in their quota.

The number of militia furnished by the two States cannot be accurately stated, owing to the loss of many of the military rolls. During the first two years, up to 1777, the

quotas called for were, in all probability, substantially filled, but after January of that year, many were never fully answered. With one or two exceptions and excluding men for the Continental line, the militia officers were, up to that date, directed to enlist the men; later they were directed to enlist or draft; and in the last years of the struggle were ordered peremptorily to draft or detach, which is the same thing. In truth the men were beginning to weary of the war. The calls for soldiers came every month, sometimes three or four in a month. Usually the demand was for voluntary enlistment but after the beginning of 1777 a threat of conscription was attached to the call accompanied by heavy penalties, not only upon men disobeying but also upon officers, civil authorities, and towns for neglect or refusal to carry out the law. The effect of all this was discouraging. By 1778 most of the men had had a taste of military service, and many of them did not like it. Large numbers of the militia were men of mature years, owning farms and having dependent families. The calls often came in the busiest season, planting or harvesting time, when their presence at home was absolutely necessary to keep their wives and children from want. One of General Stark's most trusted officers and one who commanded the escort of the Burgoyne prisoners to Boston, was obliged to go without leave to New Hampshire to save his crops. He states in his excuse to the authorities that his family was then sick; that his fields lay exposed to ruin; and that it was impossible to hire a person capable of taking care of his sick family and crops, though he used his utmost endeavor so to do. This is probably a fair statement of the situation with many of the men called to service. The laws, especially those relating to the recruiting of the eighty-eight battalions, were very severe. Every man drafted had to go or furnish a substitute within twenty-four hours, or pay a penalty of ten pounds or more. These harsh terms did not increase the popularity of the service.

Under all these conditions men were slow to enlist and if they did so, it was to avoid conscription. When their terms were out they insisted on immediate discharge, regardless of what the military situation was at the time. "I have had my term," the man would say. "I have fought bravely. Let my neighbor do likewise." Perhaps the neighbor, from patriotic motives and anxious for a chance to fight the enemy, enlisted, but the battle he enlisted to fight did not come off in a month, two months, or three months. His ardor cooled; he grew homesick to see his wife and children. Then he would be sent to the hospital. From this the road to desertion was broad and straight, and he often took it.

Washington repeatedly urged upon Congress the futility of relying on the militia. "The soldier being told of the greatness of the cause he was engaged in replied that it was of no more importance to him than to others; that his pay would not support him and he could not ruin himself and his family." "Men," Washington continued, "just dragged from the tender scenes of domestic life, were not accustomed to the din of arms and every kind of military skill. When opposed by veteran troops they were ready to fly from their own shadows. The soldier's change in manner of living and lodging brought sickness to many, and impatience to all, and such unconquerable desires as to produce shameful and scandalous desertion among themselves, that inspired the same spirit in others. Men accustomed to unbounded freedom and no control, cannot stand the restraint necessary to good disci-

pline. If I were called upon to declare on oath whether the militia had been most serviceable or most harmful, I should subscribe to the latter."

And then too, both militia officers and the Selectmen and Committees of towns were not only slow but negligent in filling the calls. The State passed Statutes remonstrating with them, and demanding that they complete their quotas forthwith. In some cases heavy penalties were imposed upon towns and officers if they neglected to fill their call within a certain date, and fines were assessed upon them for each soldier deficient in the number required to fill the quota. Desertion was a terrible evil and the army suffered severely on account of it. The militia would sometimes march off home in squads and companies without leave or license.

The currency condition intensified the difficulty. The pay of the soldiers was originally fixed in 1775 and 1776 when paper money was on a par with silver. In January, 1777, it took one and one-fourth in bills to equal one in silver. January, 1778, the ratio was four to one. It steadily declined till 1780, when for a few months, it stood sixty to one, and in November of the same year, one hundred to one. In May, 1781, the currency had become entirely worthless and ceased to circulate. It is hard now to imagine the chaos which ensued and the dissatisfaction, varying from bitter remonstrance to open mutiny, which this bred in the army. Men who had early enlisted into the Continental line, in the earlier years of the war deserted in numbers; went home and re-enlisted on the quota of some other town for the sake of the large bounties offered. From the close of 1778, the men were virtually serving without pay and all the while as they well knew, their families were in danger of destitution. They were compelled to run heavily in debt. The State struggled with the problem the best it was able, but could not afford much relief. Things eventually came to such a condition in consequence, that open riots and blood-shed occurred in New Hampshire; and in Massachusetts the troubles developed into Shay's rebellion.

During the last years of the war it will be observed the State heavily increased the pay and bounties offered the men. While in part, this was due to the depreciation of the currency, still in part the increase was offered to stimulate enlistments; yet it failed to bring the hoped-for results, and did not attract men to the army. These things, well known to everyone familiar with the history of the war, bring into clear relief the defects of the militia system as a method to fight a great war.

The weakness of the militia as a fighting force, hardly needs restating. It will fight bravely behind breastworks. General Putnam said of it at Bunker Hill that "the Americans are not afraid of their heads but only think of their legs." It will also stand for a time against an enemy in front, but it cannot be depended upon under a flank or rear movement of the enemy. When it breaks it generally throws away its arms and accoutrements and cannot be relied upon to take further part in the action. While a well disciplined regiment will often break under a prolonged or overwhelming front fire, or by an attack upon its flank or rear, yet it can be rallied again and brought back into the battle; its organization is never lost. This was demonstrated on many fields during the Revolutionary and the Civil wars. At Bunker Hill, Saratoga and Bennington the militia fought creditably, but it was either behind breastworks or the foe was in front of it. Yet at Camden

and in many other battles it broke at the first fire and was not again an effective force on that field.

Why the colonies should have continued to employ such a feeble instrument is not far to seek. The dread of a standing army was ingrained in the very nature of the people. They not only feared it, but would not adopt any policy which looked towards its establishment. The Continental Congress had no authority over the States. Each colony was not only independent but jealous of it. While Congress could recommend and express a desire, the States would fill their quota in their own way and on terms of pay and length of service to suit their own convenience. The men of the Continental line which was enlisted for three years or the war, were the backbone of the army and Washington's main support throughout the conflict. It was the staying force in every battle, and always gave a good account of itself. It fought the veteran soldiers of England as bravely as men could, and showed all the courage and stubborn qualities of the best American troops, exemplified so many times in the battles of the Civil war, and in the recent struggle in France.

In the Civil war the main reliance for the first year and a half was on the volunteer system, but after the autumn of 1862, when patriotic enthusiasm had somewhat cooled, it was found necessary that a resort should be had to some other method. The Conscription Act of that year was designed to supplement the volunteer policy As a matter of fact, while it was vigorously enforced in the summer of 1863, in later years it was little employed. When calls for men were issued and the quotas assigned to the different towns, men were hired to fill the quotas. Citizens, both those liable to draft and many also beyond military age, would engage a substitute to take their places in the army. If there was still a deficiency the towns would hire men enough to complete their quotas, so that conscription was not necessary. The men hired by the citizens were often from the vicinity, but usually were obtained through bounty brokers. The towns generally went to these brokers for recruits. These so furnished were the very scum and off-scourings of our large cities. The brokers would hire them for what they were willing to accept, and the brokers got the bounty offered by the National Government, by the State and by the town. The substitutes themselves were professional bounty jumpers and usually deserted at the first opportunity. As soon as they could get away, they would go to some other town, enlist under another name, and so continue to do as long as they could find brokers to hire them, until the war closed. Very few of them ever did any military duty, and the custom was the great scandal and disgrace of the war. It was not so during the Revolution because that class of men did not exist; and while during the last years of the conflict the towns filled their quotas by hiring recruits, they were men from the vicinity, and were as good material for soldiers as could be found. The experience of the United States in the three great wars in which it has taken part, has justified the policy adopted in the World war of raising men by draft under a well-considered and carefully guarded conscription act. It is the most equitable and most democratic method to fill the armies of a Republic. It is very unlikely that in any future war the country will raise its armies by any other method.

ULYSSES, RETURNED

By Carolyn Hillman

I, Ulysses,
have finished wandering.
Nevermore, ah nevermore
for me
the bright blue of the waters,
frothing into white about the Islands.
Nevermore the Islands,
warm and brown,
rising like sardonyx stones
from the turquoise sea.

Nevermore the tawny beaches,
hot in the noon sunshine,
where the traders landed
from the Tyrian ships
throw down long bales
which loosed from their
encircling cords,
spill yellow amber,
ivories and sweet smelling musk,
rich silks in shimmering folds
of violet and rose,
of saffron and pearl.

Nevermore, O Iacchus
to grasp thy robe,
as through the dark cedars
thou passest, illusive, alone,
here with me for one
mad moment divine,
then gone,
lost in the shadows.

And Thebes,
seven-gated Thebes!
Nevermore the pale, low-lying moon
will light for me the dark ways,
the throngs tumultuous,
the faces of maidens,
wan in the torch flare.

Nevermore Circe,
to drink with thee
from the violet veined marble,
the dark seeded wine
with the vine-leaves twining
about the bowl's brim.

Nevermore will I, Ulysses,
drain the hot wine of passion,
of love, of wandering.
Now for me the tame days
the long nights unbroken
except by the cry
of the lost Philomela,
whose agony rings
again, ah ever again,
in my ears!

Nevermore on Pelion
to see the centaurs
race madly;
gallop on swift hooves
with necks arched,
cutting the wind
like ships that sail
with white sheets
and snapping halyards,
sweeping through a jacinth sea.

Nevermore to see the rocks of Delos
nor Daulis,
where the mountain ash
trails its red berries
in the green flowing brook,
flowing forever to the salt seas.

Nevermore, ah nevermore
will I, Ulysses, wander
careless, like the south wind,
by waters Aroanian;
by the deep streams,
where the singing fish leap,
where the lofty Cylene
sleeps in deep snows.

The Gods will see me no more
on land and sea, a wanderer,
Now will the sweet lavendar
and the blossoming oleander,
the yew and the myrtle,
the white and purple irises
flower and fade,
fade and flower
while I, Ulysses,
keep my home,
wither, grow old,
and at last lay me down to die.
Then the Dark River———

LILAC SHADOWS

By Louise Piper Wemple

I wandered thro the countryside
One sparkling day in Spring,
I heard the robin's early call
Blend with the brook's low murmuring;
Pink petals drifted down from flowering trees,
And in my path, dew drenched the violets lay,
All Nature to triumphant life awoke
Beneath the quickening touch of early May.

At last beside a grassy, wind swept knoll,
Weary I sat me down to rest
Upon a wide, low granite stone,
By purple lilac blooms caressed;
And 'mid the riot of growing things,
By time its edges smoothed away,
The rough hewn doorstep only now remained
Of the old home of earlier day.

For but a yawning cavern showed
Where once had stood the ancient dwelling place,
And here and there a few rough stones
Of the strong foundation could I trace;
Among the scattered stones, rank weeds and grasses grew,
And blue green sage and tawny tansy cast
Dim shadows, where a sluggish adder slow uncoiled,
Rustling the grasses as he passed.

Then as I sat there, dreaming in the sun.
Vanished all signs of ruin and decay,
I saw again the old time home restored,
With time just tinting it to mellow gray;
I saw the spreading eaves, where snowy pigeons cooed,
The latticed stoop, where woodbine's banners hung,
And lilacs bloomed beside the wide stone step
And to the breeze their fragrance flung.

The vision passed, but in its sunken bed,
Half hidden 'neath the riotous bloom of May
A monument to days well-nigh forgot,
The time worn granite door stone lay;
Where once resounded tread of eager feet,
And where had echoed lilting voices call,
Where past the stir of fervid human life,
But shadows of the lilacs fall.

BY THE VEERY'S NEST

By Caroline Stetson Allen

Continued from December issue.

Chapter III.

Louisa

In an early morning of February in the following winter, the two girls were sitting together in Alicia's room. It was a pretty room, the prevailing color primrose yellow, but Louisa thought that the brown sweater thrown over a chair should have been in a drawer, and that the floor was hardly the place for her friend's work-basket.

"I wanted to bring the letter over to you last night, it's so exciting," said Alicia, "but I couldn't because some boring old callers came."

"Oh, Alicia," said Louisa reprovingly. "Wasn't it the minister?"

"Yes and his sister. They talked two hours about Roman excavations. I saw Father yawn three times."

Louisa had her own opinion about *that*, but she kept silence.

"Here's the letter,—at least I *thought* it was here," said Alicia, rummaging recklessly in her top drawer. "I guess I left it downstairs. Wait a minute."

She soon returned, an elegant looking missive in her hand. The paper was thick and white, with monogram in gold.

"It's from Elsie Redpath."

Alicia read the letter aloud rapidly. It contained an invitation to both girls to visit Elsie for the next fortnight in New York, and Mr. Redpath wished to make all expenses of the trip his care.

"Oh, won't it be too delicious!" cried Alicia.

"We can't decide right off so," said Louisa. "Perhaps Mother can't spare me." She had, however, fully determined to go. It certainly would be the height of folly to miss such an opportunity.

"You just *must* go! It won't be for long. Mother said right off I could. Can't Miss Hadley come over and stay with your mother?"

"Perhaps so," replied Louisa. I'll ask her. She would be a good one."

"Yes, she would. She's always so careful about things. Oh, Louisa, we'll have the time of our lives! If only my clothes will do!" her face sobering suddenly.

"I shall fix over my best green," said Louisa thoughtfully, "and it's time I had a new hat anyway. I'll buy it in New York as soon as we're there. My old dark blue will do to travel in."

"I didn't get much this winter," said Alicia, "Father seemed so hard up. Anyway, Elsie won't care a rap. Hurrah for New York!" And she began to waltz about the room.

When Louisa reached home she joined her mother to talk the matter over. Mrs. Acton at once saw the advantages to her daughter of this little peep into the world, and agreed, too, that it would be a sensible plan to ask Miss Hadley to take Louisa's place during the visit. As Mrs. Dale was equally alive to what the New York stay would mean for Alicia, the girls entered with zest into their preparations, after each sending an enthusiastic acceptance to Elsie Redpath.

Then, the day before they were to start, Mrs. Gray fell severely ill with inflammatory rheumatism. Every attempt to secure a nurse proved unavailing, and Mr. Gray, in his alarm and anxiety, appealed finally to Louisa, as the elder of the two girls. Louisa saw him coming up the path, and went to the door.

"Good morning, Mr. Gray," she said, "I hope Aunt Helen is better?"

"No, I'm afraid she isn't so well," replied Mr. Gray. "I can't stop, but I wont keep you in the cold,"—and he stepped into the warm hall. Louisa brought him a chair, and seated herself near.

"I've searched high and low," said Mr. Gray, "and so has Dr. Bond. Nurses seem to have slipped out of existence,—the country is void of them. My dear Louisa"—his eyes fixed anxiously on her calm and pretty face—"would it be a possible thing—I know all I'm asking—to come to us, and do what you can for my poor wife for a week? Dr. Bond has got in touch with a Miss Kent who may be free by that time." He hastily added, as he saw Louisa was about to reply, "You won't have to do any lifting,—I can do that myself. And it would be perfectly possible, if you wished, for you to go home nights."

Louisa's face expressed the sympathy and regret she felt.

"I'm so *very* sorry, Mr. Gray, I have a positive engagement in New York, beginning tomorrow. I don't believe you knew about, though I think Aunt Helen did. Alicia and I are going to visit the Redpaths there. I am so very sorry! Do let me know if there is anything I can get for Aunt Helen, and send from New York."

"I don't at this moment call anything to mind," said Mr. Gray, in a tone of deep dejection, and rising, "Well my dear, I see how it is. I mustn't stop."

"He might have wished me a good time," thought Louisa, as she watched him walk quickly down the road.

Mr. Gray, hurrying to rejoin his wife, took the short cut through the little patch of home woods, now lightly covered with snow. And here, by the long-deserted veery's nest, he came upon Alicia, taking an idle stroll.

"Good morning, Mr. Gray!" said she. "I had a letter from Bob this morning. I'll bring it over to Aunt Helen by-and-by."

"I fear she isn't quite able today," said Mr. Gray. "The boy's well, is he?—She became much worse in the night. She's in great pain."

"Oh, Mr. Gray! I had no idea. Have you a good nurse?" The tears stood in Alicia's eyes.

"That's the trouble. We can't find one."

"Dear Aunt Helen!—Could I be of any use? I helped nurse Father once, when he had sciatica. He *was* sick, too! Let me come right over and try. I'll stay till you get somebody better. Let me!" Pleaded Alicia.

Her old friend could see the sincerity of her desire, and his face brightened a little.

"But your visit," he said, remembering. "Louisa tells me you leave tomorrow for New York."

Alicia placed a brown-mittened hand upon his arm. "Little Old New York may be a cunning little town in its way," said she, "but it isn't *Aunt Helen*. How could I enjoy frivoling around if I knew all the time she was suffering so here? I just *couldn't!* So don't go and think it any sacrifice."

"But," began Mr. Gray in perplexity.—"There isn't any 'but,'" said Alicia. "It's all settled,—that is, if you like to have me." Alicia surely knew how to make her voice irresistible.

"It would, I admit, take a great load off my mind," said Mr. Gray, "but are you sure your mother will deem it wise?"

"Mummy? Good gracious! do you think she hasn't a heart?" said Alicia. "Expect me in an hour." And she turned, and ran back through the woods toward her own home, unheeding a last remonstrance called after her by Mr. Gray.

Alicia was as good as her word.

Her little straw suitcase, in which she tossed the few necessary changes would not have passed an examination on skilful packing, but everything needful was there, even to three long white aprons.

"I'll send Maggie over every day, to see if there's anything you want," said her mother, "and you can send back by her anything for the wash."

Louisa didn't accept easily her friend's decision, and was astonished that Alicia, usually so ready to follow her lead could be so "obstinate."

"You're acting *very* foolishly," she said. "Rheumatism isn't a *dangerous* thing. And of course a doctor, if he is any good at all, must be able to find a nurse, besides," as Alicia was about to speak, "this is a very unusual opportunity for us. It is our *duty* to broaden ourselves when we can."

"I'd rather stay narrow, when it's a question of Aunt Helen's comfort," said Alicia. "Give my love to Elsie, and tell her I'm sorry."

"She'll think it queer," said Louisa. "It isn't likely she'll invite you again."

Alicia looked troubled. She was fond of Elsie. But she didn't waver.

"Alicia's changing, I think," said Louisa later to her mother. She's growing self-willed and opinionated. I'm sorry, chiefly for her own sake."

Chapter IV

Alicia

Mrs. Gray knew that her husband had gone to get Louisa to come, if possible, for some days. No sooner had he left the house, however, than she began nervously to wish that she had not consented to his doing so. An exaggerated vision arose in her mind of the kind of nurse Louisa would be. "She'd have a time set by the clock for me to turn over in bed," she said to herself, "and she'd put my books in an even pile, so I'd want to fire them across the room." She tossed and turned; and when, at last, Mr. Gray came upstairs, stepping with gingerly tread lest he wake her, she could hardly wait for him to appear in the doorway.

"Did you get her?" she asked quickly. "Yes, my dear," replied her husband in a satisfied tone. "She is more than willing to come,—*more* than willing," he repeated.

Mrs. Gray half groaned, and turned her head to the wall.

"I thought it was your own wish,' said Mr. Gray, slightly crestfallen. "Alicia's *young* to be sure, but,—"

.."*Alicia!*" came in a different voice from the bed .

"Yes, Oh, we *did* think first of Louisa, I know. She would have been glad to come, but she goes to New York just at this time. On a visit to a young friend, I believe."

"So it's *Alicia!* Charles, tell Bridget to get out the new quilt, and put it on the blue-room bed. And Charles," as he was about to obey, "take the little stand from the corner here, and put it in the blue room. Let me see— — Well, go along, and I'll think what next."

Charles went along. He was accustomed to follow any suggestion of his wife's, and his mind was immensely relieved to find that the younger of the two girls was evidently more to her mind than the probably more competent elder.

Alicia came. Why she was just such a success was a mystery to the doctor, to Aunt Lizzie (to whom they wrote in her distant home), and to the neighbors in general. She made her first entrance by tripping and falling into the invalid's room. She promptly forgot two of a list of directions given her by the doctor. And a curious slow-passing neighbor distinctly heard her laugh. But Mrs. Gray declared herself perfectly suited.

"She's good and wholesome to look at," she said to her husband. "And she isn't nailed to her own way.

She's first-rate company, and makes me forget my pain half the time. Yes, Charles, whoever asks, you tell them Alicia's a nurse worth having."

"But she forgot Dr. Bond's mixture," said Mr. Gray.

"Drat the mixture!" said his wife. "It's bitter as gall. I'm only too thankful I missed one dose of it."

Alicia won high praise from Bridget. "She never asks for wan thing for herself," was her verdict. "She'd take her coffee cold, and any scrap I put before her. But she'll *not* take take her coffee cold! It's a trate to do for her, if 'tis only to see the purty smile av her!"

If Alicia felt a little disconsolate when she read the letters that came from Louisa, with their accounts of gaieties and sight-seeing, she was careful to shake off any least trace of such regrets before she regained her charge. It was always a bright-faced nurse that sat beside Mrs. Gray, and read to her the long letters from Robert to his mother, or from a magazine or book. When Mrs. Gray's pain was severe, Alicia's touch was gentleness itself, and before long the whole household relied on her explicitly. "Ask Alicia," — — "Alicia will know," were words often heard.

When the girl felt sure that Mrs. Gray was asleep and free from pain, she would change her dress of white linen for one of dark woolen, get into a heavy cloak, slip out of the house, and on snowshoes make her way to the veery's nest. She seldom stayed more than ten or fifteen minutes, but it rested her to be in the different sort of quiet one finds in the woods,—a quiet thrilling with strong growing life, and devoid of fussy insignificant noises.

Here she brought her own letters from Robert to read over. He was a faithful correspondent, and in the half-year's letters to her had said more of his serious interests than he ever had when they were together. Alicia thought herself a poor letter-writer, but in her few letters she accomplished what Louisa's carefully composed letters did not,—she made herself present; each expression was her very own. The brief letter might be misspelled—it often was—but it breathed the charm of naturalness and brought to a rather homesick young man the very air of his native mountains.

There was more than one reason for her not staying long by the veery's nest. The weather was now intensely cold. Louisa had barely left for New York, when there came a sudden drop of many degrees in the mercury. The cold relentlessly increased, and was followed by a heavy snow-fall. Outlying roads became most of them, impassable, and the nurse finally secured, who was to take Alicia's place that the girl might have the tail-end of the New York visit, was hopelessly snowbound in a remote town still further north.

Alicia's disappointment was lessened by the evident relief of Mrs. Gray in keeping her on. Mr. Gray, too, in somewhat cumbersome language, expressed his gratification.

Alicia's job called for patience, in spite of her whole-hearted gladness to be of help. Mrs. Gray had hardly in all her life known what actual illness was, and the pain she now had to endure—at times severe—made her often irritable and unlike her usually well-balanced self. Mr. Gray was kindness itself, but his efforts were somewhat clumsy and wanting in tact. He was apt to appear at inopportune moments. Alicia,—well, as Bridget put it to Timothy, the man-of-all-work. "'Tis the swateness of her!" Alicia's sunshine held out for the family through what would otherwise have been a totally dreary period.

Toward the middle of the second week, Mrs. Gray began to gain more decidedly. The pain no longer was severe, and she could sleep through

the night, and enjoy Alicia's companionship through the day. So finally came the day when Louisa was to leave New York, and Alicia return to her own home.

Alicia woke early on the last morning, a glow of happiness at her heart. She had been a comfort. Little had been said, but there was something in the way in which Mrs. Gray had last night taken the girl's two hands in hers, and held them close for one moment, that was better than words.

When Alicia parted her blue curtains to look out on an early morning world, it was a sort of fairyland that met her eyes. For after all the snow, the weather had the day before moderated, and a slight rain fallen, turning before morning to ice. Every twig on every branch glittered in its bath of sunbeams. Alicia caught her breath at the beauty of it.

Across the tip of Moat drifted a fleecy scarf of mist, and far in the distance Washington reared majestic in white shining robes. The air was as clear as a bell, and again penetratingly cold, and the girl's healthy young blood tingled responsively as she took her icy bath and got quickly into her clothes. Her room was unheated except by the warmth that came from the hall when she left her door open.

Peeping into Mrs. Gray's room as she passed through the upper hall, and finding her sound asleep, Alicia took a hasty bite in the pantry, and was soon outdoors and had strapped on her snowshoes.

As she made her way toward the veery's nest through the gleaming pines and fir balsams, an icy twig snapped here and there with a tinkling sound, musical, as if the elves of the wood were playing their chimes to greet the early day. And here was the veery's nest, lined with silver, and folded about with a napkin of snow. Alicia knelt, and touched her lips to the cup's rim "To Robert!" she whispered, as if the elves might hear. "And Aunt Helen. Let her keep well for him."

She started at a sudden sound. It was only a rabbit within a stone's throw, eyeing her alertly, and ready to vanish if she stirred. He made such a charming picture that Alicia kept as still as she could, and longed for her camera. A moment or two, and he was away. She must go back. But first she drew from her pocket a letter from Robert to Louisa, which the latter had forwarded within one of her own. "Dear Louisa," it ran. "So you and Alicia are going to disport yourselves in the big city. I wouldn't mind very much being there at the same time. It seems about two years since I saw you all. How is Alicia? Tell her she doesn't keep up her end of correspondence. Does she seem older, or changed any? How about Hurry? Of course Alicia can ride him whenever she likes. What have you both been up to? ***" An account of his own doings followed, of ranch life that evidently appealed to him strongly, and then he wound up his letter with a few more questions. Alicia was all right, wasn't she? She must be, he knew, but the letters he had got from her so far wouldn't fill the veery's nest. ****. Did Alicia play on his piano? He surely hoped so. Tell her that Dad and Mother would like it if she did.

"This letter seems to be more for you than me," Louisa had penciled on the margin. "You needn't return it."

Alicia's cheeks felt burning. She took up a handful of snow and rubbed them till they glowed like wild roses.

Chapter V

Louisa.

New York, February 14,1896

Dear Alicia,

It is not a week yet since I

left North Conway, but I feel as if it were much longer. Not that the time has dragged in the least, but it has been full of so many new experiences. I feel myself such a different person, and would not for the world have missed this broadening and enlarging experience. I'm afraid Mrs. Redpath won't ask you next year, as you thought possible, for she seems a little offended, I think, at your lightly refusing so generous an offer. You are too impulsive, I am afraid, for certainly you must by this time be regretting your mistake.

Mr. Redpath's tastes are quite literary, and many most interesting people come to the house. Already I have met and talked with two well-known authors—Mrs. C—and Mr. R. I have been twice to the theatre, and tonight is Grand Opera.

You asked if Elsie is as pretty as ever. How much you always think of *looks*, Alicia! Yes, I believe she is called very pretty, though I myself prefer the blonde type. She has a good many men callers, and two in particular rather haunt the house. A Mr. Islington, said to be fabulously rich, is bright, tall, and I must admit the finest looking man I have ever seen. He sat next me at dinner last night. I will tell you more about him later, for I saw more of him than of anyone else during the evening. He wants to come to North Conway next summer, for he has never seen the White Mountains. The other man is Mr. Brown, who supports two elderly sisters, and has hardly a penny to his name. What the Redpaths see in him it is hard for me to understand. He has nothing to say for himself, and is bald and very stout. Yet his intimacy with Elsie seems to be encouraged. I cannot understand it.

Well, it is time for me to dress for dinner and opera. I shall wear light green and rosebuds. A box of them has just come from Mr. Islington. How charming of him! I haven't any proper opera cloak, but Elsie has lent me one of hers, a beauty of dark green velvet trimmed with swansdown.

I thought Elsie seemed a little jealous about the rosebuds. She has known Mr. Islington a long time. If there is one fault above another I dislike, and have always tried to avoid, it is jealousy. Now I think of it, Elsie has more than once shown signs of it since I came. If Mr. Islington finds it interesting to sit by me and talk with me the greater part of the evening, surely he has a right to do so, since he and Elsie are not engaged. If they *were*, that would be an entirely different matter. I naturally took an interest in him, as she had told me a great deal about his being such a fine character. Now I must dress, or I shall be late. Love to Aunt Helen.

Affectionately,

LOUISA

New York, February 18, 1896

Dear Alicia,

What a difference a few days can make in one's estimate of persons! I find that my first impressions of Mr. Brown and Mr. Islington were very superficial. On closer acquaintance I find Mr. Brown possesses a certain stability and dignity that has won my high esteem. He is not so *very* bald, and his eyes are a beautiful shade of blue. As to Mr. Islington,—it was unusually stupid of me,—*he* is the penniless one with the two old sisters. It seems to me that he himself might have made that clear to me, since Elsie did not. If there is one fault above another I find it hard to forgive, it is duplicity. On after reflection it struck me as in poor taste, Mr. Islington's sending me the rosebuds There were at least two dozen of them, and he is far from being in a position to squander money on flowers, or on anything else. Elsie

quite fired up when I said so to her, and implied, quite unjustly, that I had "led him on."

I shall certainly not encourage that silly notion of his about coming to North Conway. It would look very marked, and I am not one to give encouragement indiscreetly. For that reason I think I shall, from now on, not write so frequently to Robert, and I would advise you not to. Come to think of it, you haven't sent him many letters. Probably you haven't thought of him as a possible lover for either of us.

You don't know how much more able I feel, from this visit to New York, to take the wide view of things. One admires Robert certainly, but what prospect is there of his ever having much of an income? It looks to me as if he meant to settle out at the ends of the earth on one of those ranches. What sort of a life would that be for either of us?

They say Mr. Brown is immensely rich. He inherited two enormous fortunes. Yet he keeps at his business all the time, which is admirable, I think. He is just coming to go with me over the Metropolitan Museum, so good-bye for now. Love to Aunt Helen.

In haste,

LOUISA.

New York, February 23, 1896

Dear Alicia,

Mr. Brown took me to see The School for Scandal last evening, and I had the most delightful time! You see what you are missing. I could stay here contentedly for weeks, but—this is private— for some utterly incomprehensible reason Mrs. Redpath doesn't seem quite as cordial as she did at first. I can't think of any possible reason for this, unless it is, what friends of Elsie tell me, that Mr. Brown was very attentive to her before I came. I suspect that all Mrs. Redpath attaches value to is the fact of his wealth, for it is perfectly evident that Elsie is madly in love with Mr. Islington. If there is one fault I despise more than another it is worldliness. What I care about myself in Mr. Brown is his dignity and real worth.

There was something else I meant to tell you, but I can't now recall what it was. Mr. Brown is coming to call at five, and it is quarter of now. I must do a little to my hair. He says it is the prettiest he ever saw. Love to Aunt Helen. I shall be home soon, and then she will see me often. New York is altogether delightful, but nothing now would induce me to prolong the visit, for I am sure Aunt Helen needs me. *This* is the important time to be with her, when she is convalescing and really able to *care* who is near her.

Affectionately,

LOUISA.

P. S. Mr. Brown has offered himself, and I have accepted. I am coming home directly, and will tell you everything then. I am so sorry I haven't had time to buy the scarf you wrote about. You can see how every instant of my time has been filled. And the shopping district is so far down. And really, Alicia, those scarfs are *very* expensive, and if I were you I should think twice before deciding to buy one. You may have my last year's gray one if you like. We shall marry in May, and I mean to come on in April and get all my trousseau in New York.

Chapter VI

Alicia.

June! And Robert was coming tomorrow. Alicia wished the day

had wings, and she kept restlessly busy from one task to another that the hours might hurry by. But by the middle of the afternoon there seemed to be nothing left undone in the little house, now in a state of unwonted tidiness, and Alicia decided to carry over a basket of wild strawberries to Mrs. Gray. She chose a pretty Indian basket, and heaped it with the spicy fruit, which grew near by. She added a deep-pink wild rose, from the clusters that peered over the Dale's green gate.

Arrived at Tanglewild, she found Mrs. Gray putting some finishing touches to Robert's room. The green and white curtains had been freshly laundered, and a vase of mountain laurel stood upon the bureau.

"I'm so glad you've come over, dear," said Mrs. Gray. You've saved me some steps, for I was just going over to see if you would drive with me over to Stepping Stones. I want to get a pair of chickens, and some eggs, and cream."

"I see your young man is to have a royal welcome!" said Alicia. "Yes, I'd just love to go. I'll just run back for my jacket."

"Oh, don't trouble to do that. Take my plaid shawl. I engaged the carriage for four o'clock, and it ought to be here soon."

A few minutes more, and it came, and Mrs. Gray and Alicia had settled themselves comfortably on the wide seat, and were on their way.

Stepping Stones was a farm on the edge of Bartlett, and Alicia, who had always delighted in any excursion to this region, was often Mrs. Gray's companion thither. Their way, for the latter part, lay beside the Saco River, and its gleaming, rippling waters were glimpsed between the trees that grew thickly along its banks. The river wound about with a leisurely grace, and lay a wide blue scarf upon the dreaming light green meadows.

"Do let's drive very slowly for awhile," said Alicia. "It is so lovely!"

"Get out for a minute or two if you want to," said Mrs. Gray. "We've time enough for that. Run down to the river." She checked the horse as she spoke.

Alicia made her way to the shore. How still it was, except for the swaying of some branches of weeping-willow! As she stooped and made a hollow of her hand to drink from the clear water, she saw, close to her on the ground, perhaps thirty butterflies, with folded wings. And now they rose, and fluttered together over the river, a shining, widening golden cloud.

"I want to live in North Conway," said Alicia as she stepped back into the buggy, "because I always *have* lived there, and I love it, but if I ever chose to move it would be to Bartlett. There is an indescribable charm about the place."

"There is," assented Mrs. Gray. "I always took to Bartlett."

And it suddenly entered the older woman's mind that the charm of that peaceful village was not unlike that of the girl herself in her quieter moods. Bartlett was unfinished, it had some inharmonious houses, but in the main there was about it a natural restful beauty, with unexpected delights for those who cared to wander among its fields and woods.

They reached the hospitable farm, with its many outlying buildings, and while Mrs. Gray enjoyed a gossip with the farmer's wife, Mrs. Deane, Alicia strolled about and went finally into the great fragrant barn to watch the milking of the Jersey cows.

Edith Dabney, a North Conway child visiting at the farm, ran into the barn, and came to a stand by Alicia's side. She was eleven years old,

strong and tall for her age, with a piquant face and curly light brown hair which she shook about a good deal.

"Why is this place named 'Stepping Stones'? asked Alicia.

"You see that brook over there, Stones' "? replied the little girl. "No. I guess you can't see it from here, but you can *hear* it. It makes noise enough! It cuts right across the farm. And in the widest part there's a lot of stepping-stones. We children all like the brook the best of any part of the farm, 'cause we like sailing chips there, and going across the stones. It's awful tipply! So we young ones got to saying, when we were coming here, that we were coming to Stepping Stones. Then Mrs. Deane's folks began to call it that, and everybody else."

"It's a pretty name," said Alicia. Mrs. Gray and Alicia made no stop on their homeward road. Alicia hardly spoke. Her thoughts were of tomorrow, and of Robert coming. She wondered if he would be changed. She felt a queer unfamiliar shyness at the idea of meeting him. She knew one thing,—she was going to be very dignified, and entirely grown-up. If she hadn't been quite that when they parted last year, she certainly was so now. Very likely he had thought her a silly thing! Oh, she would be cordial of course, but reserved. How she lamented her former childishness!

"You must go to bed early," said Mrs. Gray, glancing at the girl's dreamy face. "We must be our brightest for Robert tomorrow.'

"I shan't be over tomorrow, Aunt Helen, dear," said Alicia, rousing herself. "Robert can very well wait till the next day to see me."

"You're always welcome, Alicia," said Mrs. Gray. "You know that, I hope."

"You always make me feel so, but I'll come the next day. I'd really rather. Or Robert can run over to see us. I've got some sewing for Mother I must finish."

Mrs. Gray dropped Alicia at her own house. Supper would be late for them both. Alicia was very hungry after the long drive, and it was nearly eight o'clock when she had cleared away the remnants of food and washed the few dishes. She stepped out into the front garden where her father and mother were strolling.

The air was deliciously cool and fragrant with near-by balsam and the roses that grew in profusion and were Alicia's pride. There were several varieties, and perhaps the kind Alicia loved best was the bush of soft-petaled old-fashioned white ones. She took one of these from the bush, and fastened it in the belt of her blue gown.

"I think I'll go and look at the veery's nest," she said, "else the mother-veery will think I'm offended, it's so long since I made her a real call."

There had been a drenching rain two days ago, and the woods were at their freshest. Every leaf glistened, and the mosses and ferns were softly green under the light that filtered through the branches. A patch of wild strawberries busied Alicia's hands for a few moments. Seeing a strip of birch bark that lay upon the ground, she picked it up and formed it into a little basket for the berries.

Through an opening among the pines she could just make out the "white horse" upon Humphrey's Ledge.

In all Alicia's after-life the recollection of what next happened had power to thrill her afresh. She had been so absorbed in her own thoughts that she did not hear quick steps coming over the pine carpet. Then Robert was before her, Robert more stalwart than ever, and deeply tanned.

His face wore a look of eager joy, and he opened his arms wide. Alicia flew into them, and her brown head was on his breast.

At that moment, clear and vibratingly sweet, close over them, came the matchless song of the veery.

THE END.

MY ARCADY

(To former pupils, after reading Wordsworth's Ode on Immortality)

By Eugene R. Musgrove

Again I take the great Ode from its place
And yield myself to its majestic sway.
Across the page the same old glories play,
And "trailing clouds of glory" I retrace
The gifts that glorify the commonplace;
For tho we all like sheep have gone astray,
Still Faith's unerring finger points the way
With clearness that our doubts can not efface.

But lo! today new "clouds of glory" come,
Transfigured by the light of memory:
In letters that would strike Belshazzar dumb
Your names are flashed—with joy, with joy I see,
And in my Arcady I count the sum
Of all the nameless things you are to me.

EDITORIALS

The editor of the Granite Monthly was gratified to receive, recently, a letter from Mr. Brookes More in which the generous donor of the $50 prize for the best poem published in the magazine during 1921 expressed his satisfaction with the results of the contest; said that his check was ready for the winner when announced to him by the judges; and expressed his willingness to continue the competition through 1922 under slightly changed conditions. It is needless to say that the Granite Monthly was pleased to accept Mr. More's suggestions and is glad to announce that he will award the same sum, $50, to the author of the best poem printed in the Granite Monthly during the year 1922. It is Mr. More's opinion, in which we coincide, that the best interests of the magazine and of the competition will be served by the adoption of the following two rules: No "free verse" will be eligible for the prize and those who desire to enter the contest must become subscribers for the Granite Monthly. It is hoped to be able to secure the services of the same board of able judges as for 1921; and it is also hoped that their decision of the prize winner for last year may be announced in the February number.

Kind words for the Granite Monthly in the state press are frequently seen and highly appreciated. Says the Rochester Courier editorially: "The literary merit of the magazine has never been on so high a plane, and, with its devotion to the interests of New Hampshire, it is a distinct asset to the state. Long may it continue to flourish and prosper under its present management." The Claremont Eagle expresses pleasure that the continuance of the magazine for another year is assured and says: "Since 1878 it has been published and has never failed to live up to its mission as the 'New Hampshire State Magazine.' It should have a more generous support with its advancing years."

In accordance with the terms of a concurrent resolution adopted by the legislature of 1921 a committee composed of former State Senator Elmer E. Woodbury of Woodstock, Admiral Joseph B. Murdock of Hill and Major John G. Winant of Concord is engaged in securing by patriotic contributions the necessary funds for placing in the New Hampshire capitol a worthy portrait in oils of Abraham Lincoln. An appeal will be made especially to the school children of the state during the second week of January and ten cents from each child would provide the sum thought necessary for the purpose. Contributions from other sources will be welcome, however.

The beautiful classic poem, "Ulysses," in this issue, is contributed by a member of the Boston Transcript's literary department whose reviews over the signature of "C. K. H." have been widely appreciated and quoted. Friendship for the magazine, manifested by sending us so brilliant a poem as Mrs. Hillman's, is, indeed, appreciated.

Mr. Charles Knowles Bolton, librarian of the Boston Athenaeum and a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, is at work upon a third volume of his "Portraits of the Founders." He would like to hear of portraits of persons born abroad who came to the American colonies before the year 1701.

We shall begin in the February Granite Monthly the publication of "Homespun Yarns from the Red Barn Farm" partly fact and partly fiction, but in both respects giving as true a picture of rural New Hampshire 70 years ago as ever was printed, in our opinion. The author, Mrs. Zillah George Dexter, of Franconia, draws upon the experiences of her own girlhood among the mountains for much of her manuscript and the results seem to us most interesting and enjoyable.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE SHIPS

By Reignold Kent Marvin

The tides of Rivermouth at God's behest
Sweep clean New Hampshire's seaport day by day
And like good servants let no refuse stay,
But broom it far to sea, now east, now west.
So deep the thresh of tides, there is no rest
For sunken skeletons of ships and men
That ever grind in restless graves and then
Moan low for quiet beds of bones more blest.
But when at last the sea gives up its dead,—
A risen fleet well manned by ghostly crew,
The Spanish galleon and East Indian bark,
A phantom argosy by Nereus led,—
Will set worn sails the voyage to renew
To sunset harbors gleaming through the dark.

BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

Anthologies of Magazine Verse for 1920 and 1921. Edited by William Stanley Braithwaite. Boston: Small. Maynard and Co.

These two years, William Stanley Braithwaite has more than maintained his position as the nation's most brilliant critic of poetry. He has "discovered" many American poets that otherwise might have still been singing in obscurity, he knows the field of modern poetical endeavor as no other man on this side of the water, his appraisals and reviews are just, his opinions well founded, his annual collections of magazine verse quite unequalled among all modern anthologies. And in making these selections from the year's output of periodical verse, Mr. Braithwaite renders double service, on the one hand bringing the poets to the public, on the other bringing the public to the poets. His selections will curry favor with no particular group of stylists, will please no one cult. The are, in their way, well nigh universal. Conceivably, no one will enjoy every bit of verse in the anthology, but agree or disagree, it must be admitted that rarely have there been made selections so excellently impartial. To collect the best in magazine verse year by year can be no small task, yet for his part, Mr. Braithwaite is quite equal to it. His former anthologies are accurate mirrors of the poetic trend of those times, in fact the student of American poetical progress in the Twentieth Century can do no better than read them through. They will teach him much that the ordinary book cannot.

Even two such closely linked years as those of 1920 and 1921 offer interesting comparison. Some of the voices of last year are silent; others take their place. David Morton on the one hand and Edna St. Vincent Millay on the other, seem the two finest youthful lutanists of the day, Hazel Hall continues her even way, Elinor Wylie springs from nowhere to add no small bit to the output of '21. Sara Teasdale, Katharine Lee Bates, John Gould Fletcher, Mrs. Richard Aldington, Robert Frost, John Hall Wheelock, Edgar Lee Masters, Amy Lowell, Scudder Middleton, Gamaliel Bradford, Edward O' Brien, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Clement Wood, Christopher Morley and Charles Wharton Stock appear and reappear through the two years. Amanda Benjamin Hall, Agnes Lee and Djuna Barnes, all promising figures of 1920, have nearly dropped from sight; to take their places come Miss Wylie, John V. A. Weaver, and Adul Tima, claiming first brilliance this year, perhaps to be forgotten the next.

Moreover, in the back of the Anthology lurk yet new poets of the future, not a few of them identified with the Granite Monthly prize contest, perhaps making their first public appearance therein. Many of them, it seems, will go far. Next year will undoubtedly see some few honored on Mr. Braithwaite's pages.

Of the output of 1920, Mrs. Aldington's "The Islands," Miss A. B. Hall's "Dancer," Mr. Morton's "Garden Wall," Louis Ginsberg's "April," Miss Millay's lyrics and Sara Teasdale's, Conrad Aiken's "Asphalt," Margaret Adelaide Wilson's "Babylon," Mr. Masters' "A Republic," Miss Lee's "Old Lizette," Mr. Untermyer's "Auction," and Miss Barnes "Dead Favorite," seemed the best. The pattern of 1921 is entirely different; of them all, Miss Millay, Miss Teasdale, Mr Morton alone may match their excellences of the former year. The pick of the new collection seems Maxwell Anderson's "St Agnes' Morning," Katharine Lee Bates' "Brief Life," H. D.'s fragments of

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Ancient Greece, Louise Ayres Garnett's dialect verse, Mr. Morton's two new sonnets, Adul Tima's "Wild Plum," Sara Teasdale's "The Dark Cup," Elinor Wylie's "Bronze Trumpets and Sea Water." Of especial interest to New Englanders are Miss Millay's lyrics, H. C. Gauss's "Salem," Robert Frost's four poems of New Hampshire, Winifred Viginia Jackson's stern picturings of Maine, E. A. Robinson's "Monadnock Through the Trees" and Harold Vinal's sonnet.

Gordon Hillman.

REAL ROYALTY

By Edward H. Richards

At times I think I'd like to be
A king or some celebrity;
A jeweled crown I'd like to wear
A bard I'd be or genius rare;
A knight, with purpose bold and high;
An aviator in the sky;
Such men as these appeal to me
And any one I'd like to be
Except myself, a common man,
Who has to work and save and plan.
But I have health and I have love;
The sun shines gladly up above;
My life is clean; I fear no foe,
I play my part as best I know,
I eat, I sleep, I smile, I sing;
By Jove, why am I not a King?

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

HON. FRANK D. CURRIER

Frank Dunklee Currier was born at Canaan Street, October 30, 1853, the elder son and one of five children of Horace and Emma (Plastridge) Currier, and died November 25 at his home in Canaan. He had been an invalid since stricken with a shock of paralysis in Washington 10 years ago.

Mr. Currier attended as a boy the Canaan schools and later the Concord High school, Kimball Union academy at Meriden and Hixon academy at Lowell, Mass. Studying law with the late U. S. Senator Austin F. Pike at Franklin, he was admitted to the bar in 1874 and opened a law office in his native town.

In 1879 he represented Canaan in the legislature; was clerk of the state senate in 1883 and 1885; and being elected a member of that body for the session of 1887, was chosen its president. From 1890 he was for four years naval officer of the port of Boston. In 1899 he returned to the state house of representatives and was chosen its speaker.

In 1900 he received his first election to the National House from the Second New Hampshire District and there served for 12 years, making a brilliant record as a parliamentarian, committee chairman and party leader. His close friend, Speaker Joseph G. Cannon, frequently called upon him to preside over the house; he was a member of its all important committee on rules; and was chairman of the Republican caucus. As chairman of the standing committee on Patents he secured the passage in 1909 of a new copyright law which was characterized by President Roosevelt as the session's best piece of legislation and which has stood admirably the test of time. To his patience, watchfulness, good generalship and untiring labors was largely due the establishment of the White Mountain Forest Reserve.

Congressman Currier was an ardent and devoted Republican throughout the political career which occupied so great a part of his life. In addition to the offices previously mentioned, he was secretary of the Republican state committee from 1882 to 1890; and delegate to the national convention of 1884. He was for a brief period judge of the Canaan police court and for many year moderator of its town meeting, never failing to make the trip from Washington when necessary in order to discharge the duties of the position.

Mr. Currier received the honorary degree of Master of Arts from Dartmouth College in 1901. He was a member of the Masonic fraternity. In 1890 he married Adelaide K. Sargent of Grafton, whose death preceded his five years to a day. He is survived by two sisters, Mrs. Jennie Pratt of Concord and Miss Maud Currier.

By the terms of his will the town of Canaan receives $25,000 for the construction of the Currier Memorial Library and $3,000 for the encouragement of public speaking among the pupils of the schools.

REV. HENRY FARRAR.

Rev. Henry Farrar, born in Lancaster, November 20 1831, died upon his 90th birthday in Yarmouth, Me., He graduated from Bowdoin College in 1856 and after teaching for a few years entered the Bangor theological seminary from which he graduated in 1862. He served Congregational parishes in Maine and New Hampshire until 1887, when he retired.

DR. L. M. FARRINGTON.

Leander Morton Farrington, M. D., born in Conway, Jan. 8, 1872, the son of Jeremiah and Ellen (Morton) Farrington, died suddenly in his office at Manchester, December 10. He was educated at the Portsmouth High school and the Harvard Medical school, from which he graduated in 1893, the youngest man in his class. For a number of years he practiced in Boston and then located in Manchester, where he served on the medical advisory board during the recent war; was a member of the staff of Notre Dame hospital, of city, county and state medical societies, of the Masonic order and of the Calumet club and the Y. M. C. A. He is survived by his widow, two daughters, a brother and two sisters.

FRANK P. FISK.

Frank Parker Fisk, member of the legislature of 1919 from the town of Milford, died there suddenly Dec. 2. He was born in Dublin, May 31, 1858, son of Levi and Sarah (White) Fisk, and as a young man was a school teacher. He was prominent in the Grange, having been master of both Cheshire and Hillsborough Pomonas, and in the I. O. O. F., where he was a past district deputy. He was a Republican in politics and a trustee of the Unitarian church. He is survived by his wife, who was Hannah Spofford of Peterborough, and by one son, Charles.

Volume 54 FEBRUARY, 1922 No. 2

The Granite Monthly

New Hampshire State Magazine

IN THIS ISSUE:

THE OLDEST CHURCH IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

AND A

MASQUE PORTRAYING ITS EARLY HISTORY

HARLAN C. PEARSON, Publisher

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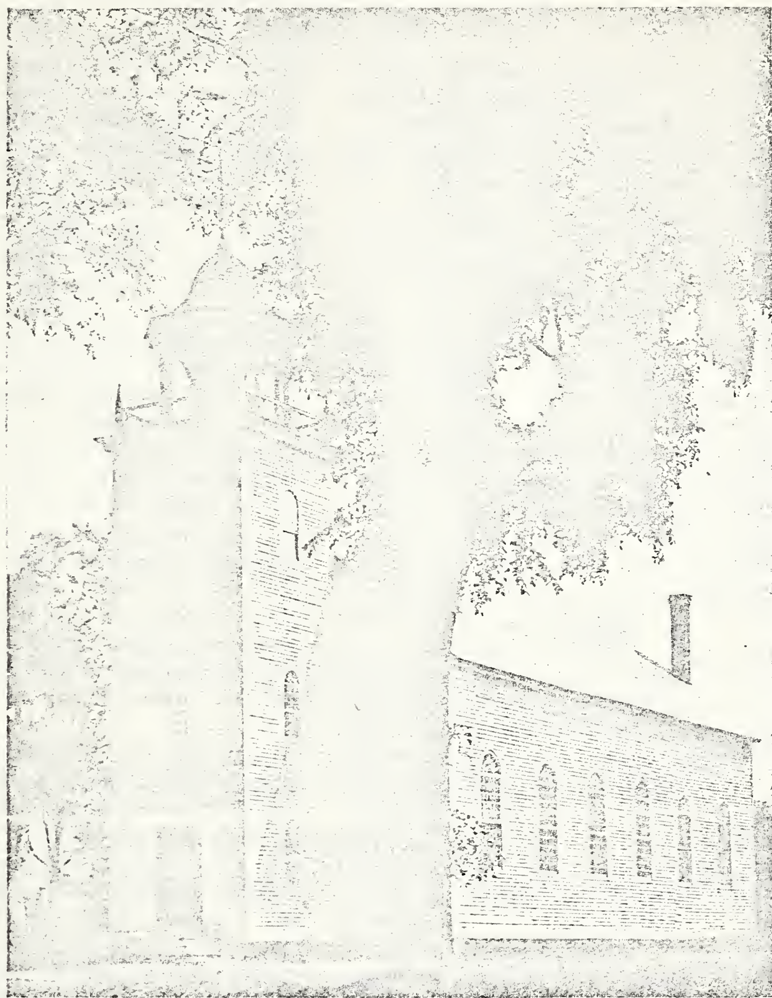


Union Church, early called the "English Church," at Claremont, New Hampshire

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. LIV. FEBRUARY, 1922 No. 2

The Oldest Church in New Hampshire and a Masque Portraying Its Early History.

By George B. Upham

The first parish of the Church of England in western New Hampshire was organized in Claremont in 1771. Its church is the oldest still standing in the state. It was built in 1773, on "the Plain," within the shadow of Twistback, a little south of Sugar River, and a little more than a mile from the Connecticut. The plans were sent from Portsmouth by that gracious Royal Governor, John Wentworth. It is designated on early maps as the "English Church."

More than a century ago water power on Sugar River, two miles to the eastward, gradually attracted the settlers away from this vicinity. Few of the old houses and none of the workshops that formerly clustered around the church now remain. (1) Today it stands almost alone, near its old burying ground under the pines. Services are, however, held here every Sunday, except in the severest months of winter.

Many recollections of the writer's childhood center around this church, especially of the going there on Christmas Eve; the swift-moving sleighs; the crunch of the snow under the horses' hoofs; the jingling sleigh-bells; the snow-laden pines. The church comes into view, its many paned windows brilliant with points of light from row upon row of long, home-made tallow candles.

Within the church a small forest of young pines and hemlocks line the walls and mark the old square pews. Long festoons of evergreen cross and recross overhead. The candles shining through the green, and on the wonderful Christmas tree are seemingly increased a hundredfold. This fairyland, with the peals of the little wooden-piped organ—it was hand-made within a stone's throw of the church door—(2) the Christmas carols, and the beautiful service of the Church of England all contribute to a child's impressions still unfaded; impresssions more dear and lasting than any of later years, even those of really wonderful Christmas services in great cathedrals many centuries old.

An affection inspired by such memories led to the writing of a Masque, portraying something of the early history of this old church, so unique a monument among the hills. The characters are as follows:

Ranna Cossit, first pastor of the parish, born in Granby, Connecticut, December 29, 1744. He was educated for his profession at the cost of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, (3) and ordained in London in December 1772.

(1) The last of these was a wheelwright's shop which stood on the west side of the road and north of the burying ground. It was last used in the early sixties.

(2) An advertisement appearing in the Claremont Spectator of September 19, 1823, reads as follows: "Organs, The Subscriber would inform the publick that he has engaged in Manufacturing Organs, a few rods north of Union Church in Claremont. where Church and Chamber Organs will be furnished on as good terms as can be obtained elsewhere, and as short notice as the complication of the work will admit. Will soon be completed an Organ well cased with *Real Gilt Pipes in Front* adapted to the use of a *Church* or *Meeting-house*. Stephen Rice."

The "Subscriber" was the son of Ebenezer Rice, Master Carpenter of the Church, and builder of the interesting pre-Revolutionary house for many years the home of the Rice Family, and later that of the Bancrofts. It was probably in one of their buildings, now used as a barn, that the organs were made. No power was available, so the work must have been done wholly by hand.

(3) This Society was founded in 1701. Under the great seal of England it was created a corporation with this name. There were then probably not twenty clergymen of the Church of England in foreign parts. Its work, educational and ecclesiastical, in "spiritually waste places" of the earth has been extensive almost beyond belief, and still continues.

He came to Claremont in the Spring of 1773 [4] and remained until 1786. His house, which within the writer's recollection remained standing, was spacious and interesting; its second story overhung the walls below. Traces of the cellar, and old apple-trees of the garden, or what were sprouts from the original stock, may still be seen south of the road leading to the Upham homestead on Town Hill. The brook, a little to the west, at the foot of the terrace, is still called Cossit Brook.

Ranna Cossit was a strong character, a persistent Tory. He made no effort to conceal convictions, on the contrary seized every opportunity to make them known. At his examination by the Committee of Safety he asserted that the colonies were "altogether in the wrong;" that "the King and Parliament have a right to make laws and lay taxes as they please on America;" and that "the British troops will overcome (the rebellion) by the greatness of their power and the justice of their cause." In public services throughout the war he read the prayer for the safety of the King and Royal Family, also that for the welfare of "the High Court of Parliament." [5] Notwithstanding all this, and the fact that Cossit's preaching and influence had held several prominent parishioners loyal to the Crown, the Committee of Safety restricted his movements merely to the Town boundaries—unless he should be called beyond them "to officiate in his ministerial office." [6]

We learn from his letter dated New York, January 6, 1779, that he was provided with "a flag," and under its protection visited loyalist friends in New York while that city was still in the possession of British troops.

It appears, on the whole, that, officially at least, he was treated with consideration, and that his "confinement," "trials" and "persecutions" have been grossly exaggerated. [7]

In 1786, at the instance and cost of the Society, he removed to Sydney, Cape Breton Island, to become rector to St. George's church, also "Missionary to the Island." In 1788 he returned to Claremont to bring his family to this new abode.

Deprived by the Revolution of assistance from his patron Society—which by charter was restricted to using its funds in British Dominions—and with a large family to support, it is doubtful whether Cossit could have remained in Claremont had he desired to do so. He died at Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, in 1815. A few of his letters have been preserved in the archives of the Society in London. Some of their language is used in the Masque.

Asa Jones was a young farmer, patriot and member of the church.

(4) Cossit was appointed by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel a missionary to Haverhill, New Hampshire, on March 19, 1773, and to Claremont at about the same time, for he arrived there some weeks, or months, before July 5, 1773. Until 1775 he "officiated at Claremont half this time, and half at Haverhill." See Journal of the Society, Vol. 19, pp. 399, 472, Vol. 20, p. 123.

(5) See a statement to this effect in Cossit's letter to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, dated New York, January 6, 1779, but in a letter dated January 10, 1781, as condensed in the Society's Journal, Cossit reported "That he is sorry to acquaint the Society that, upon some occasions, when his church has been frequented by people from the Dissenting parishes in the neighborhood, who have been very inimical and have threatened his life, he has been necessitated to omit the prayers for the King in the Liturgy; but when his own Parishioners only are present, he uses the whole Liturgy. He hopes the Society will not be displeased with this prudential step, by means of which alone he apprehends the Church of England has any existence in New England." Journal of the Society, Vol. 22, p. 269.

(6) On December 26, 1774, Cossit wrote to the Society describing "the doings of the Liberty Men at Haverhill—he managed to escape from them to Claremont, where he has been ever since, 'with forty armed men'" Journal of the Society, Vol. 20, pp. 349-351. In his letter dated New York, January 6, 1779, Cossit wrote, "I have been by the Committees confined as a Prisoner in the Town of Claremont ever since the 12th of April, 1775"; a day just one week before the fight at Concord and Lexington, S.P.G. M.S.S. B. 3, No. 352.

(7) Notably in the letter of Col. John Peters to his brother, the Rev. Samuel Peters, in London, dated Quebec, July 20, 1778. See Waite's History of Claremont, pp. 97, 98.

As one of the Committee of Safety for the Town, he took part in the examination of Ranna Cossit and of other alleged Tories. As Lieutenant in Captain Oliver Ashley's company he marched to Ticonderoga in May, 1777. Most of the men in this company—their names not given—fought at Saratoga in September of that year. [8] Jones' farm was then on Town Hill, the place known from 1784 to 1815 as the "Ralston Tavern," and later as the "Way Place."

Benjamin Tyler walked from Farmington, Connecticut, to Claremont in 1767. The next year he built a sawmill on Sugar River just east of the northerly end of the present West Claremont highway bridge; here the boards for the church were sawed. Tyler also built a forge and slitting-mill [9] at a small water power a few rods above the site of the present "High Bridge." These supplied the iron and nails used in building the church. The iron was reduced from bog deposits found in "Charlestown, Number Four." The frame of the forge building was moved to the Upham homestead, nearly a century ago, and used for a barn. This has ever since been called "the forge barn."

Between 1770 and the end of the century Tyler built saw and grist mills for many miles around; he shaped mill stones from biotite-granite which he quarried on the southeastern slopes of Ascutney, sending them to nearly all parts of New England, New York and Canada. He invented and patented improvements in water-wheels, also a process for dressing flax. He called himself a millwright. He was, in fact, a highly competent, self-educated, mechanical engineer.

Tousa. Tradition is to the effect that the sole Indian living in Claremont when the settlers arrived, came to the raising of the church, and objected to the erection of so large a building on his hunting grounds. Its size certainly presaged the coming of many more white men. [10] Tousa, so named by the settlers, finished with the threat that he would kill any white man who came near his wigwam on the north side of Sugar River. This challenge was accepted by one Timothy Atkins, hunter and trapper of local fame. Tousa was seen no more. A skeleton, pronounced to be that of an Indian, was dug up near the supposed site of his wigwam three quarters of a century later.

Dr. Meiggs. Abner Meiggs was the first of the medical profession to come to Claremont. This was in 1773 or earlier. He was a member of this church, and practiced his profession in Claremont for more than twenty years.

Goody Cole is an imaginary character, but might have been the sister, cousin or aunt of Samuel Cole, the first schoolmaster in the town.

The Hermit of the Mountain is, manifestly, an imaginary character, created to supplement the scant dramatic material to be found in the early years of a sparsely settled, frontier town.

* * * *

In 1794 the church was incorporated with the name "Union Church." At that time it had been proposed to form a union with the Congregationalists, the pastor of that church receiving Episcopal ordination. This proposal came to nought, but the name remained. The service has always been, as it began, that of the Church of England, after the Revolution call-

(8) See Waite's History of Claremont, p. 236.

(9) A mill in which iron was hammered or rolled into plates and then slit into rods. These were cut into desired lengths, headed and pointed, by hand labor, to make nails. This was commonly winter's evening work for the settlers.

(10) James Truslow Adams in his excellent recent work, "The Founding of New England," page 39, estimates that one Indian required to sustain his life approximately as many square miles as the English settler, with his domestic animals, needed acres.

ed the Protestant Episcopal Church. Some difficulty was encountered in spelling the new name. On the records of a Meeting of the Town Proprietors held in May, 1784, it is described as "The Apescopol Church, Commonly called the Church of England."

Precursors of the Revolution

A Historical Masque

Performed at the Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the Parish at Claremont, New Hampshire, July 27, 1921.

THE PEOPLE

Ranna Cossit, pastor of the parish, William Augustus Whitney

Asa Jones, a young patriot .... William Edwards Kinney

Benjamin Tyler, a millwright ...... Hiram Patterson

Tousa, an Indian, Seth Newton Gage

Timothy Atkins, a hunter and trapper, Elmer Kenyon

Abner Meiggs, a physician .... Leonard Jarvis

Goody Cole, given to interruption.... Mabel Alvord Freeman

A Hermit of the Mountain .... George Baxter Upham

Children of the Valley .... George Upham Sargent and Francis Porter Sargent

Parishioners

THE PLACE

On the Green in front of the Church.

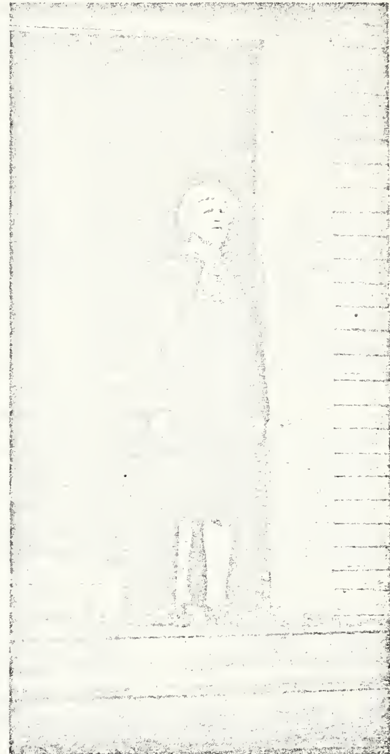
THE TIME

Summer of 1774.

The people come out of the church and stand talking on the Green. They are soon followed by their pastor in his surplice, who, standing on the platform at the church door, addresses his parishioners in a somewhat pompous manner.

Ranna Cossit: Members of the Church of England in the Parish of Claremont and Royal Province of New Hampshire. I would have a word with you pertaining not to things spiritual, but to affairs of state.

Your pastor has been pained to learn that some of his parishioners have, of late, spoken disrespectfully of our Blessed Sovereign, King George the Third, and have raised objections to certain laws which the Great Parliament in London has, in



William Augustus Whitney, as Ranna Cossit, first pastor of the parish.

its wisdom, seen fit to promulgate for the regulation and welfare of these colonies.

This I conceive to be the result of ignorance, not of malice, for it is inconceivable that any of you could bear malice toward your King, or, in seriousness, attempt to criticise the Acts of Parliament, or the British Constitution, which is the Wisdom of

God, and the Glory of the whole Earth.

I feel it to be my duty to God, and to you, to warn you against using language disrespectful to his Majesty, or cavilling at the wise enactments of Parliament; for whosoever so offend will be called to account and made to suffer; unless, forsooth, they separate themselves from their misdemeanors, and henceforth speak lovingly, yea, reverentially of their Sovereign, and strictly obey every letter of the laws provided for the regulation of their conduct and affairs.

Asa Jones: Ranna Cossit—

Cossit: It would be more respectful, Asa Jones, were you to address your pastor as Reverend Sir.

Jones: I yield to no man in respect for the clergy when it speaks of matters spiritual or of affairs of the church, but when one of that profession attempts to meddle with affairs of state he is to me as any other citizen of the colony.

I am a plain farmer, but a member of the Church of England which I love and revere. That being as I have said, is it any reason why I should love and respect a King who has done us grievous harm, or a Parliament which has done us grievous wrong? Never would the Stamp Act have been repealed had we failed to make it clear that it could never be enforced. Other laws made by Parliament will be resisted. For, Taxation without representation is Tyranny——

Goody Cole: (interrupting) What do you know about Taxation, Asa Jones? Much as you know 'bout the stars, which is nothing. But *I* know *now* why you made your scarecrow look, 's much as you could, like Parson Cossit—*you* don't like him. Well, I must say, I'm sometimes skeered of him myself when he tells us what's likely to be coming to us hereafter.

Cossit: Be silent, Goody Cole. You should not interrupt your betters.

Goody Cole: He ain't no better'n I be.

Benjamin Tyler: Now to my way of thinking, Taxation ain't the worst of it——

Cossit: And *you*, Benjamin Tyler, Iron Master, you *too*, disloyal to the Crown? I mistrust you have disobeyed the law, for, as you know, Parliament has provided that no iron is to be made, forged or manufactured in the colonies, but all is to be brought from England.

Tyler: I'm no Iron Master; I'm just a plain millwright, who has to make his own iron or go without. I'm loyal to the King and always have been, but, in truth, I can't be loyal to his fool Parliament.

You say I've disobeyed the law. That's right, I have, but if I hadn't whence would have come the mill-cranks and saws to saw the boards for this church building? If it weren't for my slitting-mill whence would have come the nails to fasten those boards to the frame?

Your wise Parliament may know much about some things, but it seems not to know that we, here in America, have few roads, except'n horse tracks, and that we can't pack a mill crank or a barrel of nails like a lady on a pillion.

Those gentlemen of England don't *know* how we have to toil in the bogs to get the mud for our iron ore, or how it often takes more'n a bushel of burnt mud to make the iron for three or four nails.

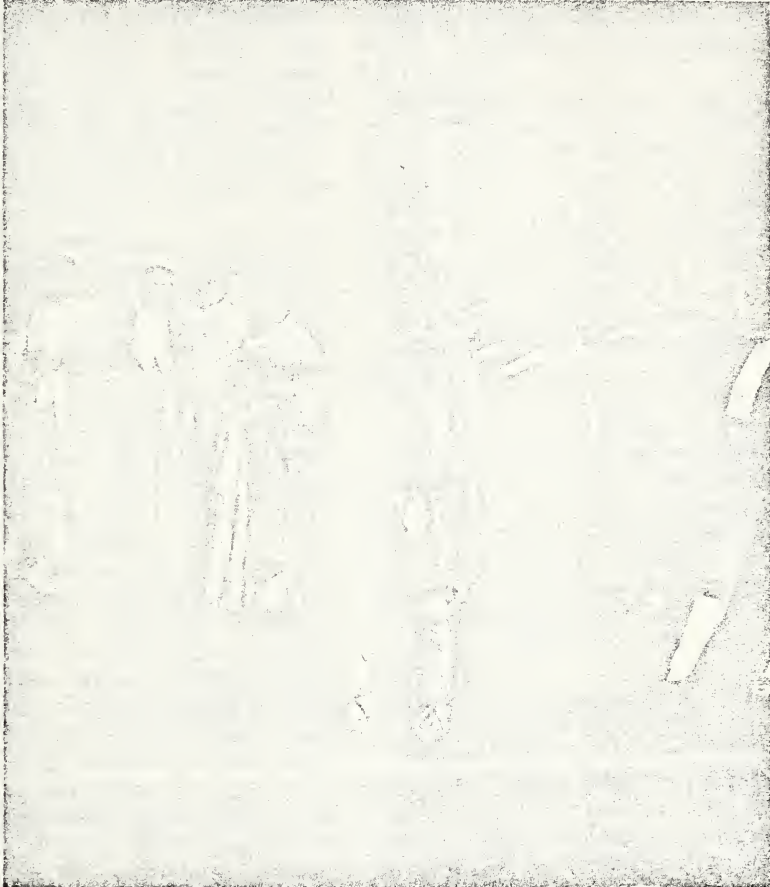
There's lots of things those gentlemen in Parliament don't know; and for all his Harvard College education and travels over seas, there's lots of things our Governor, John Wentworth, don't know——

Goody Cole: (interrupting) I jes' won't stan' here and listen to no slurs on our good Governor, John Wentworth. I saw him when I was down to Portsmouth, and he's jes' the handsomest man I ever saw—not except'n

you, Ben Tyler. An' I heer'd him a speakin to the peepul an' he had jes' the nicest voice you ever heer'd—and he says, "Good day" to me—to *me*, *Goody Cole*, which is more'n some folks roun' here say, that's civil, in a whole year. An' I saw the ships down there to Portsmouth, ships that had sailed all the way from England, which is more'n some of these clod-hoppers standin' roun' here have *ever* seen.

Tyler: If you've finished, Goody Cole, I will say a few words more, which is, that I don't blame the King; I don't much blame Parliament, for they're ignorant, just *ignorant* and don't know how we, over here, have to struggle for everything we get. Why, if I'd obeyed the law, you wouldn't have had even a pair of hinges to hang your church door.

Goody Cole: Oh, I say, Ben Tyler, what do *you* know about hinges? Those big ones you hammered out for my cabin door creak like an ox-cart.



Seth Newton Gage, as Tousa.

Tyler: They wouldn't if they were half as well greased as your tongue.

Cossit: Oh, my parishioners! Little do you know what a bitter draught to your pastor are the words

he has heard spoken here today, but you *ought* to know, for you are aware that I have lived long in England; that I was educated and took holy orders there, in beautiful, glorious England, the garden of all the earth. You know that my education was at the cost of the great Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, which Society has been so greatly aided by grants from the Parliament you so glibly decry; you are aware that this very parish was organized, and that its pastor is in large part paid by the munificence of this great Society.

Oh, such ingratitude! It's sharper than the serpent's tooth. And then—(Cossit is here interrupted by the approach in front of Tousa, an Indian, emitting grunts and guttural sounds.)

Cossit: Good day to you, Tousa. We hope you have good luck hunting and fishing 'these beautiful summer days. (Tousa emits more grunts and guttural sounds) What would you say to us, Tousa?

Tousa: Umph—Ugh—Heap big wigwam, white man make—Ugh—Umph—Manitou wigwam—Umph—Great Spirit no like big wigwam. Tousa no like— Deer no like—Umph—Ugh—*Here* Tousa's hunting-ground—Ugh. White man scare deer, kill beaver. Tyler make big mill, make big noise at fish place.

White man have much land 'cross big water—Umph—white man go 'way—much far off—leave Tousa 'lone—all 'lone. Tousa like more be 'lone—Umph—Ugh. Tousa say, white man no come 'cross little sweet-water river. Tousa say, white man come, Tousa kill.

Timothy Atkins: (interrupting) Don't you, Parson Cossit, be wastin' none o' your time listenin' to such as him. Leave him to me. *I'll* take care of *him*, an' any more like him that come loafin' roun' these parts.

Goody Cole: I suspec' Tousa's *one* of the foxes that steals my chickens——

Cossit: Timothy Atkins, this Indian is entitled to the full protection of the law. I warn you against any violence not compelled in self defence.

(Meanwhile Tousa, scowling at Timothy Atkins and Goody Cole, slowly withdraws, disappearing behind the pines.

An old man with long, gray hair and beard, a child on one shoulder, leading another by the hand, is seen approaching from the background.)

Cossit: (addressing his parishioners) A stranger approaches—(turning to the stranger) What is your name, good stranger?

Stranger: I have no name.

Cossit: Whence do you come, good stranger?

Stranger: From yonder mountain the Indians call Ascutney.

Cossit: And what do you there?

Stranger: I study omens—I study the thunder and the lightning, the rains and mists. I study beasts and fowl and growing things. I play with little children of the valley when the sun is getting low.

Cossit: What more do you, good stranger?

Stranger: I ponder upon the past and look *far* into the future.

Cossit: (aside to his parishioners) This poor man must be demented, but let us learn what weird fancies fill his distraught brain, (turning to the stranger.) The past we know; what, good sir, can you tell us of the future?

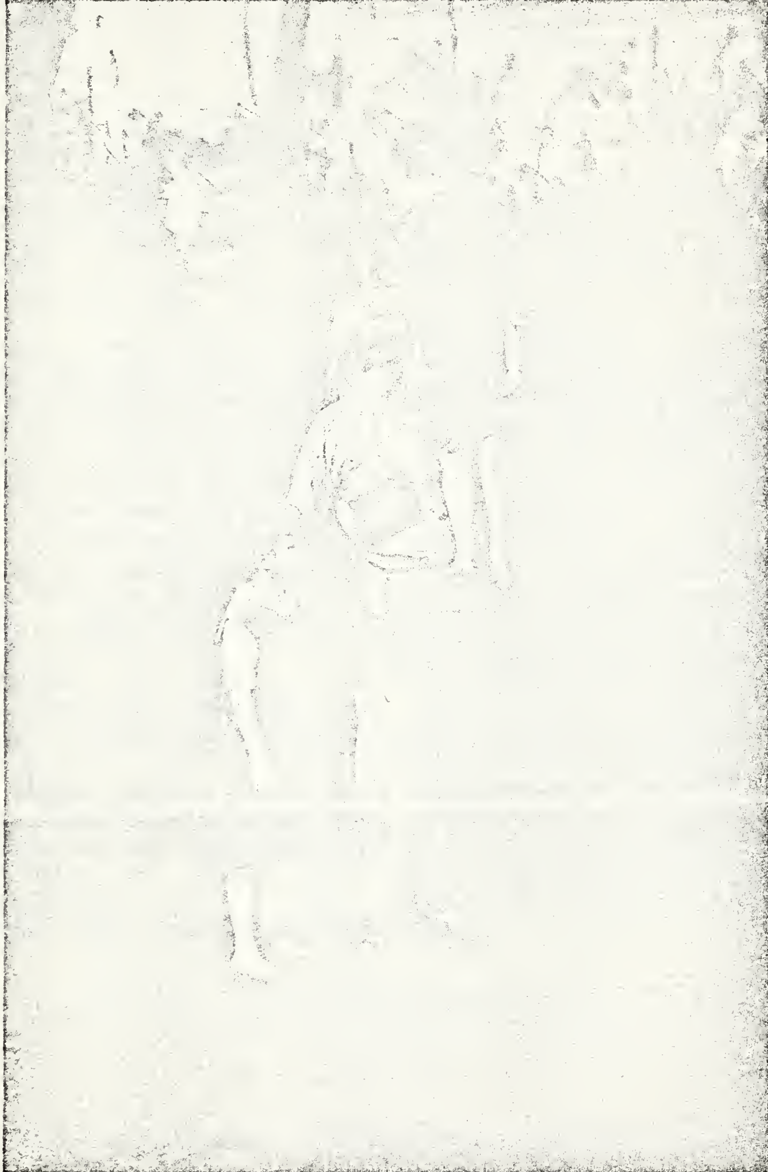
Stranger: (shades his eyes with uplifted hand, gazes into the distance, and says, very slowly at first) I see great wars—I see great ships come filled with fighting men—I see great battles—I see this land made free, free to make its own laws, good or bad, for which the people will have only themselves to praise or blame.

I see these people spreading from

the great ocean on the east to the greater ocean on the west—I see growth—growth—growth.

I see dissension, rebellion and civil strife. The people of the North in combat with the people of the South. I see the wound healed; and many millions of people united into the greatest nation on his fair earth.

I see times when men who work



The Author, as the Hermit of the Mountain, with his two grandsons as Children of the Valley.

and save and use their brains will prosper as men had never done before,—knowing comforts that even kings now know not of.

Times when men will master the very elements, make fire and water do the work now done by toil that draws the sweat from their brows. They will harness the lightning to light great cities, unloosing it at will. They will talk long distances with those who are many miles away, and send messages across broad oceans with lightning speed.

Goody Cole: He's madder than a March hare.

Atkins: He's crazier than any loon.

Stranger: In the far distance I see a tragedy greater than any this world had ever seen before. A great war growing out of lust for power, into which all the nations of the earth are drawn. A war in which millions of men, women and children will perish. A war fought on land and sea, under the sea, and in the air; for men will then build great machines to fly higher and swifter than the swiftest bird can fly.

Goody Cole: Dr. Meiggs, Dr. Meiggs! Bleed him—bleed him. Do something to relieve the pressure on his poor brain.

(Dr. Meiggs hastily gets his instruments, rusty saws and knives out of a clumsy box and approaches the stranger, who, with folded arms, looks calmly on.)

Stranger: Nay, good doctor—stay your hand. In time of which I tell men of your profession will do all to save every drop of good red blood and naught to spill it.

(Dr. Meiggs withdraws, the stranger continues.)

Beyond all this I see a time when the British Empire and the Great Republic of the West will join in might invincible to make peace, justice and good-will prevail throughout the world.

Of that which I foresee no man shapes the end, but a Power greater than any of us can understand. Great laws of growth and change will work as they have ever worked since time began.

Man's intellect can no more comprehend than can the meadow mouse that scampers at his approach.

Fare thee well, Reverend Sir—

Fare thee well, Good People—I return to the mountain whence I came. (withdraws)

Jones: Of the far future, of which the stranger tells, I know not; but this I know: That soon, as he predicts, this country will be free—*our own*. Not by merely wishing for it, but by *fighting* for it.

It will be long, hard, bloody work, but I, for one, stand ready.

(A stir among the people)

Voices: And I, and I, and I.

Cossit: (covers his eyes with his hand, then raises his arms to heaven, saying) From battle and murder, and from sudden death, Good Lord, deliver us.

THE PILGRIM WOMAN

By Mary Richardson

On a bleak, rocky hillside of New England,
I stood, beneath gray clouds, and listened, lonely,
To the deep silence. The wind's mournful sighing,
A distant whippoorwill's sad call, these only
Broke the vast stillness, like a faint voice calling
From the dim past, upon my spirit falling.

I raised my eyes and saw a woman standing,
The Mother of our present, strong and fair
Gazing before her with undaunted courage.
She turned away from the dear past, and there
She faced the future, dim and terrifying;
The toilsome living and the lonely dying.

But with the eyes of faith she saw the future;——
A race of freemen rising from this soil!
She turned and spoke to him who stood beside her:
"Go, fell the trees, and count it blessed toil;
Give me four walls, a hearthstone and a door,
And I will make a home in this new shore."

Surely I saw her, when the house was built,
Lift up her eyes and call on God to bless
Her new made home, and all that it should shelter;
And then she gathered, in the wilderness,
Fagots, and, kneeling, to give God the praise,
She lit the fire that warms us with its rays.

The twilight deepened and the vision faded;
Out of the dusk glimmered the evening star;
But in my heart I heard the Pilgrim Woman
Speak softly, in a voice faint and far;
"Daughter, this fire I gave so much to light
Must never fail, for you must keep it bright!"

HOME SPUN YARNS FROM THE RED BARN FARM

By Zilla George Dexter.

I

An All Day Visit.

"Watch the risin', Liddy. I wouldn't have that bread sourin' on my hands t'day for all the world, seein' the minister and his new wife is comin' to help eat it. I like dreadful well to show the Elder that Mandy Bowles can cook, if she can't talk in prayer-meetin' like some folks."

It was Mother's anxious voice penetrating to the big, sunny kitchen from the cool depths of the summer dairy.

"Don't worry no more about the bread, Mother, it's all in the tins and set to risin' ag'in; about as harnsum a batch as you ever see." Liddy appeared at the open door. Softly closing it behind her, she came down the worn steps and stood with her mother upon the cool flag-stones that paved the milk-room floor.

"'What under the sun's the marter now? What's come over ye to make ye look and act so worrittid, child?" gasped the house-wife, startled by her daughter's unusual air of mystery.

"I wanted to ask you somethin' I didn't want sister Ploomy to be hearin'," whispered Liddy.

"Well," in a tone of relief, "you no need to sca't me so. But fust, let me git this cream inter the churn so'st I can be churnin' whil'st you'r talkin'; it's took so everlastin' long this mornin' to git that cheese out o' press and set up another curd."

"O Mother, don't touch that now for I want you to be listenin' to me." Liddy had laid a restraining hand on her mother's arm, already outstretched to lift the jar of cream from off its shelf.

The woman turned with a rebuke upon her lips but meeting the eyes of her daughter, always somber, now both determined and appealing, she snapped tartly, "Well, why don't ye talk then, I'm listenin' ain't I? Be spry though, for the square-room ain't dustid yit."

"I've rolled up the curt'ins in the square-room and h'isted all the winders and shook all the rugs and laid 'em, and now I thought perhaps," the girl's voice faltered slightly, "I thought perhaps, maybe you'd let Ploomy do the rest of the dustin'. I've did all the heft of it and jest left them pretty things on the mantletree and round; such things as she used to love to take care on. 'Twill do her sights o' good and can't noways hurt her. It's goin' to be such a day o' happenin's, too. You know Ploomy hain't never seen the minister's wife, yit."

The mother's face paled and her voice shook as she answered the eager petitioner. "I'll finish the dustin' and do all the rest what's got to be done, and sha'n't call on my sick and dyin' daughter to help me nuther. And you, Liddy Bowles, layin' your impudent hands on your mother and tellin' her what not to do, you stiver right up charmber and stay there. I don't need ye. I'm shamed on ye'."

With a face even whiter than her mother's, the girl started to obey, but stopped and steadily confronted that already relenting parent. "I'm goin' to mind you Mother," she said, "same as I've always did and I'm sorry if I sassed ye. But it's sufferin' cruel to talk as tho'f I ain't bein' lovin' to my sister Ploomy. Nobuddy could love her more than me, ever sence you put her in my arms, a warm, cud'lin' little thing. And that's how I dar'st to hinder you today.

I've got somethin' to say and I'm goin' to say it before I go. I seem to have to."

Her mother making no remonstrance, Liddy continued, "I'm certain, Marm, that our Ploomy don't need to fade away and die as she is doin, seein' she hain't got none of them symtums, Prissy Emmons died of. Our Ploomy begun to fail right arfter you sent Alic Stinson off, nobuddy knows where."

"Liddy Bowles, you'r going' too fur now," her mother interrupted sharply.

"I didn't exactly want to speak his name," stammered the girl, "but it was then that Ploomy used to wake me up, cryin' in the night. Sometimes she'd say it was about Prissy's layin' all alone up there in the old grave-yard, and tell me she was growin' cold just like her. Then I'd cuddle her up to me, her the bull time shakin' like a popple leaf. Now you are givin' 'er lotions and 'arb-drinks' she is more quieter but she don't git no better. It seems as tho'f we was lettin' her go on dyin' of somethin' she hain't got. Stop it, Marm, do. You can do most 'anythin' you set out to," dry sobs choked the pleading voice.

"Be ye through talkin', Liddy?" asked her mother, "cause if you be, I want to say somethin'. I'm sorry I was so hash to ye. I ought not to ben. I'm mindid, myself, how'st I felt jest so about your aunt Ploomy, she that our Ploomy was named arfter, when she was took the same way, she died."

"Liddy, Liddy Bowles, where be you? Where's Mother?" Janey's bird-like voice (a blessed interruption) rang through kitchen and pantry. The child swung wide the milk-room door and stood perilously swinging a basket heaped with fresh-laid eggs. "See," she shouted, "I found two new nests, and where old Spot hid her kittens. Now I'm going blackber'in' with the Bean children, over round Birch Knoll; I may, mayn't I, Mother? You said I might, some day. And, Liddy, put a lot of bread and butter in my pail; I am hungry now."

"Liddy, do go 'long and take care of them aigs 'fore that young-one smashes 'em." Mrs. Bowles' voice had regained its usual brisk and pleasant tone. "I'm thinkin, Janey, you'll find slim pickin', it's ben so dreadful droughty all summer; but I should love to s'prise the Elder with one of my blackb'ry short-cakes for supper. Git the child a pail, Liddy, and put 'nough o' your good cookies in it for the Bean children, too. They'll like 'em; their own mother was a marster good cook." With squeals of delight Janey fled the kitchen, leaving sunshine behind her.

When at last the hour approached for the expected guests to arrive, there was nothing left to betray the morning's unusual activities save the spicy aroma of plum-cake and caraway cookies that still pervaded the pantry. Even the shining kitchen stove looked cool and innocent of unduly heated transactions.

No less guiltless of bustling anxiety looked good Mrs. Bowles and her daughter Liddy, when, dressed in their seven-breadth ginghams and snowy aprons, they met their visitors under a canopy of woodbine that rioted lawlessly over the front door of the farm-house. Mrs. Bowles' greeting was noisy and voluble; no other would she have deemed sufficiently cordial.

"Good mornin', good mornin', Brother'n Sister Norris. We are dreadful glad to see ye. Looked for ye more'n an hour ago. That's right, Elder, take your little wife right out the waggin and we'll see to her whilst you put up your hoss. She's a harnsom critter ain't she? Your hoss I mean. But you'll have to unhitch, yourself, Elder, for the menfolks is all down in the field reapin'

or pretendin' to. This terrible drout has about sp'iled the harvist. But the Lord'll take care on us, as Siah says." Here the good woman indulged in an audible sigh of which the minister took speedy advantage.

"Good morning, Sister Bowles, and Liddy, too," he said in a pleasant and rather boyish voice, extending a hand to each in turn. "I'm glad to leave Mrs. Norris in excellent hands while I care for my horse and with your permission, Mrs. Bowles, look for those busy men in the field."

After lifting his wife from the carriage to the door-stone, he turned to lead his impatient horse to the shelter of the hospitable old Red Barn; not, however, before catching a humorous gleam of protest from a pair of very blue eyes, together with a last word from Mandy, "Be sure you don't hinder them men-folks, Elder, if you should chance to find 'em workin'."

With a chuckle the hostess turned to her remaining guest. After a feeble hand-shake Liddy had vanished, leaving Mrs. Norris to be volubly ushered by Mrs. Bowles, into the square-room, there to be breezily stripped of bonnet and shawl, thrust into a white-cushioned rocking-chair, a big fan of turkey-feathers pressed into her hand, all in a twinkling.

"Now you set right there by that north winder and cool off," commanded Mrs. Bowles, not unpleasantly, "Your pretty face is most as pink as our Ploomy's hollyhocks. Per'aps she'll feel like comin' in to set with ye, whilst I and Liddy's gittin' the dinner on. With company and two extry hired men in the field t'day I can't spare a minute to set. 'Twould gin me conniption fits, to have my dinner laggin'. Mandy Bowles' dinner horn blows reg'lar the year round; folks sets their clocks by it, so they say."

The minister's wife might as well have been dumb, for as yet she had not been able to complete a full sentence. Now she looked up, surprised at the sudden silence, and started by the changed expression on the face before her. Its features were working convulsively to repress emotion that threatened tears.

"Don't be sca't, Miss Norris, 'taint nuthin'," the unsteady lips replied to her frightened exclamation. "I stood lookin' at ye and it 'minded me that only last spring our Ploomy had as red cheeks and dancin' eyes as you've got t'day, every bit; if anything, Ploomy's eyes was the harnsumist; the reg'lar Bowles eye, grey with the blue in 'em. Ploomy was the light of the house,—the light of my life, but she's goin' out. Don't open yer lips! Don't pity me! for I jest couldn't stan' it." The woman had lifted a bony hand as in protest. "'Twould break me all up if ye talked to me; and I've got to be the head for the hull of 'em. Land sakes alive! What am I thinkin' on? Liddy out there all alone, tewin' over the dinner."

Mandy was herself again, and. Mrs. Morris, watched her through the narrow hall, where the kitchen door closed on her.

"Dear me, what a strange person," thought the young wife, "I never offered a word. My eyes were filled with tears, but not one pious thing had I to say; not even a bit of comforting Scripture. O Sally Morris," she whispered, "what a fraud for a minister's wife! Mother dear, you were not far wrong when you warned Charley that I was no more fitted for the position than a blind kitten. You might have spared the adjective, though; and Charley seems to dote on kittens. But what a dear, sweet room this is with 'Ploomy's hollyhocks' peeping in! It makes me think of home."

The green paper curtains were rolled high, the windows opened wide. Outside, swayed by a gentle wind, slender spires of hollyhocks seemed to be peering within, their fair blos-

soms pink with amazement at their own audacity. Between these flower bedecked windows stood a narrow, fall-leaf table, covered with a snowy cloth of home-made linen, deeply fringed with netting and tassels. Here reposed the big Bible sacred to family records, flanked by an orderly array of daguerreotypes, a Gift Book and a Daily Food. Opposite the windows, on the far side of the room was the never absent "square-room" bed, high-piled with the downiest of "live-geese" feathers and covered with marvels of loom and needle work. This slender-posted, high-canopied bed, the heavy bureau of many drawers, together with the gem of a small table now attracting the admiring gaze of Mrs. Norris, were deservedly the pride of the mistress of Red Barn Farm. She never wearied of repeating this formula, "My greatmother was a Marsh; one of them Marshes, they say, that was distant kin of old Gov'ner Marsh of Varmount. This 'ere bedstid and the hull set was her'n, and it fell on me. The old Gov'ner was a smart man in his day."

There was scarce opportunity to wince at the atrocious plaster o' paris "ornamints" ranged on the mantle, or to shake a wrathful, small first toward the wall where hung the ubiquitous memorial picture, (a very weeping willow, and a very drooping lady with classical features cheerfully resigned); certainly there was no time to examine the finely braided and "drawn-in" rugs that so plentifully covered the stainless floor, before the kitchen door softly opened and closed.

Ploomy stood within the small entry, swaying and slender, like a young birch of the forest. Her cheeks were flushed with expectancy and her really beautiful eyes appealed for companionship. At least so interpreted the girl-wife, prompted by hidden pangs of homesickness. Without ceremony she met the frail, hesitating young thing with a loving embrace and drew her gently to the one rocking-chair by the cool north window, saying with a tuneful chuckle,

"With those wonderful eyes, you must be Ploomy, and I am Sally Norris. Now that we are quite properly introduced I will bring my chair and sit close by you if I may. I have a sister about your age and those lovely hollyhocks at the windows reminded me of her and home. Did you plant them? Your mother called them yours."

"Yes, they and the grass pinks were mine but sister Liddy has took the hull care of 'em this summer. It's ben a sight of work for there haint ben a drop of rain, scurcely."

Ploomy's voice was disappointing, hopeless, lifeless, save its bit of whining drawl. Mrs. Norris in her frankly convincing way disarmed the girl's shyness and incited her interest. With even a faint show of eagerness, she was soon asking and answering questions.

After a silence consumed by Sally in looking at family daguerreotypes Ploomy said softly, "Your sister is nineteen years old and past, if she is my age, and she has never had no trouble nor any sorrow has she?"

Not waiting for an answer to so dazing a question, she went on, "There hain't nobuddy told you how much I thought of Prissy. I loved her more'n I did my sister Liddy. We was nigher of age and said our a, b, abs, and worked our samplers together and always set with one 'nuther to school."

"Who is Prissy? asked Mrs. Norris.

"Prissy Emmons. She was the harnsomist girl in these parts, folks all said, and I know she was the sweetiest."

"Has she gone far away?" still questioned Mrs. Norris.

"Prissy died, and they've buried

her, up in the old grave-yard under the shadder of the mountain; when she was always so tender and timid like. I wish grave-yards was nigher home." Ploomy's voice had again trailed off into hopeless depths, her face pallid, her eyes dilated with vague terror.

Mrs. Norris, bending forward, laid her own warm, pulsing hand upon Ploomy's folded cold and still on the girl's lap. "Now my little friend," she said brightly, "we are not to talk of sad things today. My own heart is heavy too, with homesickness. Your big, solemn, old mountains glooming over us, are behaving horribly, covered with haze or smoke; the air is fairly stifling in the valley. It did seem so good to come up here on the hills where one can breathe." Here Ploomy, in turn, lifted her hand and laid it in shy sympathy upon Sally's.

Acute illness or distress never failed to claim Mrs. Norris' quick pity, while she had small patience with seemingly minor ills. She had much to learn. Here is a confession made later to her husband.

"Ploomy captured me with her lovely eyes and her exquisite figure, and something more that I cannot express; like the cling and curl of baby fingers around one of your own. You can't let go and baby won't. At the same time I fairly ached, at first, to treat her as I used to treat my dolls when they got limp and flabby, chuck in the saw-dust."

Indeed, Ploomy was not easily repulsed. With a new-found friend she was like a brook bursting icy barriers under melting sunbeams. With new color and livelier tone she stammered, "Now certain, Miss Norris, certain, I didn't set out for to make you feel bad, I didn't. But, Oh, I do want somebuddy to talk to and somebuddy to talk with me! Liddy can't think of things to say much, and Mother says talk is weakenin'. Ther's nothin' to do but be thinkin'. Nothin' like it was before."

The minister's wife might now have been grateful for an excellent memory and easy conscience that permitted her to repeat choice thoughts and passages to the eagerly listening girl, nearly all filched from Mr. Norris' latest sermons. "Anything," she thought, "if I may only keep her mind away from the grave-yard until 'Mandy Bowles' dinner horn' blows. Of course the child can not appreciate all these fine thoughts, but she does listen, and that is better than half of Charley's audience does, poor boy."

But at last in a voice more tuneful and vibrant than had seemed possible for Ploomy, she interrupted with, "I thank you, Mis' Norris, for all them wonderful words you've ben speakin' to me. I've read em in my Bible, some of 'em, but I never thought they were writ to be lived by every day, easy and comfortable. Father has come the nighest, but it has took a sight of goin' to prayer-meetin'. Two things you said I aint never goin' to forgit. You said hate is poison; and that it works just like poison in our blood. A little makes us uncomfortable, and any more is dangerous, and all the biggest doctors know it. They must have a lot of cases. I suppose they call it by some other name more satisfyin'. And you said too, Mis' Norris, that loving was living; that love was all around us and in us all, even when we mayn't be noticin', for God is Love. You said, that love shows up dif'runt in dif'runt folks. And there are so many dif'runt folks that ain't alike."

In the short silence, Mrs. Norris, looking into Ploomy's eyes, lighted from within, could, for the first time, imagine this frail, wilted little body, as having once been "the light o' the house."

"I can't say them words as beautiful as you said them to me, Mis' Norris," resumed the girl," but I can see them beautiful, and shinin'. You said,

some love was like a spring a-wellin' up. That 'minded me of Prissy's love bubblin' and sparklin' like the spring down by the big ledge, where we used to make our play-house when the bluets were in blossom. Then when you told about a deep well with a star shinin' in it, I thought of sister Liddy's love. Only I had never called it love before; just called it 'doin' things,' such as I expected. But I see now, doin' is the deepist kind of lovin.' But the best was, when you said that some folkses love might be deep and honist but mistaken; and they'd likely act ha'sh and cruel, thinkin' all the time it was for your good. Then maybe you would git all r'iled up and forgit the years of lovin' that has gone before and git to hatin' and perhaps dyin' afore you know it. That made me think of-of-someone else. But I can see now, it was her way of lovin'. I sha'n't hate her no more, never. I am so glad."

After another short pause, Ploomy added, "O, Mis' Norris, your words are wonderful to me; like after a long spell, everything dryin' up, you lay in the hot night pantin' for your breath, and all at once, feel a cool wind liftin' the heavy hair off'n your for'ed, like your mother's hand use to, and you go to sleep, listenin' to the rain."

The eyes of the young wife brimmed with sudden tears. Ploomy, drawing the sweet face nearer to her own, caressed with shy fingers the sunny curls on Sally's forehead. "I have never seen a minister's wife like you before," she said, with the dearest smile. "Why, you are just like other girls, only nicer of course. I must have thought you was all born with hair smooth and shiny, and linin collars on." The girl ended with a genuine giggle and was rewarded by an approving pat and a ripple of laughter.

"Now you see, Mis' Ploomy," still laughed the little woman, "I am not a regular born, parson's wife. My hair will curl and I abhor linen collars. The minister business I have to learn from a to z. Really those fine thoughts that proved angel wings to you, were none of them mine. They were stolen from Mr. Norris' sermons. And I have it all to confess to him before I sleep tonight."

"They was all true thoughts," asserted Ploomy, the inner light deepening in her eyes, "and seein' you stole our Elder's heart, he shouldn't be put out if you steal more that's good and true, of his'n."

"I will remember that, Little Girl, when I make my confession," said Sally, laughing again merrily, then,—"But how your 'Elder' loves these mountains, his work, and his people; the brawny-armed, sooty-faced miners and all! A few may be slow of speech, and like their valleys, narrow and confined in their ideas, but they are honest thinkers and their valleys are on a high level. These last words are his, Deary. I repeat them whenever I need bracing. But between you and me, Ploomy, I don't like these mountains. They have sulked behind a dismal haze ever since I came, which is a very impolite way to treat a bride, to say the least. Your people are, no doubt, excellent, so are butternuts, and I've only my two small fists to smite with. Charley has the advantage, for he can lay them on the anvil Sundays and make sparks fly. O Sally Norris, what an unguarded speech!"

While she had been talking, Sally had slipped from her uncomfortable, straight backed chair, to the velvety "drawn in" rug, flaunting its gay medley of bright colors in front of Ploomy's rocking-chair. While reclining there, and tracing with her dainty finger around the intricate scrolls and amazing roses, she was chatting idly and busily on, but keeping an ear alert, to catch the first blast of the long delayed dinner-horn.

"Now you see," she exclaimed, while lifting her bonny face, and

shaking that dainty finger to Ploomy. "You see, Ploomy, Mr. Norris, even for me, would not leave his work here and his people, as he loves to call them; yet he did ask me to leave the dearest, sunniest home and come to him."

"What made you listen to him? What made you come?" Ploomy questioned with eager interest.

"Oh, perhaps I admired him the more, for not betraying his manhood; for not letting anything beguile him from his chosen work. He would not make an idol of me, so I am proud to be his wife. Proud," with a brave tilt of the curly head, "to find that I have it within me, to endure things, (even desperate homesickness, just now,) for one whom I love. Can you understand that, Girlie?"

"Yis, oh yis, Mis' Norris; the more my Alic had to bear, the more I wanted to stand by him. But Mother said I couldn't never be his wife; she'd see me laid in the grave-yard first, 'side of Prissy." Ploomy's reply had been hurried, and shrill with emotion. After an abrupt pause, she resumed in an even and decided tone, "But, Mis' Norris, as I said to you, I won't never hold it no more against my mother, for you've made me see so plain, it's her way of lovin' me, and a sufferin' way too; like a wild anamile when somethin's threatenin' its young-ones."

"But, who is Alic?" asked Mrs. Norris, a new note of sympathetic interest in her voice.

"He was Father's bound boy, took when he was ten year old, to work for his keep an' schoolin' and three-hundred dollars when he got to be one-an'-twenty." Plomy's voice was trailing off again, and Sally deplored asking that last, unfortunate question.

"I was eight year old," Ploomy rallying, continued, "when Alic first come. We all growed up together like one fam'ly, and did'nt see no dif'runce; I didn't till he was twenty, past. When Alic spoke about it to Father, he was glad, and said Alic was like his own boy. With Mother 'twas dif'runt. She liked Alic, she said; but, she said, she 'couldn't stummick them Stinsons.' They was good, respectable folks, Father kept tellin' her. Though they did have a big fam'ly, always comin', and piles of docter's bills. Mother tried to be happy, because I was, and we had got my chist most full, when something happened among his family; somethin' he couldn't be blamed for, more'n the angels in heaven. Then mother up and talked to Alic and me. But I won't think of them cruel words no more.

"The next mornin' Father found a writin' left on Alic's chist when he'd gone and went off in the night. I can say it by heart. It reads like this,—'Dear Uncle Siah, I thank you for bein' a father to me, and for the prayers I have heard you putting up for me in the old barn chamber, many a time, when you didn't know I was nigh. I shall never forget Red Barn Farm. I would like to say more, but I am forbid, and I have promised. Give my three hundred dollars to Father, to help on the mortgage. Good bye. Alic.'"

"Was that all?" asked Mrs. Norris, very softly. "Have you never heard from him since?"

"Nobuddy has," sighed Ploomy, "But I could have stood it all, and not give up and die, like I am doin'" she still continued, "for Alic wouldn't never forgit me, and I could be waitin'; and I dreamed such a comfortin' dream about Prissy. I saw her standin' by the old spring, her white feet shinin' among the bluets, and she was laughin' and holdin' up a drippin' cup of water to me, when a white veil, like a thin mountain shower, only brighter, come sweepin' between us. I know now she is somewhere among flowers and sparklin' waters. But with mother it was dif'runt. There I have ben all the

time pityin' myself to death and layin' it all on her, and most hatin' her because I thought she was hatin' Alic and me. All the time she is lovin' and protectin' me the best she knows how; like an anamile that don't sense but one kind of lovin',—the fear kind. My eyes is opened now, and Mother'll see dif'runt, give her time. Kittens is wiser than folks. They cuddle down together, patient and lovin', and let one 'nuther's eyes alone."

"Thank you, Ploomy, that counts one for kittens. The minister will enjoy that too."

The little wife, still half reclining upon the rug, moved closer and throwing her arm across the girl's lap laid her head upon it. Ploomy's face flushed with pleasure, and again her light fingers touched and toyed with those rings of sunny hair.

"Oh, what a day o' happenin's," she breathed, scarcely above a whisper; then aloud, "why this mornin' I didn't have nothin' else to do, or think on but dyin'. I know, of course, I can't never git well again, for Mother keps saying so; and she's always did all the plannin'. But I heard Prissy's mother tellin' her that I ain't a mite like Prissy was, and if she was her, she'd have Dr. Colby come right up and see me. Mother told her that I was jest like my aunt Ploomy, and old Dr. Richardson had always ben the fam'ly doctor, and she didn't believe in changin'. My aunt Ploomy died."

After a moment's silent struggle with herself, the girl went on, a strain of holy purpose livening her tones, "But I ain't goin' to feel bound to put my hull mind on dyin' as I have ben doin'. I'd mostly forgot about lovin' and that's no way to die happy, is it?. I'm goin' right to lovin', spesh'ly them that's makin' mistakes and don't sense it." Now bending low until a tear fell among the bright curls, she said, "You told me, Mis' Norris, that you was no kind of a minister's wife. You have ben to me like Prissy at the spring; and I'm drinkin', oh! how I'm drinkin', at the cup you've ben holdin' to my lips."

Sally, now half-kneeling before Ploomy, took her wasted hands in her own saying softly, "Listen, Little One, I am learning of you, here at your blessed feet. Learning to separate souls from their mistakes; learning how mean and ill-natured self-pity is. For instance, blaming my natural homesickness to your noble old mountains, who seem just now to be having troubles of their own; and to Charley's dear people, who are far too wise to accept me at my own valuation. But, do we hear men's voices? Is that your mother's step in the kitchen? Why have we not heard the dinner-horn blow?"

(To be continued)

THE BROOKES MORE PRIZE AWARD

Harold Vinal, a teacher of music at Steinert Hall, Boston, but also the editor and publisher of Voices, a quarterly journal of verse, is the winner of the $50 prize offered by Mr. Brookes More for the best poem published in the Granite Monthly during the year 1921. The distinguished judges, Professor Katharine Lee Bates of the department of English at Wellesley College, William Stanley Braithwaite, critic and anthologist, and former Governor John H. Bartlett of New Hampshire, were unanimous in making the award to Mr. Vinal, though they were not so agreed as to which was the best of his several contributions to the magazine during the year. One of the judges preferred his Sonnet, published in the May issue; but the other two gave the honor to "Alien," printed on page 35 of the January, 1921, issue as follows:

Harold Vinal.

The gorse grass waves in Ireland,
Far on the windless hills;
In France dark poppies glimmer—
Suncups and daffodils.

The heather seas are crying—
And deep on English lanes
Blown roses spill their color
In the soft, grey rains.

My heart alone is broken
For things I may not see—
New England's shaken gardens,
Beside a dreaming sea.

Mr. Brookes More

We also reprint the Sonnet, as follows:

I have touched hands with peace and loveliness,
When the first breath of May crept through the trees;
Watched lyric flowers tremble in the breeze—
I cannot say I have been comfortless.
Often the nights have whispered words to me;
With wonder I have watched a new day break,
Shaking its veils across the windy lake—
The wind that stirred them, brought me ecstasy.

My heart can know no pain while beauty weaves
Quaint patterns in the corridors of thought,
Patterns of curving cloud and waving leaves:
All the indifference that time has wrought
Will softly pass, when I behold afar—
The lovely beauty of an evening star.

Mr. Vinal is a contributor of verse to many magazines besides the Granite Monthly, the list including The Atlantic Monthly, Pearson's, The Smart Set, The Bookman, The Sonnet, Poetry, Contemporary Verse, The Lyric, The Lyric West, The Liberator, etc. His first volume of verse, "White April," will be brought out by the Yale University Press in the spring in their Yale Series of Younger Poets.

Readers of the Granite Monthly who were asked by the editor to indicate their individual choices for the prize awards made these interesting suggestions: "Snow Trail," by Bernice Lesbia Kenyon; "Au Soleil," by Walter B. Wolfe; "Spring," by Martha S. Baker; "The Angel of the Hidden Face," by Helen L. Newman; "My Baby," by George A. Foster; "Memory," by Cora S. Day; "Home," by W. B. France; "The Blind," by Edwin Carlile Litsey; "Roses," by Frances Parkinson Keyes; "Aftermath," by Alice D. O. Greenwood; "A Christmas Wish," by George Henry Hubbard; "O Little Breeze," by George I. Putnam; "Nothing Common or Unclean," by Claribel Weeks Avery; "Day Time," by Mary E. Hough; "In Violet Time," by L. Adelaide Sherman; "Sonnet," by Louise Patterson Guyol; "Camilla Sings," by Shirley Harvey.

As we have said before the 1921 competition was of a character which gave real pleasure to the management of the Granite Monthly and which so impressed Mr. More with the value of his gift in creating and increasing interest in poetry that he has kindly offered to renew the award for the present year, 1922. By the terms of his gift this year, $50 will be awarded in January, 1923, to the author of the best poem not in free verse and written by a subscriber to the Granite Monthly which is printed in that magazine during 1922.

MY SONG THAT WAS A SWORD

By Hazel Hall

My song that was a sword is still.
Like a scabbard I have made
A covering with my will
To sheathe its blade.
It had a flashing tongue of steel
That made old shadows start;
It would not let the darkness heal
About my heart.

NEW HAMPSHIRE DAY BY DAY

January 20, 1922, Professor George H. Whitcher, formerly deputy state superintendent of schools, was succeeded as federal director of prohibition law enforcement for the state of New Hampshire by Rev. Jonathan Snow Lewis, since 1918 state commissioner of law enforcement under the New Hampshire prohibitory statute. On the same day Ralph W. Caswell of Dover, who had been Commissioner Lewis's deputy, was promoted to fill the vacancy in the higher place. These appointments were asked for by friends of Prohibition as a government policy, headed by the Anti-Saloon League.

Rev. Jonathan S. Lewis

Mr. Lewis was born in Boston, Mass., November 14, 1864, the son of Luther and Almira Horton (Smith) Lewis. He attended the public schools of Boston, Everett and Eastham, Mass., and, after engaging in business life for a time, the theological institution at Newton Center, Mass., where he graduated with the degree of B. D. in 1911, being class president. He was pastor of the Baptist church in Amherst from 1908 to 1918 and while holding this position was chosen to represent the town in the state legislatures of 1915 and 1917.

At both sessions he was in the fore-

front of those who were fighting for the repeal of the state local-option liquor law and a return to state-wide prohibition and in 1917 he and his fellow-workers were successful in bringing about this result. Several measures designed to put new "teeth" in the prohibition law accompanied the overturn of the license system and among them was the establishment of the office of commissioner of law enforcement. For this place Mr. Lewis was the unanimous choice of the temperance workers inside and outside of the legislature and Governor Henry W. Keyes at once gave him the appointment. His administration of the office has not been spectacular, but steady, just and efficient to a degree which made him the logical candidate for the federal place if a change in the latter were to be made.

While a resident of Massachusetts Mr. Lewis was a Prohibitionist in politics, being chairman of that party's state committee, its candidate for lieutenant governor and for secretary of state and a delegate to its national convention; but since locating in New Hampshire he has acted with the Republican party. He is president of the New Hampshire Anti-Saloon League and a director of the National Anti-Saloon League; also, of the New Hampshire United Baptist convention. Since his appointment as law enforcement officer he has made his residence in Concord.

In recent newspaper interviews Mr. Lewis is quoted as taking an optimistic view of the situation as to law enforcement in this state, in which he is supported by public utterances of Governor Brown and other high officials. Mr. Lewis says with pride that men who have taken a country-wide view of the conditions, place New Hampshire among the three or four states in which the prohibitory liquor laws are best enforced; and he is confident that this good record will be maintained and improved by a continuance of the excellent co-operation among law enforcing officials and of the public sentiment in support of the law.

For almost eighty years laws prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquor have been on the statute books of New Hampshire. Even during the decade of local option prohibition was the law in by far the greater part of the state. While it is true that at times the people have semed to be "for the law, but agin its enforcement," this is not to-day the fact. It seems safe to say that New Hampshire has seen its last open saloon and that while the laws against the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages will be violated in the future, as are all laws of God and man, there will be less of such violation than at any time in the past.

In New Hampshire history 1922 will be remembered, among other reasons, as the year in which Dartmouth College was forced to adopt an unique and highly selective process for admission to its courses. For several years the College has been able to accept but a limited portion of the number of candidates who have applied for admission, and this pressure, far from abating, has shown every sign of increasing until an army of 5,000 boys would be marching on Hanover where accommodations for only 500 would be available.

The solution which the Dartmouth authorities have worked out for their problem is very interesting and will be watched intently by other institutions of learning in a somewhat similar predicament. It seeks to secure for its student body young men of intellectual capacity, character and promise, coming from homes of a variety of types and having a certain geographical distribution. "Lest the old traditions fail" and in order that the indefinable, but cer-

tainly existent "Dartmouth spirit" shall be handed down from generation to generation, all properly qualified sons of alumni and of Dartmouth college officers will be accepted.

We are very glad that under "geographical distribution" all residents of the state of New Hampshire will be admitted. All residents of districts west of the Mississippi and south of the Potomac and Ohio rivers also will be admitted with the end in view of making Dartmouth a truly national institution.

This frank paragraph from the official statement of the plan has roused much comment pro and con among educators, but seems well adapted to assist in producing what has become known as the typical Dartmouth man: "Personal Ratings and School Activities shall be used supplementary to scholastic records, and those which indicate men who are plainly possessed with qualities of leadership or qualities of outstanding promise shall be given particular consideration as compared with the records of those otherwise qualified by high scholarship ranks with no evidence of positive qualities otherwise."

President Ernest M. Hopkins, of Dartmouth College

Meanwhile if Daniel Webster had to deliver his Dartmouth College oration to-day he could not move the Supreme Court of the United States to tears by his declaration "It is a small college but there are those who love it." He might, however, say with truth "It is a great college and there are many who would like to love it."

EDITORIAL

More than once, in the past, the Granite Monthly has pointed out the opportunity of New Hampshire to become the winter resort and winter sport state par excellence of the East, and it is good to note that real progress in this direction has been made during the present season. In the nineties, Concord, the capital city, several times entertained its legislative visitors and thousands of other guests with winter carnivals that were most elaborate and enjoyable events, especially featuring long and beautiful parades of horse drawn sleighs and floats.

After an interval, Dartmouth College, thanks to an undergraduate, Fred H. Harris of Brattleboro, Vt., suddenly awoke to a realization of the fact that its isolation among the snow-clad hills was an asset instead of the curse it always had been considered. In due time the first winter carnival at Hanover was held and in each succeeding year has increased in success and popularity. Of greater importance, of course, is the fact that a large part of the student body has been outfitted with skiis and snowshoes and drawn out into Richard Hovey's "great white cold" for the most healthful and exhilarating of recreation.

A few years since Newport, with the owners of Blue Mountain Forest, co-operating, opened a series of successful carnivals. Then Gorham got in line with a fine entertainment. This winter Berlin, Bristol and Conway have joined the list and doubtless others will have been heard from before these words appear in print. Cities and towns which have not held carnivals have made arrangements for various branches of winter sport, by giving official sanction to coasting, by building toboggan slides, by maintaining rinks for ice skating and in other ways. On Wednesday and Saturday afternoons the people of Concord, old and young, have joined in "community hikes" on snowshoes and skiis under the direction of the winter sports committee of the Chamber of Commerce.

New Hampshire has had more winter guests from abroad, our old friends of the Appalachian Mountain Club and many others, this year than ever before. Of that we are glad. More New Hampshire people have availed themselves of their home opportunities for winter sport; and that gives us even greater pleasure. The opportunities for future development on these good lines are practically unlimited and that is the best of all. New Hampshire's supply of hills and lakes is sufficient to meet any demand that may be made upon her. Usually, the supply of snow and ice is equally adequate. So let snowshoes, skiis, skates, sleds and toboggans be counted among household necessities in the Granite State. Jingle bells on the one-horse sleighs and the six-horse sleighs. Put on your mittens, pull your cap down over your ears and get out into the air—and into the snow if you are a novice at the winter-games. It will make you healthy; you will know you are wise and you won't care whether you are wealthy or not.

As we were thinking, on a recent day, that it was time to write an editorial boosting the Granite Monthly advertising pages, the holder of an annual contract for one of those pages came into our office and renewed the contract. That gave us a pleasant sensation which was intensified when the gentleman in question remarked: "I have just made a sale which I can trace directly to my advertising in the Granite Monthly, the profit on which will more than pay your bill to me for a year." No lengthy sermon on that text seems to be necessary.

In to-day's mail we find a letter from a well known New Hampshire woman now resident in another state, enclosing her check for renewal of subscription and saying: "I do not see how any son or daughter of New Hampshire can fail to find much more than two dollars' worth of interesting matter in the twelve issues of your magazine."

REFLETS DANS L'INFINITE

By Walter B. Wolfe

Last night I fell from the vermeil bourne
Where dwell the dreams;
Fell from the mirrored splendors
Of lustrous palaces in lapis-lazuli
And chrysoberyl wrought,
Where vetiver and sandalwood
And scent of aloes rose in heavy incense
And the fragrance of neroli wafted thru the halls

Last night I fell in a spray of star-dust
From the tinted palaces of dreams
Thru clouds of radiant whiteness
Down .... down ....
All thru the dream-bourne of infinity
And wakening, dream melodies
Still lingered ethereal in my ears
And scent of ylang-ylang blossoms
Weighed on my senses ....

I found you, soft against me;
Your hair and amber halo all about your face,
And playing round you, the dream-incense
Of your loveliness and melodies
Strayed from the stars
Haunting your sweet presence—
Late revellers these, that strayed with me
From the vermeil bourne where dwell the dreams

A BOOK OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

A stalwart and handsome volume, as stately as "The Frigate Medusa" and as trim and fast moving as "The Speedwell Privateer," is the 412 page book written by Ralph D. Paine of Durham and published by the Century Company, New York, under the title, "Lost Ships and Lonely Seas." The 17 illustrations, from paintings by Waugh and others, and from old prints, add to its interest, but give no better pictures of sailors, seas and ships than are drawn in easy prose by Mr. Paine, who writes of such things with an understanding equalled by few Americans.

In other books Mr. Paine has told of the boxes of iron and steel in which men go over and under the sea today. In reports of facts and in creations of fiction he has given us the most appreciative accounts of what was dared and endured and won by the boys who manned our submarines in the world war. From his own experience he has told the sea side of the Spanish War and has put on paper the reactions of a man in a Yale shell as Harvard changes defeat to victory on the Thames.

But this volume is of different type. In it he goes back a couple of centuries to the days when sailormen still wooed the winds, and mast and spar bloomed for the breezes with great clouds of canvas; to "the roaring days of piracy;" to the days when the Sargasso Sea was still a mystery and the South Seas had been violated by no passionate press agent; when there were mutineers and castaways, with new lands to find and new peoples to see.

Mr. Paine, like the good newspaper man, he used to be, headlines his 17 tales attractively from "The Singular Fate of the Brig Polly" to "The Noble King of the Pelew Islands." First choice for us must go to "Captain Paddock on the Coast of Barbary" because it is introduced with a reference to the "frigate, the Crescent, which sailed from the New England harbor of Portsmouth, whose free tides had borne a few years earlier the brave keels of John Paul Jones's Ranger and America," a gift from this government to the Bey of Algiers as part of a "humble tribute to this bloody heathen pirate in the hope of softening his heart."

But, as Mr. Paine says, a little later, "while Europe cynically looked on and forebore to lend a hand, Commodore Preble steered the Constitution and the other ships of his squadron into the harbor of Tripoli, smashed its defenses and compelled an honorable treaty of peace. Of all the wars in which the American Navy has won high distinction there is none whose episodes are more brilliant than those of the bold adventure on the coast of Barbary."

And with those episodes, also, Portsmouth had a connection which we recall through the fact that one of her most gallant and brilliant sons bore the name of Admiral Tunis Craven.

AT TWILIGHT

By Lucy W. Perkins

The twilight softly falls;
A lone thrush calls
    Divinely sweet,
As though in rarer sphere
Some spirit dear
    Love longs to greet.

Such call my heart would send,
O sweetest friend,
    Through space unknown,—
Your waiting soul to find
And closer bind
    Unto mine own.

WHAT WOULD I MORE?

By Elias H. Cheney.

(On His 90th Birthday, Jan. 28, 1922)

Thou, who e'er thy flock defendest;
Who each added blessing sendest;
Thou who borrowed time extendest;
What thou willest that I borrow;
One year more or but tomorrow,—
Fill with joy, and spare me sorrow.

Thou, almighty to deliver,
Gracious, loving sin-forgiver;
When I fathom Jordan's river,
With thy banner waving o'er me,
Roll the waters back before me;
If my Faith grow weak, restore me.

Where God's sun is ever shining;
Where each cloud has silver lining;
Quite completed soul refining;
Where those lost a while will meet me;
Kindly welcome, sweetly greet me—
In thy presence, Father, seat me.

There'll be no goodbyes up yonder;
Friendships sweeter, purer, fonder,
And sincerer! O, what wonder!
Nothing from God's love can sever
Those who enter there; no, never.
With the Lord; at home; Forever!

MORNING IN THE VALLEY OF THE MAD RIVER

By Adelene Holton Smith

Aurora the maid of the dawn
  Peeps over the rim of the world,
The maid of the mist is fast asleep
  In her gossamer draperies curled.
The maid of the mist is a lily maid,
  A lily white and cold
But the maid of the dawn is a golden rose
  Most glorious to behold.
The maid of the dawn slips over the rim
  She kneels by the maid of the mist
The eyelids flutter, the draperies stir
  The sisters have clasped and kissed.

A DREAM OF MT. KEARSARGE

By Alice Sargent Krikorian.

Thou member of a mighty Titan brood
Of giants, whose cloud-wreathed summits lure
Our pilgrim feet from meadows safe and sure
To woodsy paths the Red Men understood,
O'er rocky cliff, and up thy granite side,
Until we gain the peak, the longed for prize.
There, bathed in silver sheen, afar off lies
The lake of Maine, and proudly, as a bride
Is followed from the altar to the door,
So mountain follows mountain, crest on crest;
Webster, Franklin, Washington,—the rest
Of that Great Galaxy, that pour
Their glory, till our very senses reel;
We gaze in wonder, glad that we can feel
New Hampshire's earth, and if we nevermore
Dear Kearsarge, breathe thy winds that sing
Of Presidential Range and Carter's Dome,
In wintry nights, when winds are whistling,
My happy heart, remembering, will stray
To those sweet summer hours, when alone
Upon thy breast I dreamed the time away.

TO AN ICICLE

By F. R. Bagley

O thou most wonderfully constructed mass
Of ordered matter, destined soon to pass,
Colder than crocodilian tears—aye, colder
Than the proverbial feminine cold shoulder,
Pellucid as a drop of virgin dew
Distilled from vapor chastened through and through,
Brittle as glass, and compact as the dome
Of surly Ajax; whiter than the foam
Cast up by mounting tides upon the sands,
Brilliant as gems upon my lady's hands,—
Pendant from shelving eaves or drooping bough,
Thou art a first-class bunch of beauty now.

But hold, don't get conceited! There's no doubt
That thou art destined soon to peter out.
Thy charms—thy very life—hangs on the weather,
More fickle far than all things else together.
Thy fragile figure fashioned without flaw—
Wait 'till the the weather man declares a thaw!
A few strong, searching calorific rays,
Shot by Old Sol, will surely end thy days,—
Loosen thy frostbound particles, and so
Detach thy grip and lay thee, sprawling, low.
Alas! that beauty such as thine should hold
So little natural warmth and so much cold.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

JUDGE REUBEN E. WALKER

Judge Reuben Eugene Walker was born in Lowell, Mass., February 15, 1851, the son of Abial and Mary (Powers) Walker, and died at his home in Concord, January 1, 1922. He was educated in the public schools of Warner, where he removed, with his parents, when a child; at Colby Academy, New London; and at Brown University, where he graduated with the degree of A. B. in 1875, subsequently receiving the honorary degree of LL. D., which also was conferred upon him by Dartmouth. He studied law with Sargent & Chase of Concord and was admitted to the bar in 1878. He was for a time a partner of the late Judge Robert A. Ray, with whom he co-operated in writing and publishing a volume of New Hampshire Citations, and from 1891 to 1901 was a member of the law firm of Streeter, Walker & Hollis. Appointed associate justice of the New Hampshire supreme court March 28, 1901, he served with the utmost usefulness and honor until retired by age limitation on reaching the age of 70. While a young man Judge Walker served on the Warner school committee. He was solicitor of Merrimack county, 1889-1891, representative in the legislature, 1895, and a delegate to the Constitutional Convention, 1902. He had been a trustee of the Concord city library since 1901 and the president of the board since 1903. At the time of his death he was president of the New Hampshire Bar Association and had served as vice-president for New Hampshire of the American Bar Association. Judge Walker was a Republican in politics and a Unitarian in religious belief. He married June 8, 1875, Mary E. Brown, who died July 21, 1903. Their one child,

THE LATE JUDGE REUBEN E. WALKER

Miss Bertha May Walker, survives her father, whom she greatly assisted in his work by competent service as his secretary.

One who had intimate knowledge of Judge Walker as a man, a lawyer, and a jurist, says of him:

"Before going upon the bench he so enjoyed the confidence of the court and had such aptitude for such judicial work that he had been entrusted by the court with the responsible duty of editing many of their unpublished opinions which later appeared in per curiam form. He was a most able and upright judge. His service upon the bench was of the highest order. His opinions will rank among the best for learning, diction, clarity, brevity and soundness. While his chief distinction is as a judge, the confidence and respect in which he was held is otherwise and variously attested.* * * The many and various honors which came to him are the more significant because they all came in recognition of modest worth—never through self-seeking."

DR. J. MILNOR COIT.

Dr. James Milnor Coit, formerly for 30 years connected with St Paul's School, Concord, died January 5 in Munich, Germany, where he had resided since 1906. He was born in Harrisburg, Pa., January 31, 1845, the son of Rev. Dr. Joseph Howland Coit, founder of St. Paul's, and younger brother of Rev. Dr. Henry A. Coit, who succeeded his father as second rector of the school. Milnor Coit was educated at St. Paul's and at Hobart College and after a few years of business life in the West joined the staff at the school. Dartmouth College gave him the honorary degree of Ph. D. Mrs. Coit, who was Miss Eliza Josephine Wheeler of Cleveland, Ohio, died two years ago in Munich, where Doctor Coit conducted a school for American boys for a number of years. They had no children. Doctor Coit was a member of the various Masonic bodies in Concord, where he is widely and kindly remembered.

HON. OSCAR F. FELLOWS

Oscar Fowler Fellows was born in Bristol, Sept. 10, 1857, one of the seven children of Milo and Susan (Locke) Fellows, and died at Bucksport, Me., Dec. 28, 1921. He was educated at New Hampton Literary Institution and was admitted to the bar in 1881, practising at Bucksport until 1905 and subsequently in Bangor. He was president of the Maine Bar Association, 1911-1913. Mr. Fellows was a member of the Maine House of Representatives in 1901 and 1903 and its speaker in the latter year. He had served as collector of customs at Bucksport and as attorney of Hancock county, and in 1909 was appointed by President Roosevelt counsel on behalf of the United States before the international commission in the matter of St. John River. He was a 32nd degree Mason and belonged to the I. O. O. F., A. O. U. W., Modern Woodmen and Bangor Historical Society. He was a Republican in politics and a member of the Methodist church. May 24, 1883, he married Eva M. Fling of Bristol, daughter of Hon. Lewis W. Fling. She survives him with two sons, Raymond and Frank, both of whom were associated with their father in the practise of law.

RUEL H. FLETCHER

Ruel H. Fletcher, born at Cornish, May 16, 1829, died January 14 at his home in Cambridge, Mass. He attended Kimball Union Academy at Meriden and at the age of 20 began a career as teacher which extended over 60 years, being connected with the schools of Cambridge for half a century. The Fletcher School in that city is named in his honor. He is survived by four sons and a daughter, Miss Caroline R. Fletcher, of the Wellesley college faculty.

DR. JOHN C. O'CONNOR

John Christopher O'Connor, M. D., born at Bradford, Mass., Dec. 21, 1878, the son of James F. and Helena M. O'Connor, died suddenly January 5 at Manchester, where he was a member of the staffs of the Eliot and Balch hospitals and a trustee of the state industrial school. He graduated from the Haverhill. Mass. High School in 1898, from Dartmouth in 1902 and from the Bowdoin Medical School in 1905. He was one of the finest football players in Dartmouth's athletic history being captain of the eleven in his senior year. After graduation he was equally successful as coach, at Bowdoin, Phillips Andover and Dartmouth. During the world war he was a major in the American Expeditionary Force in France and made a splendid record there, as in all his undertakings. He is survived by his

parents, his widow, Mrs. Helen Raymond O'Connor, and two sons, Marshall and Raymond.

JOHN B. MILLS

John Bailey Mills, born in Dunbarton, September 3, 1848, died in Washington, D. C., January 7. He graduated from Dartmouth college in 1872, president of his class in his senior year, and studied law with Briggs & Huse in Manchester, being admitted to the bar in 1875. A Democrat in politics he was clerk of the New Hampshire house of representatives in 1873. He took up journalism instead of the law and worked on the Manchester Union, later in New York and finally for 28 years on the Grand Rapids, Mich., Herald. His wife, who died a few years ago, was Miss Emma Hammond, a fellow employee of the Union. Mr. Mills gave the historical address at the 150th anniversary celebration of his native town.

THE LIVING DARK

By Claribel Weeks Avery

We were sitting by the grapevines where the clustered globes hung blue,
And the air was filled with sweetness such as summer never knew,
And a wind that slept by daylight and had now come out to play,
Shook the empty nest above us whence the birds had flown away.

We were not alone together, for the night was there,
Shaking out the sable splendor of her star-bejeweled hair,
And the moon stole through the tangles like a roguish queen of thieves
Poking with her golden fingers at the dark and dewy leaves.

Then the insects ceased their humming and the waters ceased their play;
Nature held her breath to listen to the things we had to say;
So we went in from the darkness that was full of prying eyes,
Lit the lamp and drew the curtains in the parlor safe from spies.

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IN THIS ISSUE:

PARKER PILLSBURY

By Albert E. Pillsbury

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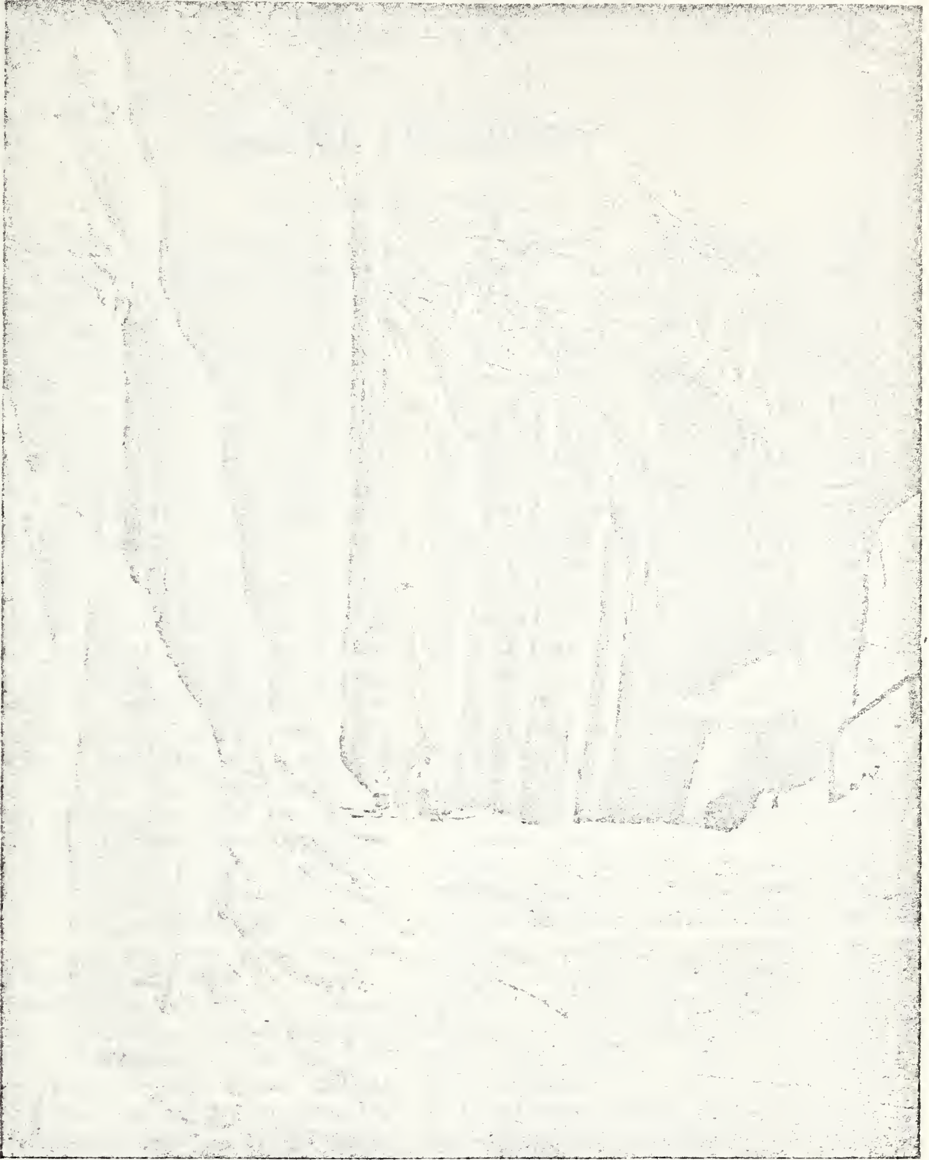


Photo by K. D. Smith. Courtesy of Photo Era Magazine

WINTER IN THE FLUME.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

Vol. LIV. MARCH, 1922 No. 3.

PARKER PILLSBURY

By Albert E. Pillsbury

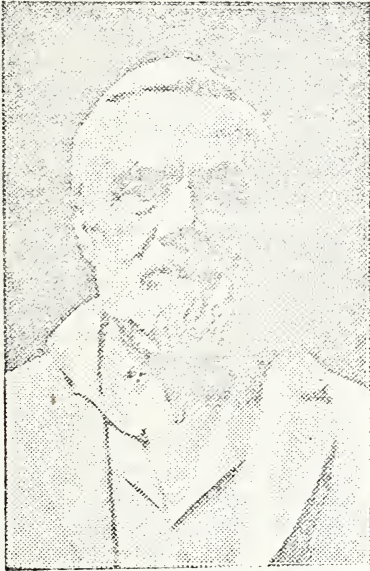
(At the 99th annual meeting of the New Hampshire Historical Society, held at its beautiful home in Concord on January 26, 1922, a bronze bust of the late Parker Pillsbury, by J. F. Paramino, was presented to the society by his nephew, Hon. Albert E. Pillsbury of Boston, native of Milford and former attorney general of the state of Massachusetts, whose interesting remarks on the occasion are published herewith.—*Editor.*)

I feel that my first duty here is to acknowledge my obligations to the artist whose genius has created, out of the scant material supplied by a couple of photographs, a living likeness in bronze of Parker Pillsbury. Except for the peculiar gift of what may be called posthumous sculpture, which is one of Mr. Paramino's possessions, making the dead live again, probably my purpose could not have been realized, for I know no other follower of his art who has at once the eye to see so clearly the man he never saw and the hand so cunningly skilled to reproduce him.

In offering the Society this memorial of the abolition movement, and of New Hampshire's part in it, I did not expect to make it the subject of any public comment, but your invitation has suggested to me the question whether it may not be necessary to say something by way of explanation, or of reminder, if for no other reason. The present generation never stood face to face with slavery. It has no adequate conception of the barbarism so deeply rooted in the social system where slavery prevailed, that Congress is struggling at this very hour, more than half a century after the legal extinction of slavery, with one of the direct survivals of it. The satanic orgies of Southern mobs in burning negroes at the stake have made us a name of reproach around the world. The people of to-day have forgotten the abolitionists and have no realizing sense of what they were or what they did or suffered. Parker Pillsbury's home was in this town and city of Concord for half a century or more, and he was for many years as well known a figure, almost, as any in this corner of the country, yet it would not surprise me to know that there are but few people living in Concord or in New Hampshire to-day who would recognize his name if they heard it, or know anything of the part he bore in the moral warfare that led up to the abolition of slavery. In his later years he published a book, under the characteristic title "Acts of the Anti-Slavery Apostles," in which he records his concurrence in Cato's caustic remark upon statues that have to be accounted for, in which I agree, and while I think he would have disclaimed any such distinction, if I felt that reasons need be given for remembering him in a permanent memorial I should not be here on this errand.

The relation of the abolitionists to the social order of their time was much like that of the early Christians, whose experiences they shared, even to a martyrdom hardly less cruel, if less bloody, than that of the Roman

amphitheatre. The slave-power, aggressive and defiant, dominated the country and was advancing with startling strides toward making slavery universal. To attack it in its entrenchments called for moral heroism of a high order. The men who first rose to that duty became the leaders of the abolition movement. Their part in the destruction of slavery has been questioned by some who see history as they would have preferred to have it, but I think the final judgment must be that the abolitionists



Parker Pillsbury

were the pioneers who cleared the ground for the march of our victorious armies. Every man who fell on the battlefields of the Rebellion died in the cause for which they wrought. The war, though called a war for the Union, was in truth a war about slavery, and about nothing else. Their appeal was only to conscience; they could not gather in ballots the harvest they had sown, but at the opportune moment appeared the great last prophet of the cause, who denounced the house divided against itself and coupled the moral forces of abolition to the train of events that brought in Emancipation and a Union without slavery, the only thing that ever threatened the Union.

I cannot take the time of this meeting to enlarge upon the epic of abolition or to say more of Parker Pillsbury than to sketch in the briefest outline enough of him to give this audience a background for the imagination. He was brought from his birthplace in Hamilton, Massachusetts, as a child in arms, and grew up on his father's farm in Henniker, early developing qualities that led his pious parents to devote him to the Congregational ministry. For this he took the training of the short-lived Gilmanton seminary, and a season at Andover, was licensed to preach, and undertook the supply of a little church in Loudon. Even then he had heard and answered the call of William Lloyd Garrison, and from that time until the final overthrow of slavery he was at the forefront of battle in the abolition cause, abandoning the church for its guilty fellowship as he called it, truly enough, with the slaveholder. To the summons of the church and conference for expulsion he replied "I have already excommunicated you, for your complicity in the sins of slavery."

In leaving the pulpit to follow Garrison he, of course, exchanged at the outset all his worldly prospects for social ostracism, broken friendships, public and private contumely, mob violence, of which he was more than once the object if not the victim, threats of indictment, and offers in Southern newspapers of a price for his head, all of which were part of his reward. The very name of abolitionist not only closed every door of preferment but went far to outlaw the bearer from respectable society.

As a platform orator in the anti-slavery field, the press and other

chronicles of his time appear to regard him as second only to Garrison and Phillips. In the force of his blow I think some of those on whom it fell might not regard him as second to any. Honeyed words were no part of any abolitionist's equipment, but Parker Pillsbury's were likened to "red-hot iron searers."A contemporary said that while other abolition orators spoke, Pillsbury *lightened*, and thundered. He never hesitated to startle or even to shock his hearers, believing that by no other means could they be brought to a realizing sense of the all-embracing iniquities of slavery, and in this belief he poured out upon their frozen apathy the fiercest heat of the invective of which he was master, until he became, perhaps, the best-hated and reviled of all the reviled and hated tribe of abolition agitators. He seems to have had the spirit of prophecy upon him, and it was his constant prediction from the beginning that American slavery was destined to go down in blood.

It would not become me, and I have no purpose or desire, to magnify his service or his merits. I prefer to leave him as the men of his own time saw him, the men who knew him best—a striking figure, evidently, upon which many writers were tempted to try their hand. Among the pen-portraits of Parker Pillsbury which have come down in the literature of that period are two, each drawn from life by the hand of a master, so vigorous and vivid that they ought to be left here with the sculptured image.

In James Russell Lowell's works will be found a series of sketches, struck off with mingled sympathy and humor, of the leading figures in anti-slavery convention at Boston in 1846, where Parker Pillsbury appears in action in these lines:—

"Beyond, a crater in each eye,
Sways brown, broad-shouldered Pillsbury,
Who tears up words, like trees, by the roots,
A Theseus in stout cowhide boots;
The wager of eternal war
Against that loathsome Minotaur
To which we sacrifice each year
The best blood of our Athens here.

A terrible denouncer he,
Old Sinai burns unquenchably
Upon his lips; he well might be a
Hot-blazing soul from fierce Judea,
Habakuk, Ezra, or Hosea."

So he appeared to Lowell, who was not alone in likening him to the fiery souls of Hebrew scripture.

One of Emerson's essays on Eloquence has a passage which I always believed to have been written with Parker Pillsbury in mind, but was never assured of this until his Journals were published by his son a few years ago, when the fact stood confessed. I give it as it appears in the Journal, fresh from the occasion, from which it was transcribed into the essay with little change.

"We go to the bar, the senate, the shop, the study, as peaceful professions, but you cannot escape the demands for courage, no, not in the shrine of Peace itself. Pillsbury, whom I heard last night, is the very gift from New Hampshire which we have long expected, a tough oak-stick of a man, not to be silenced or insulted or intimidated by a mob, because he is more mob than they; he mobs the mob. John Knox is come at last on whom neither money, nor politeness, nor hard words, nor rotten eggs, nor blows, nor brickbats, make the slightest impression. He is fit to meet the bar-room wits and bullies; he is a wit and a bully himself, and something more: he is a graduate of the plough and the cedar swamp and the snow-bank, and has nothing to learn of labor or poverty or the rough farm. His hard head, too, has gone through in boyhood all the drill of Calvinism, with text and mortification, so that he stands in the New England assembly a purer bit of New England than any and flings his sarcasms right and left, sparing no name or person or party or presence. He has not only the documents in his pocket to answer all cavils, and to prove all his positions, but he has the eternal reason in his head."

With this I leave him to a place in your gallery of New Hampshire

worthies. I believe it was Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun who said that one need not care who makes the laws of a nation if he can make its ballads. The meaning of this is that the men of real influence in the world, the men who control events, are not the titled puppets that masquerade in the places of power but the men who stir the public feeling and shape the course of public thought. Of these Parker Pillsbury in his degree was one, at a time when the fate of the country, a country worth saving and desperately needing to be saved from the sin which he denounced, was trembling in the balance, and to this he gave all that he was, all that he had, and all that he could expect in this world, without fear or hope of reward.

WHEN THE BIRDS FLY NORTH

By Althine Sholes Lear

They have spread their dainty pinions—
  Little, feathered friends of ours—
They have flitted to the Southland,
  With its sunshine and its flowers.
And we miss their merry music
  From the hillside and the glen,
But when wintry days are over,
  Then the birds will come again.

If our courage sometimes falters
  When the days are dark and cold,
And the burden seems too heavy
  For our tired hands to hold;
'Tis a glad thing to remember
  That these days will pass, and then
There will come a happy spring-time,
  And the birds fly North again.

There are warm, red rosebuds sleeping
  Underneath the ice and snow;
There are days of rest and gladness
  That our happy hearts shall know.
'Tis the very sweetest message,
  And it cheers the hearts of men,
There will come a brighter morrow
  When the birds fly North again.

HOME SPUN YARNS FROM THE RED BARN FARM

By Zilla George Dexter

I.

An All Day Visit

(Continued)

Springing to her feet, the little lady shook out the crushed folds of her pretty muslin, and was standing before the quaint mirror patting here and there her tousled head when the kitchen door opened with a bang. Mrs. Bowles, blowsy and heated and swinging a Shaker sunbonnet by the string, entered the square-room and threw herself down upon one of the straight-backed chairs.

"Wal,' if this ain't a day to be remembud," she ejaculated, going on as usual, unmindful of all voices save her own. "Ain't you most starved, Mis' Norris? I worried about ye, but I hadn't no time to waste on ye. Sich a thing never's happened to me before. Prob'ly ev'rybuddy down t' the Works is wonderin' what under the sun has come across Mandy Bowles' cause 'er diner-horn hain't blowed. But if I can't blow on time I don't blow. Catch me advertisin' my own shif'lisniss. But as I was sayin', this day'll be remembud."

The woman paused to indulge in a prolonged breath, when Ploomy's voice joined with Mrs. Norris, "Mother, do tell us what has happened. Stop your talkin' and tell us."

Mandy turned sharply on her daughter, "Ploomy Bowles," she exclaimed, "I'd clean forgot ye. O Lord! how red your cheeks is. And your eyes is brighter'n they ought t'be. You go right up stairs and lay down this minute. Go I tell ye. Mother doesn't like to see you lookin' so all flushed up and worrited."

Ploomy, casting a bright glance on her new-found friend, arose quietly and left the room, while her mother began her tardy explanations.

"Wal,' she commenced, "I was jest goin' to blow, right on tick as usual, when Phibby come tumblin' over the garden wall hollerin,' 'Marm, Father says, you'n Liddy git a couple long-necked bottles and a kittle o'b'ilin' water an' stiver for the field.' I knew what that meant. Old Suke, our best hoss, was havin' nuther one of her spells of colic. She likes to die with 'em sometimes. But it's all over now, and Suke's in the barn right as a trivit, thanks to the Elder. He had a parcil of hoss-medicine in his buggy. That saved the day, or the hoss. He's a sight better hoss-doctor than he'll ever be a preacher in my opinion. Now don't flare up, little woman, he was our 'boy minister' afore he was your'n; and there ain't a house in the hull town where the Elder ain't counted one of the fam'ly; nor Priest Burt nuther. He's the Congregationlist preacher, and he can preach too; but of course he is older and a sight more ministerfied."

"Why do you call Mr. Burt, Priest?" choked the brave little woman, eager to change the subject.

"Same as we Baptists call our man, Elder; so'st not to git 'em mixed s'pose. I should like to know what they all are sayin' though, down to the works 'cause my dinner-horn didn't blow. Le's go out in the kitchen now, the men-

folks will be right in, and Liddy's got the dinner on by this time. 'Tain't sp'iled nuther, for baked beans and Injun puddin' is all the better for standin' a spell."

Mandy's kitchen, where the dinner-table was spread, looked wholesome and homelike, from its shining spruce-yellow floor to the Monday's wash, faultlessly laundered and hung high overhead to air, on slender bars suspended from the ceiling.

The wide-open South door, with casings slightly sagging, framed a rare picture, blurred today by a smoky atmosphere and the scorched effects of a summer's drought. A picture of bare and lofty peaks, near and distant, with a deep and narrow valley winding southward its panoramic way among bold foothills; here a miniature canyon, there broadening into sunny meadows and everywhere watched by close-peeping summits.

Within this valley, overlooked from the high ridge of the Red Barn Farm, a small village or hamlet, was slowly building, along the narrow meadows that fringed two mountain streams. The one, a true cavalier from the heights, leaping, dancing, noisy with bravado, hurrying to his tryst; the other, dallying through the low-lands, dreaming in the pools, at last to steal out from under the hem of the hill, there to be caught in the ripple and swirl of meeting waters.

High on the bank above the united streams, an iron-furnace reared its belching smoke-stack. This busy intruder with forge, and shop, and sooty coal-sheds on the island, sorely vexed, (with its dams and bridges,) the once untrammelled river. Maddened by a sudden storm from the mountain, the swollen torrent roared over the dam and through the sluices, foaming and biting at its banks until its wild bellowings were plainly heard at the old South door.

Today, Sally Norris stands there, watching the leisurely approach of the "men-folks" toward the house after giving a last look at old Suke, now quietly nibbling at her hay. Evidently no one is seriously disturbed by Mandy's last threat to "clear them vittles off'n the table," if she waited another minute. Instead all were gravely discussing the increasing signs of fire, "mullin' away somewhere on the mountain." Sally looked at her husband with dismay and decided disapproval, but met such a deprecatory glance from his eye that she refrained from farther noticing that the men, the minister with them, were coming into dinner, collarless and in their shirt-sleeves, after their vigorous wash and scrub at the log water-trough.

With Janey, Mrs. Norris tripped down the worn path to meet good Mr. Bowles. Very tall, thin and loose-jointed, he came toward her extending a broad, cleanly palm which she took smilingly, assured of its gentle grasp.

"Wal,' wal,' Sister Norris," with his genial drawl, "I'm real glad ye come up terday, you'n the Elder. 'Tain't very pleasant but it might ben wuss. Here's Elijah, my fust-born," he continued, giving place to a young man as tall as himself, though well-knit and far from awkward. "Son, this is the Elder's little woman."

Looking up into steady grey eyes, listening to a quiet greeting, the "little woman" thought, "he might have ben wuss too," though the manly young man blushed like a maiden.

"This 'ere is Steve,—Steve Houghton," Mr. Bowles continued introducing, "he's ben our hired man for fifteen year past. But," with a sad shake of the head, "Abby Ann Barritt's growin' powerful winnin'."

At a distance Mr. Houghton impressed Mrs. Norris unpleasantly; but on nearer approach, all suggestion of dark deeds or smugglers' caves vanished. She met a somewhat conceited "Old Bach" with voice like silk.

The rascal of the family was yet invisible. Only as the last chairs were being drawn up to the table with much clatter, especially by the "extra men," did he appear. Mrs. Norris heard a remembered voice at her elbow, "Say, can you spell my name today, Teacher?" She turned to recognize the same black-eyed, curly-headed boy who nearly tortured her to tears, in her first attempt at Sunday-school teaching. There he stood grinning, bare-foot, with Sunday pants rolled high, face, neck and even knuckles pink from Liddy's relentless scrubbing.

"Me-phib-o-sheth Bowles," sparred Sally. "I'll not attempt your cranky name until I have eaten my dinner. Take your seat, sir."

With a saucy giggle the boy obeyed, and the big bowl of cider applesauce intervening, was an unconscious witness to the merry-eyed pact of good-fellowship formed that day to be culminated, years later, in heart-breaking tenderness on the distant field of Shiloh.

Now came the perfect hush, so familiar in those days, and the simple giving of thanks, after which, Mr. Bowles heartily urged,—

"Now dew take right holt an' help yerselves. We don't have no marners," adding, "Brother Norris, see that your wife gits a good holpin' o' beans and brown bread; Mother's brick oven turns out good victuals. You can always count on that. Have some of her cowcumbers, rum-pickled, put up tew year ago. Some twangy, but that don't hurt 'em."

"Yis, I'm a marster hand, to pickle and put up," chimed in Mandy. "I always calcerlate to have 'nough to give 'way. The shif'less ye have always round ye. But now there ain't scurce a cowcumber nor any other garden sass, or I wouldn't het up my brick oven this time o' year, minister or no minister."

The platters and yellow nappies emptied of the richly flavored beans and "Injun puddin,", Liddy of the deft hand and quiet step, replaced them with plates of milk-yeast bread, solid pats of butter, and generous bowls of preserved "Canada plums," floating like monster rubies in their rich, translucent syrup. There were big cubes of maple-sugar sweet cake, twisted nut-cakes, spiced with caraway, the like of which this generation may only dream of and pies, of course, with bronzed and tender crust, flanked by plates of Mandy's cheese.

With renewed cups of tea, general conversation began.

"Stephen," said Mr. Norris, after helping his wife to the plums, "you were speaking of a gang of counterfeiters who have been ranging the mountains lately, and of their carelessness with fire; you said they camped near Mormon City. Where is that city? Is there a buried city as well as a lost river in this wonderful region of the North Woods?"

While the rest were laughing and joking at the minister's expense, Stephen reached his long arm in its clean, white shirt-sleeve, half-way across the table, and inserting his own knife underneath a juicy triangle of applepie, he adroitly transferred it to his own plate, together with a "hunk" of cheese and the biggest doughnut.

Now that his favorite dessert was secured, he expressed a willingness to impart all the information needed.

"Eh," sniffed Mandy. "There's jest one thing, Steve Houghton, is always ready to give and that's information."

Undisturbed, Stephen began, "No doubt, Elder, you have followed up

Ham Branch, many's the time, to call on that good man, Elder Cogswell."

"Certainly, certainly," choked the minister, his mouth full of pie.

"Well," proceeded the narrator, in his most ponderous style, that never failed to nettle Mandy, "Well, if you had followed that road far enough, you would have struck the Old County road that leads over the Benton Hills to Haverhill; the very road (only a hard-trod Indian trail then, probably hundreds of years old,) by which our first white settlers came into this Franconv region, as late as seventeen seventy-four, or thereabouts. The country was wild as snakes. The first ten years, there were killing frosts, war with Britain, the Indian scare, with no mills, no roads, no bridges; though there was a log school-house and a meeting-house is referred to in the Proprietor's Books as the proper place to post their notices, 'being the most frequented public place.'"

"That sartin speaks well for 'em," interrupted good Mr. Bowles. "They might have ben wuss; and they do say, Artemas Knight, our fust settler, was powerful in prayer, and as kind-hearted and honist as he was pious. Well to do, too."

"Shet up, Siah, and pass the Elder some of my sage cheese. Don't believe he's had a speck."

"After the settlers had lost all their titles, through the war of the charters," Stephen went calmly on, "everybody was for leaving the valley to grow up to wilderness again. But about that time, they began to dig first-class ore out of Iron Mountain; they formed the Haverhill and Franconia Iron Company, and built a small furnace, (the first one in town, all the old folks tell me,) a mile or so up the valley on Ham Branch. From there they followed a road up the steepest of the hill to the mine, because it was nearer, and all the ore was hauled by oxen. The Upper Works, as we call it now, must have been a smart, busy, little place for those days. There were the furnace buildings, neat and snug, on both sides of the Branch and a good-sized store, with a hall for meetings and the like; besides, there were nigh a dozen houses, not counting the haunted house, nor the big one on the bank above the grist-mill. It was a pretty spot, with the pond spreading from hill to hill, and farms scattered around on the hillsides. But they built a larger furnace here on the river, and since that one at the Upper Works was burned, they have been hauling that first little village down here house by house. There'll be nothing left on the Branch but cellar-holes and scrub growth; the town is going to forget and perhaps deny its own birth-place."

Mandy had reached across the table and filled Steve's cup with boiling tea, its acrid fumes beguiling him to pause and take a cautious soop.

"Now Elder," she cut in, "have another piece of my dried rosb'ry pie. Good, ain't it? Made it pupus for ye. You'll need it too, 'fore you ever see Mormon City at this rate," schemed the hustler. "I say, Steve, I'll take the Elder a shorter trip, while you catch up with them victuals on your plate there."

Janey slipped from her chair, gave Phib's curls a sly twitch, and vanished through the South door, the boy following, with a whoop of relief.

All the men, save Stephen, had moved their seats a space from the table, each taking a comfortable position, and were now busily manipulating their goose-quill tooth-picks. Mrs. Norris had volunteered, and was quietly helping Liddy "clear off the table," good-naturedly assisted by the hired men, around whom they both were obliged to circulate.

"Now, Elder," said Mrs. Bowles, "come with me down East Landaf' way, and up among the hills there,

on the flank of old Kinsman, you'll find all there is left of Mormon City. Nothin', not even a sunken holler. Much less a broken door-stone, with an old lilock bush, or clump of cinnamon roses nigh; though ther's slathers of Bouncin' 'Bets' in places, they say. There used to be a little graveyard. But the angels couldn't find it now. The place is all growin' up thick, to young timber with miles of stun wall windin' through it, that used to mark off fields and pastures. Now there's the city, Elder, I can tell ye more about it if ye want to listen; somethin' of a story though. But just as you say, seein' your wife's helpin' Liddy do the dishes; and these hired men can mog off to the field any time now, nobuddy'll miss 'em."

The minister had begged for the story, Steve had at last left the table and was happy with his toothpick, and the "extry men" had taken Mrs. Bowles' sharp hint, and "mogged off" to the field to finish their day's reaping.

"Wel' as I was goin' to say," began Mandy, seated in her splintbottomed arm-chair by the South door, her flying knitting-needles vying with her tongue, "them settlers want no Mormons when they 'fust come to these parts. My Gran'ther Spooner used to trade cattle with 'em in his young days. He called 'em honist and close-fisted in their deal, and their wimmin'-folks, he said, was good house-keepers and poor gadabouts; uncommon good-lookin' too, he said. And their farms was prosperous. 'Bout the time their boys and gals was growed up to sparkin' age, a stranger come snoopin' round these parts. There wa'n't nothin' partic'lar ag'inst 'im fust off. But when folks, spesh'ly young folks got to be carried away with him, he let it leak out that he was a Mormon Elder, and he 'pointed meetin's round in the school-houses. When the news got to good old Elder Quimby's ears, you'd better believe there was some hustling in the flock and the Mormon come up missin'; 'xactly like a wolf that had ben sneakin' round a sheep-pen. But the next day they heerd, he was up in the mountain district makin' converts and baptizin' of 'em every Sunday up there in the pool. But one Sunday he had a bigger aud'yance and one more candidate then he was expectin'.

"Wal', as I was tellin'" Mandy had stopped to set her seam, "one Sunday, not as I approve, some boys got cur'ous as boys will, and went up there on the sly and hid 'mong the thick spruces on the high bank of the pool. The lit'list shaver among 'em, (prob'ly a Noyes or maybe an Edwards, all nice folks) shinned up a slim birch that leaned over the water. The boys could see right off that there wa'n't any high jinks goin' to be performed; there was nothin' dif'runt from Elder Quimby's baptisums; jest a gatherin' on the shaller bank of the pool, with him readin' to 'em. When he shet up his book, a woman begun to sing. My old gran'ther has heered Zeb Young tell this many's the time, and he was the biggest rogue among 'em.

"Zeb always said that he didn't see the woman fust off, and that he sartin thought it was one of them birds what we hear singin' deep in the woods, thrushes, Steve calls 'em; but when he heered words that sounded like 'All to leave and follow,' he peeked through the thick boughs, he said, and see the woman standin' and singin' and lookin', up into the sky, with the sunshine fallin' down all round her, and in the pool. Then the Elder stepped down into it. Zeb said, that all at once, he felt so mad at the old hypocritter breakin' up homes, and hearts, maybe, that'e just had to do somethin' partic'iar mean. So he grabbed up his axe, that he had brung along to hack off sprucegum with, and struck it plumb into the slim birch; the sca't little imp in

it, lost holt, and went down ker-splash into the deepest part of the pool. Zeb and the other boys waited jest long 'nough to see the Elder fish him out, gaspin' and sputterin'. The old feller shook him dry, all right, but when the little chap caught up with the other boys most home he showed 'em his pockits stuffed with apples, them good folks had gi'n 'im."

"They might 'ave ben wuss, wuss," whispered kind Mr. Bowles, as his wife paused to measure on her finger, the length of the stocking-leg she was knitting.

"They might have ben more level-headed too," she resumed, tartly. "Howsomever, late in the fall, some hunters from down below, come trapesin' over the mountain and lost themselves. 'T was a bright moon-light night, hunter's moon you know, but they was pesky glad to strike a clearin'. They couldn't seem to rouse nobuddy at the fust two cabins, so they went on, thinkin' the folks was all gone to a huskin', likely. But the third cabin-door stood wide open with the moonlight shining still and solemn on the white floor, like candle-light on a dead face. Wal, them bold hunters never stopt ag'in till they got to the old Kinsman place. There, settin'round a bright fire they told how every house in the hull clearin' was left stark and alone. 'T was news to ev'rybuddy. But some one hollered, 'Bet a hooky, they've all went and jined the big Mormon exodus; I was readin' about it in my last Mornin' Star.' And they had. They'd exodustid, all right. They had left twenty-five year of home-buildin' behind; and, nobuddy's I know on, has ever heered from one on 'em sence. Now I'm goin' to set the heel of this 'ere stockin'."

With many thanks for the story, and for Stephen's bit of history, as well, Mr. Norris soon followed Mr. Bowles, Stephen and Elijah to the barn. "The farmers' appropriate withdrawing room," thought Sally, envious at the thought of wide-flung doors and bays piled high, but soon merrily employed in the fragrant depths of the milk-room, helping Liddy "lift and turn" the cheese. In like simple pleasures passed the closing hours of the "all day visit."

It was late bed-time at the farm. Elijah and Phib, refusing to follow Stephen into the close attic chamber, were stretched upon the grassy bank, below the barn; while their father, after bathing his tired feet at the old trough, had cast his length upon the ground by the South door. Mandy had brought out her low chair to the door-rock, and sat by, knitting; she needed small light for "sich work." The two were quietly chatting.

"How the Elder did enjoy my blackb'ry short-cake for supper," remarked Mandy. "He'd e't two pieces, if Liddy's custud pie hadn't ben on the table. But where, under the sun, did you and Lige and him go to, his dandy mare hitched to our buck-board? Kept supper waitin' too."

"Not for long, Mandy. It might—

"Where'd ye go, and what did ye go for, is what I asked ye."

"I was on the p'int of tellin' ye Mandy," said Josiah, meekly offended.

"We driv up over the Ridge, to Square Parker's. I wanted to see 'im on a little marter o' law. There ain't no better man to go to, in these parts, for law and justice, then Square Parker of Sugar Hill. I told the Elder so."

"He knows that; ev'rybuddy does. But, what the Elder and his mare, and you, went for, is what I'm after." Mandy's needles stabbed viciously.

"Wal', to tell it as it is," here Mr. Bowles' voice dropped confidentially, "the Elder is in somethin' of a fix, amongst a parcil o' wimmin folks, down to the works."

"Siah!—I don't believe it."

"There, there, Mother, its only, they've took a notion lately, to

borry the minister's hoss an' rig, to go to Littleton with, ev'ry time they git mad to the store, or want to spite young Letty's bunnit shop. Course the Elder don't make it his business, what they go for, but they are nigh sp'ilin' as good a piece of hoss-flesh, as ther' is in the County. The critter's all ga'ntid up a'ready. They're spreadin' it on too tarnal thick."

"No need swearin' about it," remarked Mrs. Bowles, stiffly.

He sighed. "Tarnal's my wust word, Mandy, and you knowit. 'T ain't adornin' my perfession, but it seems tho'f some fitting word ought to be 'lowable—at times."

"Go on," said Mandy.

"I can see how'st the Elder, bein' a minister so, can't say 'No' to a parcil o' fool wimmin, same as I could; and I ain't so sartain as I could, come case in hand." A derisive snort from his wife. "But as I was goin' to tell you," he went on, "the Elder wants me to buy his mare and promise never to trade her out of the fam'ly. He's hear'n tell, I'm marster kind to my critters; how I've walked up and down these 'ere hills, year after year, ruther'n have a hoss of mine stand out shiverin', at twenty below, or so, while I'm warmin' up in the prayer-meetin'."

"What's he askin' for his mare?" Mandy was interested. "More than we can give, of course, seein' she's a bloodid Morgan."

"His price is oncommon reasonable," seems to me, "Woman."

"Him bein' a minister, you took her, at fust offer, prob'ly. Just like ye."

"No, I didn't."

"Why didn't ye? Mark my word, Hod Knight will have that mare. He's always ben wantin' her. And he ain't cold merlasses. He's got gump. All of Deacon Thomas' boys is smarter'n lightnin'."

"I guesss you're pretty tired, Mandy. But as I said, I told the Elder, (and he thought I'd better) I'd talk the trade over with you, 'fore we clinched it. If you hadn't liked it, you'd sartin have put your foot in it."

"Prob'ly I should." The woman's wearied and slightly regretful tone was unlike herself. Her man was sitting near her now, with knees drawn up, his long arms encircling them, his head with its shock of grizzled hair bowed low. She looked at him in the dim light and repeated, "Prob'ly I should."

"Josiah Bowles," after minutes of silence, "I do wish it was in ye to make your own trades, and stick to 'em, spite of me or any other woman upsettin' 'em."

"I've wished so, many's the time," groaned the man. Then lifting his head he continued, "But, Mandy, ye got the upper hand; you was too bright and sparklin' to be ha'sh to ye. I didn't know you had it in ye, to be so—so hard and usarpin' like. I ain't no coward' mong beast-critters, the men will all tell you that, but wimmin-folks is dif'runt—, some. So you've had the manigemint of me in your own hauds, mostly; I've ben standin' round lookin' on; I ain't a mite prouder of the man you've made for yourself, then you talk as tho'f you was, sometimes. But that ain't what I set out to tell ye. Old Man Stinson, was down in the field this mornin'."

"What did he want? Whinin' about the mo'gige, likely."

"No, Mandy, he come clean over, to tell me he had heered from Alic. He's in Californy. Digging out gold by the harnfull, by this time prob'ly. That's what Jim Oakes's boy is tellin' round. He's jest come back from the "diggins" with a mint o'money they say. Oakes says, when he was comin' out of the "diggins", as fur as Nevady City, he met two clean, husky men goin' in. One of them was our Alic."

Here came an angry snarl from Mandy, met with manly defiance; "Yis, I'll say it ag'in, our Alic.

He sent word by Jim's boy to his father, and said he'd write if he ever struck luck. Oakes says, ther's gold enough. It all depends on what kind of a feller the feller is that goes inter the "diggins" after it. Some finds it too easy, and goes fool crazy and gits rid of it jist as easy; some can't use no patience on a slow claim, but quit it for the other feller to git rich on, while they go huntin' round, wastin' spunk. But that ain't our Alic. He's got a head on him. You can trust him anywheres. God bless the boy tonight, wherever he is." The greying head bowed again and the shrunken shoulders heaved.

"Josiah Bowles," never was his wife's voice colder, never more unsympathizing, never harder. "I understand what ye're drivin' at, and I've jes this one thing to say to ye. If ever that boy shows himself back here, no matter if his pockits is lined with gold inside and out, he, nor no other Stinson shall come nigh a darter o'mine. I told him to his face, and I meant it too, that before he should have my Ploomy, to help him bear his fam'ly's disgrace and shif'-lissniss, I'd lay her in her coffin, with my own hands. Her aunt Ploomy 'scaped lots of mis'ry dyin' young."

"Did ye hear that noise, Mandy? Sounded as tho'f somebbuddy's fell down, up charmber."

"Liddy puttin' down the winder, likely, to keep the smoke out; its growin' smokier ev'ry minute, seems so," was the undisturbed response.

There was a prolonged sigh and the weary man, by the aid of his muscular hands and long arms, swung and lifted himself easily from his low seat, standing a moment, trying to penetrate the thickening gloom, he said in his usual mild tone, "Now, I guess I'll go down to the barn and see how the critters are standin'. Don't forgit it's the night to wind the clock, Mandy."

'Did ye ever know me to forgit it?" she called after the man, lurching away in the darkness. She still continued knitting rapidly for a time; then letting her work lie idly upon her lap, she leaned forward, listening. A weird tone was rising and falling in tuneful, mournful cadence. It came from the barn chamber.

"Siah's prayin'," muttered the woman with grim lips. "I knew he would. Nothin' can' stop 'im, though it's never 'mounted to shucks, as I can see. He wouldn't be Siah Bowles without prayin'. Wonder what he would ben, livin' with me all these years. But, no matter, Mandy Bowles, you ain't goin' to weaken nor soften on his accoun, nor nobuddy elses. Graves ain't the wust of troubles by a long shot. No, they's peaceful compared with some kinds of livin'. My harnsome little Ploomy ain't going to be dragged through this 'ere world, in no down-at-the-heels fam'ly, not if I know it. I'd ruther die with 'er. O Ploomy," she continued, half aloud, "many is the time, I wish I could go long with ye, if you've got to go; but I'm so well to livin; and ther's so many things for me to see to, and—I ain't—noways ready. But the taste of livin' is all gone; all gone."

She wound up her knitting, stabbing her needles into the ball of yarn, and turned and reentered the house. A loud outcry from the boys stayed her step.

"A big fire on the mountain," they were shouting.

High on the opposite heights, beyond the deep, narrow valley, a lurid blaze was struggling through clouds of mounting smoke.

(To be continued)

THE WIDEST PAVED STREET IN NEW ENGLAND

SOME INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT HIGHWAYS

By Winfield M. Chaplin, Superintendent of Highways, Keene, N. H.

Last October, what is conceded to be the widest paved street in New England—and few will deny that it is also one of the most beautiful—was opened to traffic on Main Street in our business district, where it is 140 feet between curbs, after laying a modern reinforced-concrete pavement.

Due to lack of maintenance brought about by war conditions, our streets, like those of other municipalities, approached ruin to an extent that meant practically a reconstruction of the whole, without any salvage of the remnants, as they were worn below their uppers—so to speak; and there was a lack of stability in the base that would scarcely permit of patching that would withstand motor traffic any length of time.

Therefore, it became necessary to pave these worn-out streets with concrete, which eliminates costly maintenance in war or peace.

In 1920, an appropriation of $18,000 was made for permanent highways, but owing to the impossibility of obtaining materials early enough to complete the work before cold weather the work was deferred. Last year the Honorable Mayor and gentlemen of the Highway committee, after careful investigation and scrutiny of all types of roads, again selected cement-concrete paving as the most durable type within our financial means and, accordingly 12,560 square yards of reinforced-concrete pavement of the most up to date type was put under contract with the Portland Construction Company of Portland, Me., at $2.58 per square yard, which included all materials in place and all excavation to the depth of the pavement.

The above yardage was laid on Court street, South Main and Main street; also a considerable amount of concrete integral curbing.

On the beautiful grass plots that park each side of South Main street stand the celebrated giant elms for which this city is noted and mentioned all over the country—choicest ornaments of which we are proud. In this charming city there are 5,000 magnificent elms embraced within a radius of one mile from the soldiers' monument in Central Square. The new and excellent reinforced-concrete pavement has enhanced the appearance of our down town district; has brought light into the darkness; and has made a strikingly attractive thoroughfare every where it is laid—a thing of beauty, a joy forever.

On South Main street, where it is well shaded by the stately elms, prior to concreting, the street surface was annoyingly muddy because it would not dry out, as the grade is very flat; but after these slabs were laid the street was easily kept clean and sanitary, as the surface water is afforded a quick run-off by the smooth, even and gritty concrete. This is one of the good points of concrete surfaces on flat gutter grades, where leaves in the fall will clog if permitted to accumulate.

All of our Reinforced-Concrete is seven inches in thickness, containing steel mesh; all transverse joints contain pre-moulded bituminous filler to provide for expansion; the mixture is one part Portland cement to two parts sand and three parts crushed New Hampshire granite, clean and uniformly well graded. Half of the 140 feet width on Main Street was laid at a time

and is divided longitudinally into three sections by plain butt joints.

All slabs are laid directly on soil as it was found after excavating to proper grade, without any preparation for sub-soil grade such as loose stone foundation or gravel, the subgrade being consolidated by proper rolling. At the street crossings for pedestrians a ten foot strip was laid with darkened mixture made by incorporating two pounds of lamp black per bag of cement into the mixer and placed two inches in thickness on the surface to define the safety lanes. A considerable area of vitrified brick supported by concrete foundation was removed and replaced with the superior reinforced-concrete in order to lay to the established grade. Wide granite block gutters that were rough in surface and almost impossible to keep clean and sanitary were removed and replaced by new concrete paving which furnishes an ideal surface that is easily swept, kept clean and attractive.

Local material was available for the bulky parts of this new pavement. The sand is of good quality and the crushed granite was trucked in from the Webb Quarry six miles away.

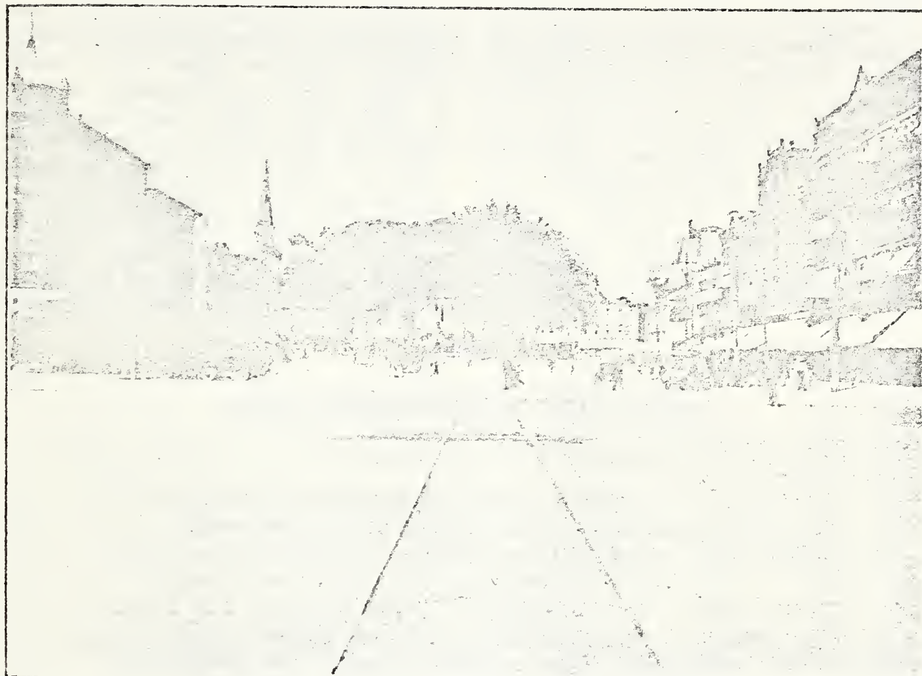
This pavement is virtually a concrete-granite pavement, because 66 per cent of it is crushed New Hampshire granite and this opens up a new use, a new market for this material for which our state is celebrated. For years we have been exporting our granite all over the country, and for years we have been importing fancy trap rock from Massachusetts for the macadam type of roads, a type that is now outworn by our heavily increased modern traffic. The principal reason why our New Hampshire granite is not used for macadam road surfacing is because it pulverizes under ten ton rollers, thereby preventing proper penetra-

CONCRETE-GRANITE PAVEMENT UNDER CONSTRUCTION,
MAIN STREET, KEENE, N. H.
(View taken September 27, 1921)

tion in binding, and again, there is an internal friction in madacam roads that causes undue wear produced by swift heavy trucks that were restricted to three tons gross load last spring to save the inadequate roads where soils were in many places reduced to a state approaching fluidity from rains.

On the other hand granite when incorporated with cement mixtures to all granite dealers, and to the state it represents an investment.

New Hampshire fortunately possesses an unlimited supply of this useful granite which is an igneous rock of crystaline structure composed of interlocking grains of quartz, feldspar and mica or hornblende; and while it varies as to texture to some extent it is a rock that is especially adapted to absolute-



WIDEST PAVED STREET IN NEW ENGLAND, MAIN STREET, KEENE, N. H.
Concrete-Granite Pavement 140 ft. between curbs.
(View taken October 10, 1921)

is an ideal road slab that has no internal wear. There is not a better market, there is no more economical use, than for New Hampshire to build her main roads of material from her granite quarries where for years this waste granite has accumulated in pyramidal piles. Its salvage into concrete-granite roads is like receiving a new dollar for an old one

ly durable and indestructible roads. Concrete-granite roads improve with age; they do not deteriorate from age, wear and weather; they do not require costly maintenance; they are absolutely adaptable to our New Hampshire climate, soil and traffic.

Conclusive evidence of the value of cement pavements was noted last year during our investigation right here

in Keene where we found stretches in continuous use for years that are as good as new. One of these is a cement walk on the west side of Main street which has been down seventeen years with constant use and without any repair whatever, showing no sign of wear. Another, a pavement in Dipthong Alley has been subjected to vehicular traffic over seven years without any outlay for maintenance and showing no signs of wear; which indicates the exceptional value of plain concrete slab pavements. On many of our macadam streets we have cross walks built of plain concrete slabs and some of these were taken up last year after seven or eight years service in order to relay reinforced concrete paving. Many of these old slabs we propose to use again for street crossings. Last year the Standard Oil Company laid an excellent stretch of reinforced concrete slab pavement in the yard of their distributing plant to support their heavy trucks.

The first cost of any type of pavement is not a fair measure of the value of that type. The value of any type depends upon the term of service it can render without costly maintenance. A type of construction, the initial cost of which may be ten or twenty per cent more than another type is much more economical investment if it eliminates or materially reduces the maintenance charges and gives a much lengthened period of service. In my opinion this type of concrete-granite highway will positively arrest maintenance and its use on main highways will surely release funds now used for maintenance so that we can build more and better roads that are capable of meeting future requirements.

THE TURNING OF THE TIDE

By *Helen Mowe Philbrook*

We talked, the half remembered sea beside,—
　　Blent with our words its murmurous voice and low;
Idly we watched the silvering grasses blow,
　　And now a sail the beryl harbor ride,
And now a tilting curlew, circling wide.
　　One moment thus—the next the wind's warm flow
Quickened and chilled: cried one with eyes aglow,
　　"Oh hark! It is the turning of the tide!"

With far clear call the great deep veered once more
　　With swelling breast to the forsaken shore;
The sea flower drooping in its emptied pool
　　Lifted and lived in flooding waters cool.

So felt I once faith's turning ebb tide roll
Across the withering blossoms of my soul.

THREE BOYS OF CORNISH

By Samuel L. Powers

(Part of an after-dinner address at the annual reunion and banquet of the Dartmouth Alumni Association of Boston and vicinity.)

Eighteen miles south of Hanover, upon the banks of the Connecticut, is a country town which was christened Cornish. It never had a population of over 1,800 people, and at the present time has only one-half that number. That town sent to Dartmouth three boys upon whom the college conferred degrees. These men entered different fields of service, and each achieved, in his chosen field, the highest distinction ever achieved by any American.

The first was Philander Chase, who graduated from Dartmouth in 1796. He did more for the promotion of established religion than any other American that the country has produced. He emigrated to Ohio, where he planted the Protestant Episcopal Church, and he extended it over into Pennsylvania, to Illinois and into the Middle West. He became its great bishop. He was equally as well known in church circles in England as in America. In England he is referred to as the great American bishop. He not only promoted the establishment of the church but he was the founder of Kenyon College in Ohio, and the founder of Jubilee College in Illinois. Some years since I asked the late Senator Knox of Pennsylvania how it happened that he was christened Philander Chase Knox. "Why," he said, "at the time of my birth the greatest blessing that a mother of Pennsylvania could confer upon her son was to christen him after the great American bishop."

The second of this group of three is Nathan Smith, who founded the medical school at Dartmouth, the medical school at Yale, at Bowdoin and at the University of Vermont, and in the course of his life he taught every branch in the curriculum of those four schools, and was one of the leading lecturers before the Harvard medical school. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in referring to Dr. Smith as an instructor in medicine, says that he did not occupy a chair, he occupied a settee. The history of Nathan Smith's life reads like a romance. At 28 years of age he was following the plow, and became interested in medicine through talking with a country physician who was ministering to one of the members of his family. He borrowed from this doctor some medical books and became so interested in the study of science that he went before the trustees of Dartmouth and suggested that he would like to establish a medical school in connection with the college. At that time he had never received any medical degree, nor was he licensed to practice, but he so impressed the trustees that they loaned him the money to go abroad for the purpose of studying medicine and surgery. Later he returned and founded the Dartmouth medical school in a room in the northeast corner of old Dartmouth Hall. That room was not a large one, yet it was the lecture room, the laboratory and dissecting room of the new medical school. Later on the college conferred upon him the degree of doctor of medicine, and Nathan Smith is recognized today by the medical profession as having done more for the promotion of medical education than any other American.

The third of this group is Salmon P. Chase, nephew of Bishop Chase, who received his degree from Dartmouth in 1826. He is recognized as the greatest financier this country has produced. After his graduation he went to Ohio, where he achieved

distinction, in the legal profession, entered public life, was governor of his adopted state, a United States senator, and later chief justice of the United States supreme court. But his great fame will always rest upon the service which he rendered as secretary of the treasury under President Lincoln. When he accepted that portfolio he had no special knowledge of finance or banking. To him it was a new field. The treasury was without money, and its credit was at its lowest ebb. Obligations of the United States had been protested in New York. The great war was on. Millions of men were to be clothed, fed and equipped, and the duty was imposed upon Chase to formulate a plan by which this tremendous expense could be financed. The lowest rate at which money could be borrowed by the United States was 12 per cent. Chase worked out a theory of finance through a system of legal tender notes, shaped the legislation necessary, and insisted upon and secured favorable action from Congress. He also formulated the method of taxation, and the North was able to secure billions of money which maintained the army in the field and preserved the Union of the states. And, what is more, while the war was in progress the credit of the country improved from year to year,. and in 1864 the 7 per cent bonds of the United States were selling at a premium. There is nothing comparable with his record as a financier in this country or in any other country on the face of the globe.

REBIRTH

By Nellie Dodge Frye

When Autumn waves with red and gold,
And fields fulfill their prophecy,
A sombre spirit seems to all enfold,
Like music in a minor key.

The Summer's birds have southward flown, to
find
A warmer clime, ere Winter cold.
In woods where lichens grew, lie intertwined
Some mosses green from out the old.

So shall balmy Spring resplendent be.
From leafy boughs the birds at morn
Will pour forth their full-throated melody
In ecstacy of earth reborn.

THE UNCHANGING

By Winnifred Janette Kittredge

The Great Stone Face looked down benignly at the Girl. The Girl stared rebelliously up at the majestic countenance. "Why? Great Spirit, why?" she cried angrily to the mountain. "How can anyone be so insane? Oh, I can't stand it that they should betray you so. Think of it, right here, Great Spirit, right here on this hill where I am they're going to build a store. A *store* having anything to do with you!" Her voice shook with intensity, "I-I'd almost rather you *fell* down than be glanced at and commented on every year by those insane summer people."

"Lucy—Lucy," came a faint hail far down the road. The Girl arose slowly and watched a shadow chase across the clear lake at her feet. Then in a changed mood she turned her eyes to the quiet Face above. "Good-bye, dear Great Spirit," she said. "I can't bear to leave you. I know I shall be achingly lonesome without you or any mountains at all. But I couldn't bear to stay either, with those awful summer people here."

The Girl whistled to her horse grazing near her. She rode swiftly down the road to a little cabin half hidden by yellow birches and mountain ash trees. "Yes, mother, here I am," she called, "I was just taking a little ride up the road. I'll finish packing my things now."

Late into the night the mother and daughter worked on the last details which always precede a momentous departure. Lucy was to leave her mountain home for a city school. It was indeed a great event, for she had known little else than the rugged mountains where houses were far apart and the great cliffs were constant companions.

As Lucy mounted her horse to ride beside the big wagon which carried her trunk, two men passed with surveying instruments. Lucy did not look at them. "If you must go and build a hotel," she said to herself, "I think you might at least wait until I'm gone. Anyhow I needn't be civil." And the Girl rode cityward down the path.

* * * * *

The day had been a busy one at the Profile House, and still busier at the little Profile Store. Crowds of sightseers had stopped there to gaze at the rugged Face and watch the cloud shadows darken the mountain. The tray of spruce-twig alpenstocks was almost empty and there was left but one birch bark album, soiled by the perspiring fingers of the eager tourists. The girl at the counter was very tired but she bestowed her usual smile on all newcomers and patiently sold pictures of hardy mountain-climbers dangling their feet over the forehead of the Profile. Now and then she glanced at the Face itself, her eyes lingering lovingly on the strong features.

Up the hill came a woman seeming at first only another tourist but her buoyant and accustomed step proclaimed her to be of mountain birth. The Girl had come back. "I won't look up yet," she thought, "I'll put it off as long as I can. Goodness aren't there a lot of people!"

"Isn't it pretty," effervesced a silk-clad lady at her side. The Girl sighed for she had by this time reached the porch of the little store and the Stone Face was before her.

"Oh!" she gave an audible gasp. She had thought it would be changed, different, alien to her now; but there was the Face majestic and calm as always. She gazed long, and caught what the Great Face had been waiting twenty years to tell her if only she had not been too angry to listen—That the people could not spoil that majestic calm, and it might be that

they would go away enriched. With the realization of it a great wave of kindliness swept over her. She longed to show her good-will even toward the hated store. Impulsively she turned to the counter. "Have you any birch-bark albums left?" she asked.

"Just one," said the patient girl within. Then seeing the friendly look she went on, "Isn't He great, though! I just can't bear to go away and leave Him all alone this winter without anyone to be company for Him."

The Great Stone Face looked down benignly at the two.

AWAKENINGS

By Alice M. Shepard

As sometimes in a friend's house we awake
From deepest sleep and look around the room,
And drowsy, suffer sudden fright, and quake,
As if at some fixed, slow-impending doom,
And feel a loss of what we cannot tell,
And beat our wills against unyielding force,
Till memory arouses to dispell
The fears our prostrate senses would endorse;

We took a motor trip and rushed through air
Cooled by the dew which gathers after heat,
Our headlight caught the treetops in its glare
And changed their green to torches white and
fleet,
Then slowing down with creak of curbing brake
We entered where the portal shed its light
Oh, yes, a loving friend was there to take
Our hand, and bid us welcome for the night.

Shall sometime thus, our weary, torpid soul
Awake, in unfamiliar chamber, insecure
Amid surroundings strange to our control
And things we did not fashion or procure?
Shall we then half remember, as a dream,
A journey, rushing clouds, and flying stars,
Which lighted up our way with friendly gleam
Or traced our path with soft and fleecy bars?

Our soul then shall we shake, and stretch our
wings
To free them from their cramped and heavy sleep
Which like a long worn garment wraps and clings
In folds and wrinkles, hampering and deep?
Shall we forget earth's sad and last farewell,
The journey undertaken, full of dread,
Lost in the welcomes which all else excel,
Of those we love and mourned long years as
dead?

MY PINE TREE

By Mary Blake Benson

Far away from the noise and confusion of the city, and where bird songs mingle happily with the fragrance of cool woods, there is a deserted pasture. On three sides it is separated from smooth green fields by irregular lines of old stone walls, over which wild blackberry vines and woodbine have dispersed themselves in confusion; but on the fourth side of the pasture, the land slopes lazily to the shores of a beautiful lake. Years of neglect have left their mark upon these few acres of land, the greater part of which is rapidly growing up to trees and bushes again. Cows have long since ceased to feed upon the grassy knolls, and birds and squirrels find in it an undisturbed paradise. Almost in the center of the pasture stands a pine tree. I do not know how old it is, but in all the surrounding country there is none that can equal it in size or beauty. Its lowest branches which are perhaps ten feet above the ground, spread out over a circle at least twenty feet in diameter; while its topmost plumes toss themselves skyward no less than five times that distance above the soft bed of brown needles at its base. On all sides aggressive alders and scrawny birches have crept up until they stand in a respectful circle around this monarch of the pasture. The storms of countless New England winters have broken over my pine, and icy winds have twisted and bowed its graceful branches. The suns of innumerable summers have poured their scorching rays down upon it, and once a swift bolt of lightning tore away a fine, big limb. But in spite of all, my pine has stood calm and serene throughout the years. "The peerless pine was the first to come and the pine will be the last to go!"

It waves me a welcome whenever I go home, and it murmurs a benediction when I leave. Oh, the happy hours I have spent beneath the shelter of my grand old tree! I have been soothed by its soft voices and cheered by the songs of birds in its branches. It has rejoiced with me in my gladness, even as it has comforted me in my sorrows. Its beauty never fails to thrill me with wonder; and its fragrance steals across the distance, bringing strength and courage to my weary soul.

MARCH

By Helen Adams Parker

Forbidding March has come at last—
Still pile the wet logs higher;
But wait—there lies, beneath his blast,
The Spring of our Desire.

JACK FROST

By Walter B. Wolfe

Jack Frost! Now there's a chap that somehow gets
Too little credit from his fellowmen!
A poet, little understood by all
The sallow ox-eyed countryfolk—
His neighbors on the steps at Aulis's
Or loafing down at Tanzi's in the haze
And smoke of cheap cigars, have never heard
His name; they talk about the price of wheat,
Of Hardy's wife who has the chills again,
How Nye has bought a heifer of old Hodge;
And yet there isn't one of them that drives
Up to the town from Norwich, Lyme, or Wilder,
These sparkling winter mornings when the snow
Glistens as though some god had strewn the dust
Swept from a starry feasting chamber down
To our poor earth—not one of them that sees
Or understands the poems Jack has penned.
No other poet thinks to take his themes,
The simple homely things of everyday
And write such glorious poems our Jack Frost
Can write thereon! A sidewalk, windowpane,
The little pond high up on Occum Ridge
That dull professors pass without a thought
For beauty......such are all that Jack would ask.
His poems? Full of dainty thought, of form
Delightful to the eye, piquant, and charmed
With airy grace! He has ideas too!
His head is full of curious rococo—
Thoughts yeast and foam as in a cauldron there
And yet our Jack is modest, shuns the glance
Of all who do not understand his faery art,
Or those concerned too much with worldly things.
And so it is he's never seen with men
Or walking on the streets he loves so well,
The streets in which he sees a shimmering world
Of many-colored beauties. Yet sometimes
When song wells in his heart so loud, so clear
He can no longer keep its melody
Shut in himself, some frosty morning when
The streets are covered with new-fallen snow,
He skips upon earth's samite mantle, runs
Out to the streets of Hanover, and writes
His charming verses on a thousand panes
Of glass; a poet of rare honesty,
A lapidary etching words like gems
He never fills a line with sounding words
To catch the yokel's ear for platitudes.
Dear Jack! His head's so full of melodies
He needs must write on every windowpane
Tripping from house to house with eager pen
To jot his fanciful ideas down.
It's really very sad there are so few
To read the lyric greeting he has left
Gracing their windows on cold sunny mornings......

NEW HAMPSHIRE DAY BY DAY

The nomination by President Harding on February 2, 1922, of Stephen Shannon Jewett of Laconia, New Hampshire, to be naval officer of customs in customs collections district Number Four, with headquarters at Boston, Mass., conformed to precedent of more than sixty years standing that this office should be filled by a distinguished political leader from the Granite State.

President Lincoln started the long line when he named for the place the Honorable Amos Tuck of Exeter, Free Soil Congressman, one of the founders of the Republican party,

Col. Stephen S. Jewett

father of New Hampshire's benefactor, Mr. Edward Tuck of Paris, France. There was a brief interregnum under Pres. Johnson, who wanted the post for Hannibal Hamlin of Maine, but President Grant resumed the succession, not to be again interrupted, by the appointment of Walter Harriman, Civil War general and governor of New Hampshire.

Since his day both Republicans and Democrats have held the office, with the change of administrations at Washington, but all alike have been brilliant and loyal sons of the Granite State; Colonel Daniel Hall of Dover, like Governor Harriman soldier, orator and historian; Colonel Henry O. Kent of Lancaster, who shared the same distinctions; Frank D. Currier of Canaan, whose subsequent career in Congress was one of long and useful service; Charles F. Stone of Laconia, afterwards judge of the superior court of his state; James O. Lyford of Concord, one of the ablest and most efficient men New Hampshire public life ever has known; and John B. Nash of Conway, picturesque pleader in the political forum.

Of these, only Colonel Lyford, who held the Boston office from 1898 to 1913, and is now the esteemed and appreciated chairman of the New Hampshire state bank commission, survives.

Like most of the New Hampshire naval officers of the port of Boston, Colonel Jewett has been long prominent in the legal and political circles of his state. Born in Gilford, N. H., September 18, 1858, the son of John Glines and Carrie E. (Shannon) Jewett, he studied law with Judge Stone, named above, and was admitted to the bar in March, 1880. Since that time he has practiced his profession continuously in Laconia with marked success and during the past decade has enjoyed the pleasure of having his son, Theo Stephen Jewett, Dartmouth '13, as his partner. Mrs. Jewett was Annie L. Bray and the date of their marriage was June 30, 1880.

Mr. Jewett took an early interest in politics and was engrossing clerk of the state legislature, 1883; assistant clerk of the house, 1887 and 1889; clerk, 1891 and 1893; member, 1895; speaker, 1897; state senator, 1899; councilor, 1907. In the meantime he

had been secretary and chairman of the Republican state committee and delegate-at-large and chairman of the delegation from New Hampshire to the national convention of 1896. At one time he was clerk of court for Belknap county; was for 18 years city solicitor of Laconia; and served on the staff of Governor David H. Goodell.

Colonel Jewett is a 33rd degree Mason and has been grand master of the grand lodge of New Hampshire, grand commander of the Knights Templar and grand master of the grand council. He is the holder of an honorary degree from Dartmouth college and was one of the state's most active war workers. His popularity is co-extensive with his very wide acquaintance.

While the fact probably did not enter into the selection of Colonel Jewett for his new place it is interesting to note that he is a direct descendant in the ninth generation from Nathaniel Shannon, who held the office of Naval Officer at the port of Boston from 1701 to 1721, being the first occupant of the place to receive his commission from the Governor of the Plantation and General Court of Massachusetts.

An interesting summary by Frederick E. Everett, state highway commissioner, of the work of his department in 1921, makes the somewhat surprising showing that although there was no legislative appropriation for trunk line construction there was more money expended for all highway purposes than in any previous year, namely, $825,000 for construction and $1,375,000 for maintenance.

Says Mr. Everett:

"The amount expended for maintenance and reconstruction greatly exceeds that of any previous year for several reasons, not the least of which is the fact that the winter of 1920-21 was one of the most severe in the history of the department. There was very little snow and the roads were open for traffic during the entire winter with the result that the frost penetrated deeper than ever before, and being subject to traffic during the freezing and thawing weather, many sections were entirely cut to pieces that hitherto had answered all requirements.

"Another reason was that during the extremely dry weather of August, many of our gravel roads failed to carry the tremendous heavy traffic of the tourist season and it was clearly shown to the department that many sections of gravel of the main lines would have to be treated with some sort of a bituminous surface or dust layer early in 1922 and to get these roads in condition for this application of the bituminous material, extensive resurfacing was necessary and it was the endeavor of the department to do as much as possible of this resurfac- during the fall of 1921.

The mileage added to the improved roads, during the season of 1921 is as follows:

81.39 miles of new road.

17.98 of old road reconstructed.

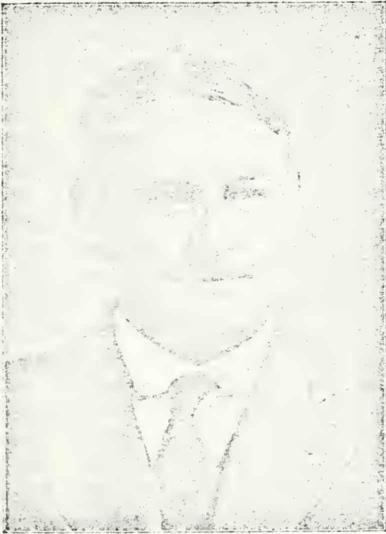
65.81 of the new construction was of gravel and the remainder was made up of bituminous macadam, waterbound macadam, cement concrete and crushed gravel. Of the mileage of reconstructed road, 3 1-2 miles was gravel and the remainder made up of bituminous macadam and modified asphalt.

"It is known now that the revenue from the automobile licenses for 1922 will greatly exceed those of any previous years and extensive plans are being made by the department in anticipation of this increased revenue. There is also available from the federal government for expenditure this next year practically $365,000 which must be met by the state and towns.

"Inasmuch as there is practically no state money for trunk line construction, a greater part of this

amount will be used in the reconstruction of sections of the trunk line roads that are carrying the heavier traffic and where a hard surface road is demanded. Seventeen projects have been outlined under the heading of reconstruction.

"There are a number of unimproved sections of laid-out system where existing traffic is suffering for a new road. Answering this



FREDERICK E. EVERETT

demand, the department has outlined seven federal aid projects under the heading of construction. In these cases with one exception, the towns will be asked to advance the funds to meet the federal allotment.

"In addition to the federal aid program, extensive reconstruction is planned in various towns throughout the trunk line and state aid system and it is planned now, providing the towns raise the money requested of them, to treat with bituminous material the whole of the West Side Road from the Massachusetts line to Newport and from Woodsville to Twin Mountain; all of the Daniel Webster Road that is not now surface treated from the Massachusetts line to North Woodstock and from Twin Mountain to Groveton; the South Side Road from Keene to Nashua and from Manchester to Portsmouth and various sections along the East Side Road that have been carrying extensive traffic.

"It will be impossible to make all the improvements in 1922 that the public will demand. Many sections of gravel road that perhaps should be oiled or tarred cannot be treated. $300,000 to $400,000 additional revenue will not perform the impossible. $1,000,000 could be used to advantage on the roads of New Hampshire. However, it will be the earnest endeavor of the department to give value received for the additional revenue given by the passage of the new motor vehicle act.

"New Hampshire has a greater mileage in its trunk line system than most states, and a much smaller revenue for construction and maintenance. These roads must be adequately maintained in order to give satisfactory service and to preserve the original investment in the construction. The motor vehicle fees for the last few years have not been sufficient to provide adequate maintenance, and we believe that the motor vehicle owner will be more than repaid for his increase in fees by the better maintenance and the increase in oiled and hard surfaced roads which this increase will make possible. The wear and tear on a main highway today is almost wholly caused by the motor vehicle and when the taxpayer builds a road it seems not only reasonable but justifiable to require that the motor vehicle user keep this road in good repair by replacing through proper maintenance what he has destroyed."

Upwards of 35,000 inhabitants of New Hampshire in 1920 were natives of Massachusetts, nearly 21,000 were born in Vermont and more than 17,000 first saw the light of day in

Maine, according to statistics just made public by the Department of Commerce through the Bureau of the Census.

Of the 443,085 people in the state in 1920, 257,074 were born within its confines. Exactly 94,612 were natives of other states of the Union or outlying United States territorial possessions. Slightly less than this number, or 91,397, to be exact, were born in foreign countries.

One striking fact the census records indicate is that during the decade from 1910 to 1920 the percentage of native Americans in New Hampshire shows a distinct increase and, correspondingly, the number of foreign-born inhabitants shows a distinct decrease. The native population increased from 77.5 per cent in 1910 to 79.4 per cent in 1920. The foreign-born population decreased from 22.5 per cent in 1910 to 20.6 in 1920.

Following the lead of Massachusetts, Vermont and Maine, whose native sons have found a habitat in the Granite State, New York takes fourth place in such a list, claiming 1.8 per cent of the total population for her native sons; Connecticut and Rhode Island are tied for fifth place with 0.4; Pennsylvania is sixth with 0.3; New Jersey and Michigan are tied for seventh place with 0.2 and Illinois held eighth place with 0.1.

The percentage of the total population held respectively by the sons and daughters of Massachusetts, Vermont and Maine are 7.9 per cent, 4.7 per cent and 3.8 per cent.

All the states listed above have shown a percentage increase in the number of native sons who have emigrated to New Hampshire during the last 10 years, excepting Connecticut, New Jersey and Illinois. These three states have not lost their 1910 ratio; it has simply remained stationary.

The state of New Hampshire itself has shown a gain of only three tenths of 1 per cent as regards the number of persons born within the state relative to the total population during the last ten years. In 1910 the number of persons living in New Hampshire who were born within the borders of the commonwealth, constituted 57.7 per cent of the total population. In 1920 this percentage had increased to exactly 58 per cent.

EDITORIALS

New Hampshire is having her share of the plagues and problems that follow in the wake of war. In this state, as in this country and throughout the world, there is the greatest need of less splurge and more sense; fewer words and more work.

We are more fortunate than some of our sister states in that we did not reach their heights of war-forced industrial activity and therefore have not so far to descend, rather suddenly, to the sea-level of normal conditions.

But even with us too many employers have been profligate with their excess profits; too many employees have been wearing silk shirts and fur coats and paying high prices for low liquor. We, too, must have a sobering-up time, during which our aching heads, outraged digestions and general grouches will lead us into serious trouble if we are not careful.

The re-assimilation into the civic body of our part of the soldiers returning from war has not been difficult. The New Hampshire boys in the service were of a higher calibre than the average, in the first place; and in the next place, so far as our observation goes, most of them found work waiting for them which they are willing to do and which they are doing well.

But the necessary re-adjustment to a new scale and manner of living, following the deflation of a few years' boom, is causing so many pains and aches and sore spots, in New Hampshire as elsewhere, that there seems never to have been a time when it was more necessary and desirable for all of us to keep the Golden Rule in mind in our civic, industrial and social relations. Our population is not exactly divisible into halves, but if it were, each half would know exactly how the other half lives and be severely critical of it.

What a lot of trouble it would save us if a hundred leaders of public opinion in New Hampshire could be endowed suddenly with the power to see fairly and truly and wisely both sides of a question.

An interesting letter recently received from a reader of the Granite Monthly in another state, states that she was led to subscribe for the magazine by finding some old copies in the New Hampshire house which she has acquired as a summer home. With kind words for the present magazine and good wishes for its growth and prosperity she adds this interesting paragraph: "The state of our permanent home has had the experience of publishing a state magazine, which failed. It was a very artistic and valuable magazine and public libraries highly prize the copies that are still in existence. It seems to me that any state should encourage, with financial aid if necessary, the publication of a state magazine devoted to the history, the scenery, the general welfare of the state; and to the lives and talents of its people."

"It's an A1 magazine," is the concise way a leading Manchester merchant puts it in forwarding his $2.00 for 1922.

It is a pleasure to announce that a new series of articles is being prepared for the Granite Monthly by Mr. George B. Upham of Claremont and Boston, the first of which will appear in an early issue, probably in April. "There is real meat for anyone interested in history, in everything Mr. Upham writes," says a Cheshire county correspondent, who is himself a writer and student of New Hampshire history.

A BOOK OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

In her first novel, "Lost Valley," (Harper & Brothers) Mrs. Katherine Fullerton Gerould, distinguished essayist, short story writer and daughter-in-law of New Hampshire, takes our state skeleton out of its closet and rattles its bones as they have not been since the late Governor Frank W. Rollins issued an official Fast Day proclamation which is not yet forgotten, though its date was more than two decades ago.

Mrs. Gerould does not say that her "Lost Valley," where nature is at her best and man is at his worst, is located in New Hampshire. But all of us who have been up and down and over and across this state for forty years know that we have our share, with the other New England states, of these "Lost Valleys." The state board of education and the state board of health could tell quite accurately how many we have and where they are situated; for these departments of the government, and others, in a less degree, are trying to reduce the number of such places in our midst.

In the last chapters of her novel Mrs. Gerould offers a solution of the problem in the love of the land that is inherent in the human animal and that oft-times is content with small return for its affection. But we fear that the number of Jake Leffingwells left in New Hampshire is too few to redeem its hill acres. It would have been more up to date, as regards the story, if when John Lawrence, the railroad king, came back to view with dismay the place of his birth, Silas Mann, his old schoolmate, who drove him over from Siloam, should have turned out to be a real estate agent, ready with plans for the damming of Lost Brook for water power, the reforesting of the hillsides above it and the building of a summer hotel on their sightliest spot.

But on the whole Mrs. Gerould's local color as to both persons and places is excellent. Some of the minor characters, such as Sarah Martin, the Siloam school teacher, and Andrew Lockerbury, the work-warped farmer, are splendidly done. Madge Lockerby, the heroine, setting forth on her almost hopeless quest with a spirit that came straight down from a crusader ancestor, is vivid and true. The idea of the beautiful imbecile girl who looked like a saint and worshipped a monkey is grotesque, but motivates the plot with sufficient energy to carry us from Lost Valley to Boston and New York, to Revere street and Mulberry street, to Mrs. Blackmer's boarding house on Pinckney street and to Arthur Burton's studio in "the Village."

All of Mrs. Gerould's Yankees, whatever their age and generation, class and station, are true to life. She sees into our ingeniously closed hearts and fathoms correctly the reactions behind our impassive countenances. Her pictures of Italians and Chinese have at least the fidelity of good reporting. We do not question the artist, Burton, and his Juanita. Only when Desmond Reilly comes upon the scene to forecast the happy ending do we realize that this is one more "made up" story, as the children say. And even to the final page Mrs. Gerould revolts against the formulae of romance, her final "clinch" coming when "High noon lay on Barker's Hill. It was the least romantic hour of the day. The season had already wearied of temperance, and the Valley, shut off from the wind, sweltered below them in hot undress."

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

DAVID A. TAGGART

David Arthur Taggart, leader of the New Hampshire bar, died at his home in Manchester, Februrary 9. He was born in Goffstown, January 30, 1858, the son of David Morrill and Esther (Wilson) Taggart, and was educated in the town schools, at Manchester High School where he graduated in 1874, and at Harvard University, class of 1878. Studying law with the late Judge David Cross, he was admitted to the bar Sept. 1, 1881, and practised his profession in Manchester with high success until his death, being at that time the head of the firm of Taggart, Tuttle, Wyman & Starr and having included among his former associates Judge Geo. H. Bingham and Congressman Sherman E. Burroughs. For many years he was one of the state bar examiners; was a member of the national bar association; and at the time of his death vice-president and acting president of the state bar association.

In early life Mr. Taggart took an active interest in Republican politics; was a member of the house of representatives in 1883, president of the state senate of 1889 and the candidate of his party for Congress from the First District in 1890. He was a 32d degree Mason and a Knight Templar, and a member of the Sons of the American Revolution, the Derryfield club, the Intervale Country Club and the New Hampshire Harvard club. He was an attendant at the Franklin Street Congregational church.

THE LATE DAVID A. TAGGART

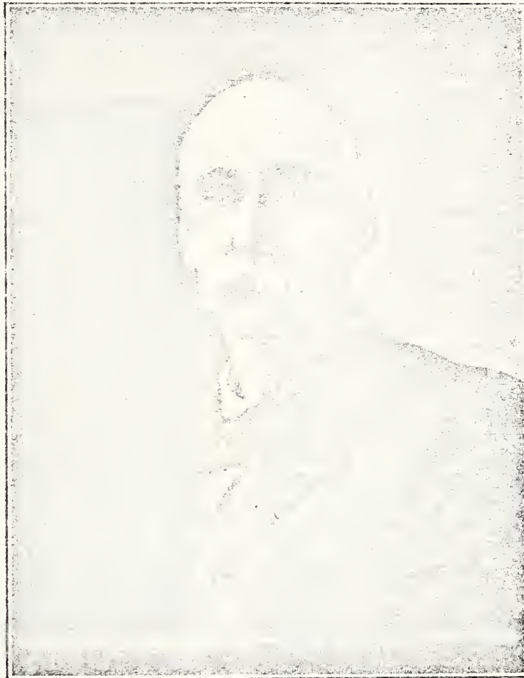
November 11, 1884, Mr. Taggart married Miss Mary Elbra Story, daughter of Dr. A. B. Story of Manchester. He is survived by his wife and by two daughters, Mrs. Ernest R. Cooper and Mrs. Stanley C. Whipple, both of Boston.

JAMES L. COLBY

James L. Colby, commissioner of Merrimack County, died at his home in Webster at 10 o'clock in the evening of Tuesday, January 24, after several months of illness. He was born in Rumford, Me., November 15, 1855, the only child of Charles S. and Ann (Greeley) Colby, and came to Webster in childhood with his parents. His grandfather, on his mother's side, was Reuben Greeley, leading citizen of Salisbury, who married Mary Ann, daughter of Captain James Shirley of Chester.

With the exception of a few brief absences, Mr. Colby was a lifelong resident of Webster and one of the town's best known citizens. After attending the schools there and Simonds Free High school at Warner he learned the carpenter's trade, but devoted most of his time to carrying on the home farm, combined, in later years, with extensive lumbering operations. Before the death of Charles S. Colby, who passed away December 17, 1918, at the age of 92, four generations, including father son, grandson and great-grandson were active at the same time on the old place.

Mr. Colby was a member of the Republican State committee and an energetic and successful worker in the interests of his party. His townspeople had honored him with all the offices in their gift, including moderator, selectman, member of the school board and representative to the legislature in 1917, in which he served upon the standing committee on County Affairs. This was appropriately followed by his election in 1918 as a member of the board of commissioners for Merrimack county, a position which he filled so well that his re-election in 1920 for another term was a matter of course.



THE LATE JAMES L. COLBY

For many years he was a director of the Merrimack County Mutual Fire Insurance company and its treasurer at the time of his death. He was a member of Harris lodge, A. F. and A. M., of Warner, and of the New Hampshire Lumbermen's Association.

Mr Colby married June 14, 1891, Mary Morse of Webster, who survives him, with their son, Joseph G. Colby, of Webster, their daughter, Mrs. Annie Brockway of Newport, and four grandchildren.

Not only in his family circle and by

his fellow townsmen and business and official associates is Mr. Colby's death deeply mourned, but also by a wide circle of friends throughout the state, by whom his hearty greeting, its sincerity, warmth and vigor so typical of the man, will be greatly missed.

DR. LEVI C. TAYLOR

Levi Colby Taylor was born in Lempster, Dec. 12, 1841, died in Hartford, Conn., Feb. 8, 1922. Dr. Taylor was one of the most eminent and successful dentists in New England, and had been in practice in Hartford since 1875, having been previously located at Holyoke, Mass., for seven years, after completing his preparatory studies. He had

THE LATE LEVI C. TAYLOR

been president of the Connecticut Valley Dental society, which he was instrumental in organizing, and was the first president of the Hartford Dental society. He was also a member of the Connecticut, the Northeastern, the Massachusetts and National Dental Associations, and an honorary member of the N. H. Dental Association and the N. Y. Institute of Stomatology. He was for some time a lecturer on Oral Prophylaxis and Orthodontia in the New York College of Dental and Oral Surgery. He married. Dec. 8, 1874, Miss Nellie Thayer of Peterboro, N. H., who survives him, with a daughter, Maude W. Taylor, M. D., of Hartford; two sons, Charles Brackett, and Leon Everett, having previously passed away.

MADAME BOUGUEREAU

Madame Elizabeth Gardner Bouguereau, the American girl who opened the art schools of Paris to women, died at St. Cloud, France, January 29. She was born in Exeter, October 4, 1837, the daughter of George and Jane (Lowell) Gardner, and after graduating from Lasell Seminary went abroad in 1862 to study art. At Paris she was, successively the pupil, co-worker and wife of William Bouguereau, one of the greatest of modern painters. She was herself an artist of distinction, the first woman to be an exhibitor and prize winner at the Salon. She revisited America in 1870 and 1876 and gave to her native town one of her finest works, "Across the Brook," which hangs at Robinson Seminary.

RICHARD WHORISKEY

Professor Richard Whoriskey, head of the department of modern languages at New Hampshire College and the best-loved member of the faculty of that institution, died February 21. He was born in Cambridge, Mass., December 2, 1874, the son of Richard and Anne (Carroll) Whoriskey, graduated at Harvard in 1897 and had taught at Durham since 1899. For 25 years he had served on the athletic council and his relations with the undergraduate body were always most intimate and helpful. During the World War he became well known throughout the state as a patriotic speaker and was the valued assistant of Chairman Huntley N. Spaulding in the work of the state food administration.

BURTON T. SCALES

Burton True Scales, director of music in Girard college, who died at Philadelphia, January 31, was born in Dover, August 10, 1873, the son of John and Ellen (Tasker) Scales. He graduated at Dartmouth in 1895 and after two years of newspaper work at Dover studied music in Boston and New York. He was supervisor of music in the public schools in Dover and Newmarket, 1897-99, and from the latter year until 1914 director of music in the William Penn School at Philadelphia. Since

1914 he had been at Girard College. He was also instructor in music at the summer sessions of the Plymouth Normal school and New York University and Cornell University and had been director of the University of Pennsylvania glee club and a lecturer at the New York Institute of Musical Art. He was a member of the Masons and the Sons of the American Revolution, and, at Dartmouth, of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity and the Casque and Gauntlet senior society. He is survived by his father; his wife, who was Miss Kate Hubbard Reynolds, of Dover; and by two children, Catherine Bradstreet and Benjamin Reynolds.

REV. WILLIAM L. SUTHERLAND

Rev. William Lang Sutherland was born at West Bath, Nov. 5, 1864, and died at Clinton, Iowa, January 17. He graduated from Dartmouth college in the class of 1877 and for more than 40 years labored as a home missionary in Minnesota, Kansas, Iowa and North Dakota, being at the time of his death the pastor of the church at Medford, Minn. He married Mary A. Hopkins of Morrison, Minn., a graduate of Clarketon college, who survives him, with two daughters and five grandchildren.

REV. DENNIS DONOVAN

Rev. Dennis Donovan, pastor of the Baptist church at South Lyndeborough from 1886 to 1918, died December 16, 1921, at the home of his son, Prof. W. N. Donovan, in Newton, Mass. He was born in Myross, County Cork, Ireland, April 8, 1837, the son of Michael and Mary (Dempsey) Donovan, and came to this country when 10 years of age with his parents, one of whom died on the ship and the other within a month after landing. He worked his way to an education, graduating from the University of Vermont and the Newton Theological Institution, and was ordained to the Baptist ministry in 1867. Besides his long service at Lyndeborough, he held pastorates in Massachusetts, Rhode Island and New York. In Lyndeborough he served as trustee of the town library and had much to do with the preparation of the town history. He was a member of Phi Beta Kappa.

REV. OTIS COLE

Rev. Otis Cole, born in Stark, December 25, 1833, died at Haverhill, Mass., February 4. He was the son of Joshua and Amanda (Hinds) Cole and was educated at the Wilbraham and Westminster academies and at the Bible Institute in Concord, now the theological school of Boston University. With the exception of two years in educational work in Tennessee he occupied pulpits in the New Hampshire Methodist conference from 1866 for half a century. He was a trustee of Tilton Seminary. One daughter, Miss Helena Cole, survives him.

SAMUEL W. HOLMAN

Samuel Weare Holman was born in York, Maine, June 5, 1855, the son of Rev. Morris and Mary Weare (Lunt) Holman, and died at Hillsborough, January 21. Mr. Holman attended Francestown academy and Bates college and studied law with Attorney General Mason W. Tappan. For 45 years he practised that profession at Hillsborough and was police court judge for 30 years. He was a prominent Republican and had been a member of the legislature and constitutional convention delegate. He was an Odd Fellow and a liberal supporter of the Congregational church. One daughter, Mrs. Mary Van Horn, of Portland, Maine survives him.

TO MONADNOCK

By H. F. Ammidown

Grand granite guardian of three noble states!
Proud chieftain of New England's lesser hills!
What restless hearts your changeless presence fills
With peace! What listless souls your calm elates,
From teeming Boston's light-house guarded gates
To lonely towers that watch green Berkshire's rills!

Before proud Pharaoh piled a pyramid;
Ere Babel burdened Babylonia's plains;
Or Noah sought refuge from revengeful rains,
Across sweet summer woods, or slopes snow hid,
You looked upon Mt. Washington amid
His subject peaks, and the Green Mountain chains.

You watched mysterious reptiles track smooth sand
We call Mt. Tom and Sugar Loaf, West Rock,
And kindred names: and as the constant clock
Of time ticked on, behold the ocean's strand
Retire, whilst that alluvial soil, obtained,
Perchance, from your gray flanks, changed back to rock.

And you shall still survey yon glistening lake
When generations yet unborn arè gray.
A thousand years, when gone, are yesterday
To you; and shall be till God's trumpets shake
Rock, plain and mountain; and the dead awake;
And the eternal skies are rolled away.

A WINTER'S NIGHT STORM

By Perley R. Bugbee

The skies are heavily overcast.
Twinkling stars are nowhere visible.
Dark the horizon, its clouds are massed.
Fairy snow flakes are seasonable.

The house is chilly, the ground is bare.
Round the fireside, families gather.
For wintry signs are everywhere,
Snow King is monarch of the weather.

All the night long his wintry storm lasts.
Now and then the windows and doors creak.
The dark chilly winds and snowy blasts
Are searching; for the Snow King they seek.

The wild winds shake every bush and tree,
In the valley and upon the hills.
And snow flakes cover them in fury,
For the night's ruling Snow King so wills.

Another dawn and a new day breaks,
And the wintry tempest is over.
The Day's bright sun rules the sparkling flakes
From a throne of sapphirian splendor.

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IN THIS ISSUE:

NEW HAMPSHIRE BEFORE THE REVOLUTION

By George B. Upham

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PRE-REVOLUTIONARY LIFE AND THOUGHT IN A WESTERN NEW HAMPSHIRE TOWN.

By George B. Upham.

Editor's Note:—The following is the first of a series of articles which, although local in character, reach out collaterally in a way to embrace to some extent matters pertaining to the history of all New Hampshire, in fact of all New England.

It is possible that the series may prove of value in suggesting to writers of local history neglected sources of information, such as the archives of ancient societies in London. They also illustrate how local history may be made more interesting if given perspective by not confining it too much within the four corners of the town.

In Europe, as in most of the eastern hemisphere, the beginning of history is hidden in mist; in America it is an affair of yesterday. Here we have written records from the very start; yet in New Hampshire few that tell us of the daily life of the people.

From a small town in western New Hampshire a schoolmaster wrote letters to an ancient society in London. That society kept them, or abstracts of their contents.[1] From these, reading largely between the lines, an attempt will be made to gather something of local life and thought at a time shortly preceding the Revolution.

The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts—hereinafter called the Society—is the direct successor of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in New England, chartered in 1649, chartered anew, after the Restoration, in 1661; and again, with its present name and enlarged powers, under the Great Seal of England in 1701.

Samuel Cole Esquire was the first schoolmaster in Claremont, and, so far as known, the only schoolmaster in New Hampshire maintained by funds sent from England. From F. Bowditch Dexter's "Biographies and Sketches of the Graduates of Yale College, 1701-1745," we learn that he was graduated in the class of 1731 with the degree of Master of Arts. It was a small class of only thirteen members. In early catalogues, curiously enough, the names were "arranged in the order indicating the social rank of the families represented." Cole's name was the ninth. The Biography further tells us that:

"He was the son of Samuel Cole Jr. of Hartford, Connecticut, was born in that town February 7th, 1710-11. His mother was Mary, daughter of James Kingsbury, of Plainfield, Connecticut."

"His early history is little known, but he appears to have resided soon after leaving college in Northbury Society, now Plymouth, in the northern part of Waterbury, Connecticut."

"Soon after 1740 he conformed to the Church of England, and for a number of years officiated as a lay reader to the Episcopaleans in Litchfield and the neighborhood, entertaining until at least 1747, a design of crossing the Atlantic for holy orders; his fears of the dangers of the sea, however, prevented the accomplishment of this design. At the last named date he was residing in Litchfield, Connecticut, and received on behalf of the churchmen there a valuable donation of land. He seems to have spent his life mainly as a school

(1) Since obtaining copies from London it has been learned that copies of all documents in the archives of the Society relating to the American Colonies are in the files of the Library of Congress at Washington.

teacher. About 1767 he was one of the prominent settlers in Claremont, New Hampshire, and in 1769 received from the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the appointment as Catechist and Schoolmaster at that place, with an annual stipend of £15. He conducted services of the Church of England there, until the arrival of an ordained clergyman in 1773. At the outbreak of the Revolution his sympathies were with the British. He is said to have died in Claremont late in the year 1777 in his 67th year. No will is on record."

"He married Mary Dean, at Stratford, Connecticut, April 6, 1753. She was probably the widow of the Rev. Barzillai Dean, Yale College, 1737. Mr. Cole had two daughters."

Dexter cites numerous authorities for the statements above quoted; but his sketch contains practically all the information heretofore published about Samuel Cole, except that to be found in Batchelder's "History of the Eastern Diocese"—printed at Claremont in 1876—and the little in Waite's "History of Claremont," mostly reprinted from the New Hampshire State Papers.

From a Memorial dated at Claremont April 28, 1769, we learn that he was "an Inhabitant and Proprietor" in Claremont, the latter word indicating that he was a landowner there.

The orginal MSS. of this Memorial is preserved in the archives of the Society in London. Series B. Vol. 23. No. 419. It reads as follows:

To the Reverend Clergy of the Church of England and Missionaries of ye Venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in foreign Parts to be convened at New Milford in the Colony of Connecticut on Trinity Week.

The Memorial of us the Subscribers Conformists to the Church of England and Inhabitants of the Town of Claremont in the Province of New Hampshire in New England humbly sheweth That the first begining of the Settlement of this Town by the Proprietors was about two years ago.. And untill Since the Proclamation of the Peace last between Great Britain and France this Land was a wild uncultivated Desert which no Christian ever saw except some light Scouts of English in pursuit of blood thirsty Savages or of the wild Beasts of the Earth we live very remote from all the Clergy of the Ch^h^ of England and there is but one Ch^h^ in this Province which is at Portsmouth under the pastoral Care of the Rev.^d^ Mr. Browne who is about One Hundred and Fourty miles distant from us Five Infants born here are yet unbaptized for no Missionary has yet gave us a visit yet we maintain our principals of Conformity notwithstanding we are surrounded with the various Denomination of Dissenters who would willingly raze us to the Foundation and hope for a Missionary to reside among us before many years

The Land here is excessively burdend with Timber which renders the Cultivation of it very laborious However the little we have brought under Cultivation is abundantly Fruitfull so that (God willing) most of the necessaries of Life will be plentifull.

And altho' there is a Right of Land Granted for the Use of a School (by his Excellency Bening Wentworth Esq' our late Govr) in this Town about One Hundred and fifteen Acres of which is already laid out, and an equal number of Acres on the Glebe Right and the Right granted to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in foreign Parts all which rights (notwithstand the Opposition of enemies of the Church) we have much a do caused to be laid out in some Measure equitably and there is a Right also granted to the first Gospel Minister which we hope will fall into the hands of a missionary for there was no endeavours to Injure that Right for the Dissenters took for granted that that Right was for their Teachers These Rights will be a Noble Fund for the Church in after ages. Nevertheless these Rights are yet useless to us and altho we have agreed to build a School House Twenty feet square and have already Subscribed near enough to compleat it and are all unanimous in the Affair yet we are unable at present to give sufficient encouragement to an able School Master to under take for us. Some of us have numerous families of Small Children fit for Schooling the Number of our Children under age of 16 years is 35 there is about 2 families of Dissenters to one of ours. We are grieved at the thoughts of having them brought up in Ignorance and dread their becoming a Prey to Enthusiasts carried about with every wind of Doctrin

We believe a good School lays the best Foundation for a sober righteous and godly Life and since Sam.el Cole Esqre has been much imployd in keeping School and is an Inhabitant and Proprietor among us (whose Character and Qualifications some of you well know) We humbly desire you would please to represent our State to the Venerable Society and endeavor that he may be appointed Chatechist and School Master among us a few years till we have got over the first Difficulties and hardship of Settling a wild uncultivated Land or Some way in your Wisdom endeavour our Relief and we as in Duty Bound shall ever pray
Claremont April 28th, 1769.

Abel Bachetor
Hez Rice
Micah Potter
Cornelius Brooks
Benjamin Tyler
Ebenezer Rice
Daniel Warner
Levi Warner
Benjn Brooks
Asa Leet
Benjamin Brooks Jr
benj rice

It is true, as stated: "That the first begining of the Settlement of this Town by the Proprietors was about two years ago," that is, in the spring or summer of 1767. But the word "Proprietors" is here used to designate the grantees named in the Town Charter, or their assigns.

The first settlers were squatters, not Proprietors under the charter, which was dated "the Twenty-sixth day of October, in the year of our Lord Christ 1764." These squatters came before that date, or at least, before the Proprietors or their assigns, met to organize, which was in Winchester, N. H., near the Massachusetts line, on February 2, 1767. We know of seven such not counting children; Moses Spofford and David Lynde, here in 1762. John Peak, his wife and two children here in 1764 or earlier; J. Peterson whose name was on the muster roll of Robert Roger's Rangers; and the two Dorchesters, met here by John Mann and his wife, Lydia, on their journey to Orford in October 1765. Peak writes of "five or six log cabins built here before the town was incorporated."(2)

"The Proclamation of the Peace last between Great Britain and France" referred to in the Memorial, for the purpose of fixing a date, was the Proclamation following the Treaty of Paris, signed February 10, 1763. This Treaty ended the "Seven Years War;" a war in which nearly all the powers of Europe were engaged, but principally important because it broke the power of the French in America. The treaty gave the English all the territory east of the Mississippi, except the town and island of New Orleans, and the rocky islets, St. Pierre and Miquelon, which were retained by the French; and excepting, of course, Florida then possessed by Spain.

The statement that until this Proclamation "this Land was a wild uncultivated Desert which no Christian ever saw except some light Scouts of English in pursuit of blood thirsty Savages or of the wild Beasts of the Earth"—is somewhat overdrawn. Number Four, later Charlestown, had been settled in 1740; and the fort begun there in 1743 had been finished in 1744. Haverhill had been settled in 1762, and these settlers had passed up the Indian trail, and over land in Claremont which the signers of the Memorial acquired five or six years later. Then, as previously stated, Spafford and Lynde had settled in Claremont in 1762. It must, however, be confessed that if even half a dozen squatters were living in Claremont prior to the "Proclamation of the Peace," in 1763, its thirty six square miles of forest and meadow, mountain and valley, hill and dale, would not appear thickly populated to those who came a little later.

The mention of the four "Rights of Land," granted for educational and ecclesiastical purposes, requires

(2.) See Granite Monthly, Vol. 51, p. 429.

"A Topographical Map of the State of New Hampshire. Surveyed under the direction of Samuel Holland, Esq'r., Surveyor General for the Northern District of North America...... London; printed for William Faden, geographer to the King. Charing Cross. March 1st. 1784." All the material for this map had been made ready for publication in 1774, so it may be considered as of that date. The Mason Curve, beginning at the S. W. corner of Fitzwilliam on the Massachusetts line, divides at the S. E. corner of Grafton into two curves both extending to the Maine line. For the purposes discussed in this article the more northerly curve may be disregarded. The towns of Plymouth, Holderness, Sandwich, Tamworth and Eaton were regarded by Gov. B. Wentworth as outside the curve. Their charters gave the land to individual grantees, and shares for ecclesiastical and educational purposes as in the charter of Claremont. For the story of the Survey of the Mason Curve, see Granite Monthly, Vol. 52, p. 19.

some explanation. In the Town Charter, immediately after the names of the seventy individual grantees of Claremont, is the following: "One whole Share for the Incorporated Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in foreign Parts—one whole Share for A Glebe for the Church of England as by Law Established[3] one Share for the first Settled Minister of the Gospel—and one Share for the Benefit of A School in Said Town forever."

Shares for these same purposes in these same words were given in nearly all charters granted by Governors Benning and John Wentworth to towns outside the great Mason Curve. The Wentworth charters within the Curve differed greatly from those outside. Within much of the land had been acquired by early, long recognised possession, and by settlement under old Massachusetts charters while such as remained unsettled was claimed and held by the Mason Proprietors,[4] and their assigns under the ancient Mason Grants, then more than a century old. The Wentworths, to be sure, granted many charters to towns within the Curve, but in so doing gave away little land; these charters being mainly in bestowal of political rights after title to the land had already passed. Outside the Mason Curve, as far west as Lake Champlain and north nearly to the Canadian line, in nearly two hundred charters, the Wentworths gave land to themselves, their friends, the Church of England and to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, with a liberality unparalleled in town charters by any other representatives of the Crown in America.

Thus it appears that the titles to many thousands of acres of land in western New Hampshire and the "New Hampshire Grants," now Vermont, trace back to the "one whole Share" given in so many townships to the "Incorporated Society" in London,[5] the Society which, as we have seen, was petitioned to appoint Samuel Cole Esquire its "Chatechist and Schoolmaster" in Claremont.

The fact that this Memorial was signed by twelve persons, together with the statement, "Some of us have numerous families of Small Children fit for Schooling, the number of Children under age of 16 yrs. is 35, there is about 2 families of Dissenters to one of ours"—leads us to think that in the spring of 1769 about thirty-five or forty families and one hundred and seventy or one hundred

(3.) The word glebe is still in common use in England, designating the cultivatable land belonging to a parish church. It would be interesting as a matter of local history if, in the various towns, the shares drawn to the rights above quoted could be definitely located and described by metes and bounds. If situated in places where conveyances have been infrequent the task, in any one township, would not be so laborious as might at first sight appear. Most towns have the original "Proprietor's Map," showing the lots as laid out and numbered. The "Proprietor's Records" give the numbers of the lots drawn to these rights. In the county Records of Deeds the title may be traced down to the present owners, or, if it be known approximately where the lots were, from the present owners back to the original drawings. In Claremont the "one whole Share" drawn "for A Glebe for the Church of Englands as by Law Established" has never been conveyed. It is still owned by "Union Church," and lies west of the cemeteries and beside the "New Road"—built eighty-three years ago—leading from "West Claremont" to "Claremont Junction." It is bounded on the south by the road leading to the bridge over the railroad cut; thence up the hill to the "Great Road" and the pre-Revolutionary house owned from 1767 until a few years since by the Ellis family.

(4.) The Mason Proprietors were originally twelve in number, all living in or near Portsmouth. They surveyed their land, laid out and named townships, all inside the Curve, just as if they were the Government itself; and, what interested them more, sold the land, or, to some extent, divided it among themselves. The Province and State later granted charters to these towns, generally accepting the boundaries fixed and names given by the Proprietors. Such towns were, mostly, not far distant from the Curve Line. See Mr. O. G. Hammond's "Mason Title" etc., pp. 13-21.

(5.) In 1788 the Society conveyed all its land in New Hampshire to nine trustees, one-tenth of the income to be for the use of the Bishop of the state, nine-tenths for the support of an Episcopalean clergyman in the several towns where its lands were situated. For a full statement respecting this conveyance and its questionable validity, see Batchelder's "History of the Eastern Diocese" Vol. 1, pp. 278-312. The society did not convey title to its lands in Vermont. The writer has been told that it still owns and leases lands on the slopes of Ascutney

and eighty people lived in the town. The census return made by the Selectmen of Claremont to Governor John Wentworth, in October or November 1773, reported 423 inhabitants.

From the concluding prayer of the Memorial, viz: "and we as in Duty Bound shall ever pray," we may gather that someone more or less versed in legal verbiage drafted it, probably Samuel Cole, M. A. of Yale. He had lived, as we have seen, in Litchfield, Connecticut, the site of the earliest Law School in America; in fact of the first real Law School in the English speaking world, although some law lectures had been given previously at Oxford, and at the College of William and Mary in Virginia. It seems likely that in association with the very able lawyers who lived in Litchfield, and who later, in 1782, started the Law School there, the lay reader and schoolmaster had picked up some of the phrases commonly used in legal documents.

The Memorial is well written, well phrased, and, as of the period, correctly spelled. It is doubtful whether any person, then living in Claremont, other than the schoolmaster, could have drafted it.

(To be continued)

THE POET

By John Rollin Stuart

Thou shalt be lover of rose and star
And the gleam of a far-stretched sea—
For thou, a poet, from near and far
Shall hear each whisper the wind shall free.

There shall be pain when the sun goes down
And joy in the noontide light,
But braver visions shall follow the flown
Over a worldwide flight.

And thou shalt match by twos and fours
The worldly pageantry.
And total all the checkered scores
Of man and bird and tree.

And in the end thine only rest
Of thy work to hear men say:—
"Lo, I have seen his sunlit West,"
Or, "I have loved that way."

HOME SPUN YARNS FROM THE RED BARN FARM

By Zilla George Dexter.

THE FIRE ON THE MOUNTAIN

(*Continued*)

By midnight, the Fire on the Mountain had become spectacular; largely reflecting itself in the dull red glare cast upon heavy clouds of ascending smoke. Beyond the Big River Valley, on the neighboring hills of Vermont, it soon became the subject of dire prophesies, taking into account the widely prevailing drought.

By noon of the following day, the fire was spreading well over the thickly-wooded shoulder of the mountain, encouraged by varying winds that sent occasional showers of glowing brands, hurtling high above the valley, to fall like so many torches on the surrounding hills, parched to tinder by a long dry season.

Young cattle were hastily herded in from the back pastures, and by night most of the hill-side farms were deserted by the women and children, leaving only the strong and able to guard buildings and wood-lots from incipient fires, fast multiplying. A few families found refuge among their relatives and friends at the Works, as the village was then most commonly called; some ostensibly taking this favorable opportunity to make a long neglected visit. Nevertheless all were made cordially welcome, while especial care was given to the feeble and aged, so suddenly removed from their wonted home comforts.

Thus, when night fell upon the harrassed town with its burning mountain, it found it filled with not wholly unpleasant excitement. Only the few as yet had expressed undue anxiety, or voiced alarm; although one listening, might hear along the street, between neighbor and neighbor, conversation like this—

"I ain't a particle stirred up about the fire, be you, Rilly? Why, Jim says his father can remember a much worse one, in the ninety's, lower down in big timber. But it raised such a wind that it brought the rain and put itself out; this will, too, Jim says."

"But, Ellen," queried the second neighbor, "have you thought that the dry spell has made the woods and fields like tinder in many places; and as the wind rises, brands are falling thicker and faster? We need more men in the woods."

"They are coming, Rilly. All we need," was the cheery assertion. "Some from as far off as Waterford, so Jim says."

"If that is so, Ellen, I must hurry home and fill up my oven again. It is hungry work for men, threshing out fires. I feel, Ellen, as though we ought to pray while we are cooking. Pray for rain in due season."

"For the land sake, Rilly, I can't pray any too well, with nothing special on my hands; I ain't a bit like you. I should spoil my cooking, I know I should; and the dear Lord will need doughnuts too, to carry on his work here tonight. But I can work better if I know you are praying. He will hear you, Rilly."

The two comely young wives, sharing each the other's most precious secret, clasped hands for the moment, blue eyes and brown, brimming with unshed tears, then quietly separated. There were many such women, brave,

reverent, and tender, in the dear old days; mixing together their service and prayers in true neighborly fellowship.

Notwithstanding the optimistic spirit, so evident, there was much sly preparation going on here and there; for nothing was to be avoided more, by our efficient grandmothers, than to be "caught napping, if anything should happen." At the suggestion of Aunt Cynthy Oakes, she who was ever composed and never idle, the old men and boys were even set to mending harnesses and greasing the wheels of all kinds of vehicles, from the uncompromising "thoroughbrace," to the tipsy, rollicking "buckboard."

Past midnight, and the mounting winds lifting heavy columns of smoke, revealed for the first time the full extent of the fire. Boldly sweeping the high face of the mountain, it was also edging perilously, upon the tall timberline below; its fiendish forces rampant. The "big mountain" beyond the narrow notch had become no longer impervious to the now steady attack of flaming brands tossed thitherward by the veering winds.

This turning of night into day, with its general release from bedtime routine, was looked upon by the children as a wonderful lark. Bunched together, on fence or porch-rail, like so many young turkeys, they read in jangling concert, by the light of the blazing pines, (giant candles, molded through slow centuries) read of "Mary's Little Lamb," "Why Phebe, are you come so soon?" "The Assyrian came down like a wolf," and other favorites; a feat to be remembered for a lifetime.

Neither did they fail to watch for, nor to shout in ferocious glee, whenever the steadily advancing foe reached still another patriarch of the hills; shot up its sturdy hundred feet of stem, flashed along its out-spread branches, ascending in towering flame, to leave yet another blackened, and smouldering stub, high on the mountain-side. And the children shouted and danced, so little comprehending the mountain's sore tragedy; being robbed of its age-purpled mantle, (oftimes, in the tempered light, sheeny as velvet,) being bared to the rock—a shame that the larger part of a century has failed to wholly conceal.

The hours were growing ominous, and long-standing family feuds were fast "going up in smoke." Josh Harris' girls, Rhody and Abby Jane, now met in a loving embrace, after fourteen unhappy years of estrangement; Square Brooks and the Selectmen shook hands; it was reported as a fact that Marthy Aldrich accepted Timothy Babcock, her long and persistent wooer, on the spot; but from that hour to her dying day, Marthy never gave Timothy even a look, much less a hint that she remembered so frivolous a transaction.

On the village common men were gathered in shifting groups. Though restless, few seemed over-anxious; some were whittling. A number were collected around one of Deacon Thomas' wideawake sons who was repeating his father's story of the "big fire of the nineties."

"But ye say, Luther," boomed a loud voice, "that a thunderin' big rain come jest in time to stop that fire your dad tells so much about. Wal' that's jest what we've spoke for, but 't will have to come mighty quick and a mighty delooge of it too, or I wouldn't give a lousy coon-skin for the hull contraption here, tomorrer, this time."

"You are not far wrong, Quimby," spoke another voice, "but it's not the big fire only, we are up against, nor the small ones that are showing themselves, and that I've been fighting for six hours. It is the hidden fires working in the dry

mould. We just came across one, working its way along towards those pitch-pine stubs, left in the clearing on Fox Hill, as they never should have been."

"That's a fact, Edson, you've ben tellin' us the p'intid truth." This last speaker stood where the firelight shone on his smudged face; bare, blackened arms; crisped boots and singed beard. Volunteers from neighboring towns were fast taking the places of these over-taxed men in the woods, who, glad of a short respite, had hurried to the village for a hot meal, an hour's rest and this little chat on the common.

"Yis, the p'intid truth," reiterated the man, "for hell is creepin' all around us; but them Waterford chaps tell us that light'nin's playing sharp down below Moose Hillock, and comin' over the North Ridge, some thought they heered thunder. That sartin means rain, boys. Mark my word! But as Quimby says, it has got to come with a delooge or this valley'll be hotter'n—"

"Hold on, no swearing, Levi. No one wants to hear it tonight."

"That's so Leazer, 't ain't fair to the crowd, is it? I'll take a callin' down from you, quicker'n any man I know on. But, I vum, I should forgit and swear in heaven,—If I ever git there."

"We are not worrying," said the young merchant dryly, "but come into my little store some day, Leve, and make up for lost time if you must; tonight, it is not fair to yourself, say nothing about the crowd. Now come on, let's hear what Kelsy has to tell, for he has just come through the Notch, they say. Come."

They all followed, (men usually did follow him) to where a larger group were gathered closely about a newcomer. He was saying—

"I'd got as far on my way home from Plymouth, with my load of freight, as Tuttle's Tavern down in Thornton. There I heard that you were all hemmed in, in this valley. I'd been watching the smoke for miles and had got pretty nervous, so I snatched a cold bite and straddled a fresh horse and came on, hearing things worse and worse till I reached Taft's in the Notch. Then for the first time I believed all that I had been told. A few men were left there to put out the fires, and it was getting hot for them. They tried hard to discourage me, but I wouldn't talk. I left my borrowed horse in their care and started on the run. At the top of Hardscrabble, it looked like plunging down into—I wont say, for I don't swear; but the roaring on the mountain above, the heat and blinding smoke that almost stifled me, and not knowing what was a yard ahead of me, made it seem worse than it was. I stood for a minute with my eyes shut, thinking of—Dad and Mother, when in a flash, I saw the Meeting-house, (I had been worrying about it, all the old folks had prayed and worked for it, so many long years) I saw it before me white and shining. In a flash it was gone, and all my fear had gone with it."

"The next I remember, worth mentioning, I was wallowing in Knapp's old horse-trough at the foot of Hardscrabble; hauling my breath, and putting out a few private fires of my own. Mother says she will keep that cap and coat as long as she lives. I didn't stop long there, but ran on till I got sight of Iron Mountain, Governor's Lot and the ridge. From what I had heard. I expected to see them blazing, more or less. But the only light I made out across the valley was twinkling from the windows of the Red Barn Farm. Then tears came thick and fast, Boys; I couldn't help it. The rest of the way down was one long sob of thanksgiving, till I sighted Gale Spring, parched enough to drink it dry. A monster bear with her cubs was there before me, driven down from the "Big

Mountain." I didn't stop to argue claims with her, for just then I caught sight of Mother waving to me from the kitchen door. She had seen me first. Mothers are so funny, you know. Father said she had stood there in that door, the biggest part of two hours, the cat in a basket, and her silver spoons in her pocket, 'waiting for the boy.'"

The horse had stood harnessed, ready to take her to the village, (her neighbors had gone hours before), but she couldn't be stirred a peg. She'd say, "yes, Nathan, I am all ready to go when the boy comes." And he couldn't be cruel to her. I caught up the little woman and danced a mad jig with her, all over the kitchen floor, till I heard Father haw-hawing to beat the band and Mother complaining that I was jamming her best cap. She is here at the Elder's now, cat, spoons and all; and I shall always believe she watched and prayed me through. Joel, with you and Deacon Joseph to lead us, next Sunday morning, we young folks will sing Old Hundred till we make the rafters ring, in that blessed Union Church of ours."

"We'll be there," boomed Quimby's voice again, "unless Fox Hill gits too blazin' hot before them showers ye're bankin' on gits here. I've known 'em to hang round for hours then break and scatter and not come nigh."

"I heard Doctor Colby's voice in that crowd around the Company's Store," remarked Kelsy, and soon he had piloted his friends to where, on the platform before the store entrance, the doctor's figure was clearly revealed in the light of the increasing fire. With silvered hair uncovered, not sparse, but wavy and abundant, the glory of a noble head and fine countenance, he stood among his people, a rightful son of the valley and its trusted, faithful physician for a lifetime; a worthy pioneer of a line of noble, self-sacrificing men, who as physicians have so singularly served and blessed this hemmed-in mountain region.

Just now the doctor was speaking in his quiet, convincing manner to the still crowd before him, whose upturned faces were growing anxious and strained. He was saying,—

"Friends, even if worse should come to worse, not one of us is in personal danger. Easy conveyance is already provided for the aged and feeble, and the South Branch road is safe for hours. We do not doubt the sincerity of the invitations coming to us. Plenty of hearts and homes are waiting to give us temporary refuge, if need be. But it is not probable, it is unthinkable that we shall be compelled to abandon to the cruel flame our homes made sacred to us through pioneer hardship, and our village with its thriving industry, of which we are justly proud, to say nothing of its little church so long desired, so recently completed, and—"

"O God, send us rain in due season!" came thin and wavering from the lips of "Old Uncle William Wallace," the town's centenarian and saint, tremblingly bending over his cane, close by the doctor's elbow. Thin and wavering was his voice, but distinct in the silence and instantly followed by a fervent, resonant "Amen" from the lips of Priest Burt, who now stood forth, his fine face uplifted, his hands extended half in supplication, half in benediction over the bowed heads of his people; at his shoulder, stood his true friend and fellow-pastor, the "young Elder," just from the woods, scorched, weary and anxious. Through the solemn hush, the breathless waiting on the lips of prayer, there came the roll of near-by thunder. Peal followed peal and scattering raindrops fell in noisy thuds over the dusty common.

"Joel, is your pitch-pipe handy?" some one called.

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow," burst forth to be caught up, echoed and re-echoed by a score

of melodious voices, again and again, ere the men thought to seek refuge from the sudden down-pour. For it rained. Oh, how it rained!

An hour previous to the sudden onslaught of the tempest, shower following shower, grossly exaggerated reports had been brought to the Red Barn Farm; somewhat through misunderstanding, but largely through love of the tragic. The fires on Fox and Furnace Hills, it was said, were beyond control, and the men were fast leaving the woods and standing around the common, the Elder with them. Dr. Colby had already sent off one load of sick folks, etc., etc.

Josiah Bowles was not easily moved by rumor. As he had never yet experienced the "wust," he was never looking for it. But upon meeting the men coming out from his own woods, who flatly refused the double pay he offered them to remain, he turned and walked hurridly to the house.

"Where's yer mother, Liddy?" he asked, upon entering the kitchen where the table was spread with plates of baked-beans, brown bread, ginger-bread and cheese, having been often respread in the past twenty-four hours; for the Red Barn Farm was the vantage ground to which the people had come from far and near to "watch the fire" But now the number of self-invited guests were fast thinning. But few remained indoor or out.

"Liddy, where's yer mother?" Mr. Bowles repeated, glancing around the almost deserted room.

"Mother's gone into the square-room and shet the door and says she don't want nobuddy to come nigh 'er, and for me to tell you so. She didn't believe them stories they all are tellin', fust off; but when they said they seen the Elder standin' round with the rest doin' nothin', she went whiter'n a ghost, and now she has put down the latch and won't speak to me nor nothin'."

Within the pretty square-room, lighted by one dim candle, Mandy sat rigidly upright in the low rocker, with eyes fixed on the ancient bedset. Josiah, bursting the frail latch quietly entered.

"Mandy. Woman, what can you be doin' in here, all sole alone, and won't speak to nobuddy? We are both on us in trouble together, Mandy, and I don't know what to be doin' next, without you."

Grieved and perplexed at his wife's persistent silence, wearied by hours of anxiety and over-strenuous exertion, the dear man lurched awkwardly toward the cruelly immaculate, yet inviting bed.

"Siah Bowles! what are you thinkin' about?" cut the air like a knife. "Don't you dare go nigh that spare bed. There's a chair, if ye can't stand up."

With a queer bit of a smile he drew the uncomfortable chair so unungraciously offered, close to his wife's side and sitting upon it as best he could, remarked cheerfully,

"Now Mandy, I guess we can talk."

"Talk, and have done with it; I'm listenin' ain't I?"

"Mother, you are tired," he further ventu i. "Have you heered them 'ere reports them boys brought up from the Works?"

"Do you believe 'em?" she snapped.

"I can't say as I do," he answered. "I shouldn't took no notice on 'em 'tall, if the Elder's and Dr. Colby's name hadn't been drawed in. But the mischief's done already, so fur as you an' I'm consarned. I jest met my men leavin' the grove, that I hired to watch it, and no 'mount o' money could coax 'em back ag'in. So, Mandy, I and Steve and the boys will stay on and save all we're permitted to' but I mustn't risk you and the little gals any longer. You must

pick up what you've got to, and start for Sister Janes', within an hour. It is sart'in gettin' risky."

"Siah Bowles, you and the rest of ye, can do what ye're mind to; I and my daughter, Ploomy, will stay right here, where we be. She couldn't stand the ja'nt nohow. She h'ain't ben down charmber, a minute t'day."

"I guess, Mandy, ther's ben so much goin' on, you don't sense that these 'ere buildin's has took fire twice a'ready today, when there was plenty of men here to help save 'em. Them men ain't here now, Woman." Josiah's voice was losing its patient drawl.

"Yis, I sensed all about it but that don't scare me none. Siah Bowles, look all round ye, in this square-room, and see all my hard work for twenty-five year; did mostly by candle-light when you and other wimmin-folks was bed'n asleep. All these harnsum rugs! That hair wreath! The weavin', quiltin', nettin' and fringin'. O Lordy, Lordy!" The woman was all unconsciosly wringing her worn hands.

"These are your idols, Mandy." The man's tone was wonderfully tender. "We al l have 'em, one thing or nuther. But none of 'em, your's nor mine, is made to stand the burnin'. But thank God, we ain't called to burn with 'em; and it stands ye in hand now, to git ready and git out o' here as spry as ye can. Now don't ye think so, Mother?" he added coaxingly.

"No, I don't. Leave my great-grandmother's bed-set and all these harnsum things to burn up, here all alone? Josiah Bowles, I won't. I tell ye, I couldn't live without 'em. 'T wouldn't be livin'. You may go, with your everlastin' coaxin' and prayin'; I'm sick o' hearin' it. Ploomy'n I'll stay right where we be."

Both were standing now. He, drawn up to his full height, pale to his lips, met his wife's half-maniacal stare, until it fell before his steadily rebuking gaze. When he spoke, his voice, though strange, was kindly still.

"Mandy, my woman," he said, "I am to blame for lettin' you git to this; I've ben too afeard of crossin' ye. I've made an idol of your love to me. I thought I couldn't noways live without it. I can see now, it won't stand the burnin'. It is nigh all gone to ashes a'ready." These last words were but a bitter sob. Gathering quickly, he went on with no hint of his habitual drawl.

"Now you ain't none to blame, little woman," he said, "for that wild Injun blood in your veins, comin' down in your proud family for ginerations. It ain't the only fa'mly in this 'ere North Country that has mixed bood. Some is proud of it. But it needs curbin', and I hain't ben the man to do it. Stop, Woman! I am doin' the talkin' now," his look and voice were a revelation. She was cowed.

"Mandy," he continued, "from now on, I'm detarmined to save you from yourself. I can, I know I can, for I love you with a mighty love. You are the smartest and always am goin' to be, and I'll be proud to take your advice, at times; but you can't take the reins clean out o' my hands never, no more. I'll either hold on to 'em as God meant me to, or I'll quit—prayin' to Him in the old barn charmber. I wonder He has suffered me so long."

"But to begin on, (don't speak, remember I am doin' the talkin' now), to begin on, I don't calcerlate for a minute that you mean for our little gal, Ploomy, to die; but you ain't meanin' for her to git well and strong. You're afraid she'll cross your will and shame your mighty pride. Jest to have

your way you are shettin' your eyes to her danger. I can see her slippin' away from us. But if God will help me now, to be a man, I'll save my little gal and her mother too. He is wonderful tender, Mandy, and knows what has been handlin' ye all this time, and how I've failed ye. But from now on, remember, Ploomy don't hear no more about her Aunt Ploomy nor the grave-yard. She's heerd enough. Now she shall have her chance to git well, and marry Alic Stinson too, when him and her gits good and ready; and nobuddy's goin' to hound her out of it."

Here Josiah's failing breath compelled a halt. There was dead silence. Mandy stood with her back to him, straight, rigid, apparently unmoved. With a sudden gulp and awkward twitch at his gallowses he left the room, closing the door to immediately re-open it and say, "Mother, if you have a mind to help Liddy pick up a few things that you are goin' to need bad; then if you are willin' to go without putting' me to shame before Stephen and the rest, I'll sartin be glad. But you are goin'! I dasn't take back nothin'. Not nothin'. I guess I'll go up charmber a minute and chirk up Ploomy." In another moment Mandy, listening, heard him stumbling up the dark stairway.

"O God, Siah's God," whispered Mandy, with woeful eyes upraised. "Stand by 'im as he is expectin' ye to, and as he says ye've promised to. Jest try and make him a man as he tells about; as I and ev'ry other woman needs, and could be proud on. Stand by, and help him, O Lord, and I promise you solemn, that I won't make it so hard for Him and you, as I might have ben likely to. When he opened that door agin, jus now, I was sca't. I thought, "There he's backed out, I knew he would; and there ain't no God, to speak on." But there is, and we both need ye. I see it now, in my night o' trouble. With a God to stand by, and a man like my Siah, that ain't afraid to tackle me, at my wust, it is wuth it all." Her quick eye swept the room, taking in every precious object; then with a light on her face above the light of the candle, she repeated, "Yis, it is wuth it all, and now, O God, amen, if this is real prayin'."

"Be you up here, Ploomy?" called her father softly, peering into the chamber bed-room, quite dark, save for the flickering light from the mountain.

"Yis, Father, I'm settin' here on the low chist by the winder. Here's lots of room. Set right close by me. I was gittin' hungry to talk to some buddy."

"If ye don't mind, little Gal, I'd much ruther camp down on the rug at yer pretty feet, it is restfuller," he said, suiting action to word. "I can't rest nowhere but a minute," he sighed, "for I must be helpin' Steve hitch up and git you and yer mother and the rest of ye out of reach of this fire, before it spreads any worser. I s'pose Liddy's told ye all about what them boys was tellin'."

"Yis, Father, but I shouldn't worry about hurryin' if I was you. You may git ketched in the rain." With a low laugh, both saucy and sweet, the girl drew her father's tired shoulders to rest against her low, cushioned seat.

"Your lafin' sounds 'mazing like yer gran'mother's t'night, Ploomy; as it use' to when I was a tow-headed little feller hangin' round her lap. And," drawing another heavy sigh, "I ain't no kind of a man yit. No kind of a man."

"Father Bowles! the strongist, lovingist, best man in the world, what's come over ye? You must be all tired out, or you wouldn't notice them scare stories, the boys"—

"Bless ye, child, I'd clean forgut

'em," he interrupted. "'Tain't that a-tall. But I've ben talkin' rough to your mother. Somethin' I've never did afore. She shet herself up in the square room alone, and I bust in on 'er. She said some words to me, and I knew she was nigh out of her head; and that look in her eyes minded me of a doe at bay, ugly an' sufferin'. Oh, so suf'rin!"

"I had to save her from herself, I had to take aim. But I no need to twitted her of her Injun blood, for that wa'n't called for."

"Now, Father," said Ploomey, very tenderly, "don't never let that trouble you no more. I am proud of that dark blood in my veins. I have first right to all these mountains and valleys, don't you see? And Stephen says, that the Pemigewassets were brave and peace-lovin', with not half the vices of the white man."

"Wal', per'aps, per'aps so. Steve knows. But, Ploomy, I told your mother she shouldn't hound you to death no longer; and now if you hurry up and git well by the time Alic gits home from Californy, lucky or no lucky, he shall have a fair chance, little gal, and nobuddy to hinder, but yerself."

The roll of distant thunder was now distinctly heard within the little room, but neither occupant seemed to note it. Ploomy was talking low and earnestly in the darkness. She was saying,—

"Night before last, if you remember, Father, you an Mother were talkin' together by the South door. I was settin' right here by this open winder, so happy and peaceful because I was understandin' Mother more, sence the minister's wife had showed me how. Liddy was sound asleep. All at once, I heard you speak Alic's name, and I listened and heard all that you and Mother was sayin'. All that dyin' hate that I thought was gone forever come back. I must have faintid an' fell over, for Liddy found me on the floor when the boys waked her up, hollerin' about the fire on the mountain. I come to, and she liftid me onto the bed. I laid there alone, not thinkin' about the fire, but strugglin' and prayin' like a drownin' thing, for God to give me back my love for my Mother. He did. My love for Alic, and Alic's love for me is safe, for it is true; we can wait till Mother is willin'. Now, Father, dear old Father, you mustn't worry no more about your 'little gal Ploomy.'" He felt her slender arms about his neck, and the caress of her lips like a dewdrop on his care-wrinkled forehead.

Now came the near thunder's peal overhead, and rain was pelting the roof.

"O Lord, forgive my unbelief," prayed Josiah, painfully pulling himself to an upright position, then adding, "I guess I'll go down now and find your Mother."

"I am right here, Siah," Mandy was standing close by them. She bent and lifted Ploomy from her low seat, drawing the pretty brown head to its old-time nestling place. Turning to Josiah, who was using his red hand kerchief in sudden frenzy, while awkwardly heading for the stairs, she warned him pleasantly.

"Now, Siah, see that ye don't go headlong down them stair-way; they are dark as a pockit. And tell Liddy I'll be right down, soon's ever I tuck little Ploomy into bed." What passed within that little upper chamber, in the next half-hour, with the welcome rain thrumming on the shingle overhead, is sacred.

On the far Pacific coast, within their native city, the children and grandchildren of Alic and Ploomy

have filled, and are still filling positions of honor and responsibility. And among the many fine pictures belonging to the Stinson family in that far-away land is one, the least costly, but most highly cherished. It hung for many years in "Mother's room," reminding her of her early home among the White Hills of New Hampshire; a well painted picture of the mountain, the grove and the Red Barn Farm.

SPRING AND DAWN

An Allegory

By Adeline Holton Smith.

Young Spring was lurking in the wood
The dark wood cool and still
For well he knew sweet Dawn would soon
Come dancing down the hill.

He heard a drowsy robin's note—
An echo from afar—
Between the swaying maple boughs
He saw the morning star.

He heard the whisper of the pines,
He watched the eastern hill;
He thought of this elusive maid
With senses all athrill.

He knew his ambush well prepared,
The snares all out of sight
For on the ground his nets were spread
Silken, and strong and light.

Fair Dawn stole softly through the wood
Demure and very sweet,
She saw the nets laid all about
For her unwary feet.

She smiled, a little elfin smile
And paused to think, aside,
And then, those innocent white feet
Tripped lightly to his side.

That charming face was rosy-sweet
As ever lover kissed,
He clasped her close, and lo, he held
A wisp of morning mist.

HIGHWAYS OF PROVEN MERIT IN NASHUA.

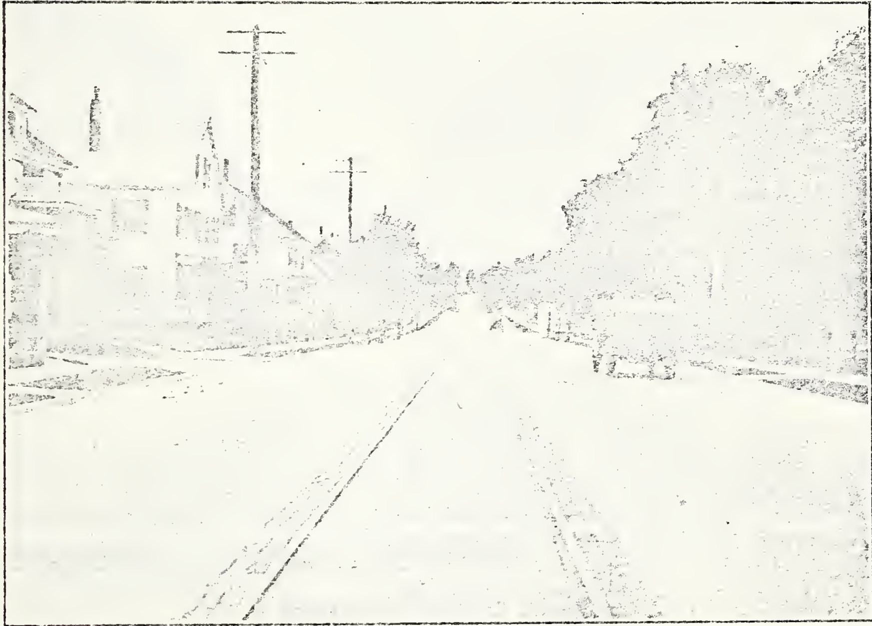
A DISCUSSION OF ROAD PROBLEMS.

By George P. Winn, Assoc. M. Am. Soc. C. E.,
City Engineer, Nashua, N. H.

We are justly proud of the fact that the City of Nashua, sometimes called the Gate City of New Hampshire, is also known as one of the "best dressed cities" in New England. This is probably due to the fact that we have fifteen miles of modern paved streets that are adorned with attractive stores, pretty homes and beautiful parks. These are passed by hordes of summer visitors on their way northerly, through the Merrimack Valley and over the Daniel Webster Highway, to the famous resorts amid the lofty peaks and scenic valleys of the White Mountains.

With fifteen miles of nearly all types of road paving we have come to the conclusion that cement-concrete is the most economical and at the same time a most durable and adaptable pavement for our city streets and highways.

I believe that one of the most convincing demonstrations of the value of cement-concrete slabs is shown on Amherst street which was laid seven years ago with slabs seven inches in thickness, directly on "mother earth." No sub base course such as loose stones or porous layer of gravel was used. After seven years of unrestricted truck traffic this pavement is as good as the day it was laid and has required no money for maintenance. While there are a few cracks in it



AMHERST STREET, NASHUA

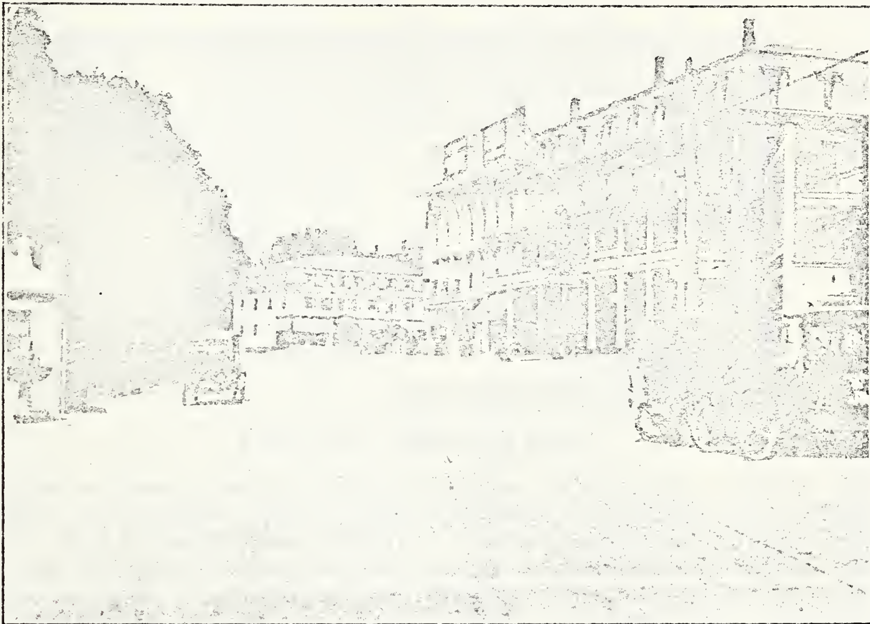
they are of a very trivial nature and they do not affect the life of the pavement and its excellent riding qualities. This stretch was originally laid as a concrete foundation to support a bituminous top surface which has never been applied because we found the superior wearing qualities of the concrete did not require it.

Our paving policy has been to pave such streets as are subjected to the greatest amount of traffic so as to secure the greatest benefit to the greatest number. With that policy in mind we have already paved the main arterial streets of the city, and at the present time we are working out a belt line system of street paving. The construction of this belt line street paving is being financed by bond issues. This system should be completed in a few years at which time it will be possible to travel between any two points in the city over continuous stretches of well paved streets.

Our program last year included the paving of six concrete streets which now brings the total up to sixteen on our principal thoroughfares and it is arranged to construct several more concrete streets this year.

Prior to concreting, many of our streets rode like a cloud of dust where the money seemed to go from the hole-filled surface into the wind, and from the winds into our stores and homes to become an unsanitary nuisance.

The former method of street work was the old-fashioned way of maintaining by large additional sums of money each year, only to have to return to the roads and do the same work all over again. The great economy effected by the use of concrete has practically eliminated maintenance on these streets and the money saved will more than pay the interest on the bonds issued. It has lessened also the cost of maintenance on neighboring streets, due to their relief from traffic because of its



Railroad Square, Nashua

natural diversion from the poorer to better paved streets.

Several years experience with these concrete pavements, all of which have been laid directly on natural sub soil, have shown us their great ability to bridge wide trench areas and other weak spots in the sub grade. In 1914 the concrete pavement on Bridge Street was laid directly on clay soil that was a mud-hole in spring, and a dust nuisance in summer, and although this clay soil is naturally affected by frost action, the pavement has never shown any signs of heaving and is still in the best of condition after eight years of wear by heavily laden trucks.

During the past few years a substantial saving in street cleaning has been brought about by the use of an Elgin Motor Sweeper which has displaced the horse drawn broom and quaint old hand methods by a most efficient and economically operated machine that sprays the street, sweeps it, collects the sweepings and carts them away by motor power, thus quickly removing all refuse and filth and preventing the same from being washed into the catch basins and sewers. The general appearance of our paved streets is wonderfully enhanced by the use of this Elgin Motor Sweeper which renders them clean, radiant and sanitary.

The Elgin Motor Sweeper

The practice of this city is to do all paving construction with our own organization and it has proven successful through the co-operation and co-ordination of duties among the mayor and board of public works, the engineering department, and the street department, the latter department being in charge of William H. Tolles, highway commissioner, a man of wide experience in practical road building.

We are fortunate in having a local supply of suitable material for our concrete paving and we have on many streets used crushed New Hampshire granite. The selection of a suitable street pavement and the details of its construction require study and experience. The experience of the City of Nashua during fifteen years has proven cement-concrete to be a most durable, practical and economical pavement.

WHAT OF NEW ENGLAND'S FUTURE!

By Ervin W. Hodsdon, M. D.

[Dr. E. W. Hodsdon of Mountainview, Ossipee, is as well known as a student of economics as a general practitioner. He was educated at Dover High, Phillips Exeter and Washington University, St. Louis. He has served four terms in the New Hampshire Legislature, and has been medical referee of Carroll County for about 15 years. He has been selectman and town clerk, also, and is now postmaster and a member of the school committee.—Editor's note.]

What of New England?

Wherein is its future growth and prosperity?

What shall be its measure in the final analysis of distribution after the completion of war re-adjustment?

Will it continue on a downward business course, as its most ardent and optimistic friends admit is the situation at present, or will a way be found of development toward its commercial, financial and manufacturing glories of a century and a half-century ago?

What will atone for the loss of supremacy in cotton textile production and boot and shoe manufacturing; the immense falling off in cigar-making; the threatened exodus of nearly all pulp paper manufacturing; the decline in shipping; the lessening of national financial importance; the retrogression in railroad and general transportation affairs, local as well as national, and the continued depression in agricultural matters and the noticeable loss of population in nearly all agricultural communities?

Where do we find prosperity and contentment among the people? Surely not where 48 hours for a weekly working limit is enforced and where rigid regulations of industrial pursuits prevail.

"Wake up New England" and "Boom New England" are the pitiful cries with which thousands of anxious citizens endeavor to stem the tide of retrogression—cries which but affirm the existence of somnolence and the lack of enthusiasm.

Whosoever calls this "pessimism" in this critical stage of affairs but accentuates his lack of wisdom in the face of danger and seeks to perpetuate a false sense of security which is not warranted by bald facts—facts that may seem cruel and, at times, impossible, but which are definite and convincing when viewed in the light of reasonable study based on business conditions and statistics of past and present performances. Optimism has no part in New England's scheme until some satisfactory solution of the great problem of self-preservation is found.

Let us see what "48 hours" has done for New England in three specific instances which are of the utmost importance to every citizen who wants to pass his years in the glorious region of the six northeastern states that were once rightfully and honorably regarded as the back bone of the nation.

In this particular it should be borne in mind that, while Massachusetts is the only manufacturing state in the union where a 48 hour weekly working law prevails, the time limit has been quite generally adopted in New Hampshire and portions of Maine, Rhode Island and Connecticut. So the 48 hour handicap may be regarded in a general sense as one confined exclusively to New England industries. The law applies only to the working hours of women and children, but the protection is sought, also, by men who recognize that manufacturing establishments cannot divide their working forces into male and female classes. California is the only state beside Massachusetts where a 48 hour law is in

force and Ohio has one for 50 hours, but the former is in no sense a manufacturing State and the latter has practically nothing in competition with New England.

In 1921 New England manufactured only 37 per cent of the boots and shoes of the nation. Within the memory of the present generation of men and women it manufactured substantially all. More than half are now produced in the west and the great centres of production are St. Louis and Milwaukee.

Missouri has a 54 hour weekly working law and Wisconsin has 55.

Much of the cigar-manufacturing business of New England has gone to New Jersey within a decade and millions of what were known for a half century as "Boston cigars" are now shipped from the state of skeeters and lightning to every city and town of New England, resulting in a loss of millions of dollars to this immediate community. New Jersey has a 60 hour law.

In no industry, however, has New England felt the burden of statutory handicap and general competition so severely as in cotton manufacturing. In 1900 it had approximately four times as many active spindles as the South. To-day the number is almost even and the South had in January a larger number of spindleage hours. The increase in the South has approximated 300 per cent; in the North less than 40 per cent.

According to recent figures of the United States Census Bureau, of a total spindleage in the nation of 36,725,000, five New England States (all but Vermont) had 18,602,732 and nine southern cotton-growing states, North Carolina, South Carolina, Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland and Virginia, had 15,487,160.

In the New England states Massachusetts has a 48 hour law, New Hampshire, Maine and Rhode Island 54 hours, and Connecticut 55 hours.

In all the Southern states, except Alabama, 60 hours prevails. In Alabama there is no statutory limitation.

New England is located in the most difficult position in which to maintain a great industry like the cotton industry of any section east of the Mississippi. All of its railroad traffic comes through a narrow neck of communication and it is the most distant from the sources of raw material of any cotton manufacturing State. It is subject to the highest freight rates. It is subject to every derangement of traffic and the victim of every freight boycott or congestion of traffic. It does have the advantage of some water transportation, but this is slow and uncertain and in the main it depends on the railroads, both for incoming and outgoing freight.

The South has an enormous advantage over New England in being near great coal fields and being itself the cotton producing area of the country.

Massachusetts has been always a leader in the regulation of industries by law. It is safe to say that no experiment in this kind of regulation has existed anywhere in the country which is not now in some form a part of its statutes. Many of the states have some of these laws. Massachusetts has them all and with a higher average of stringency than any other state in the country.

Some of these laws are of net advantage. Many of them are an extreme handicap and of all these laws none is so prejudicial to its interests as the present 48 hour law. No other industrial state in the country has it, while in the South a 60 hour law may be said to prevail.

In no industry in the country is competition so keen as in the manufacture of cotton goods. Among all the combinations, or so-called trusts, which have come into being in the past twenty-five years no combination has ever existed, or has been claimed

to exist, in the cotton industry. Competition has been free and oftentimes ruthless.

For many years, during the time that New England has been tightening the cords of legislative restriction, the prediction has been made that this would result in competition in the South and that New England was in danger thereby of losing its great cotton industry. By this was not meant that the cotton mills would be actually moved to the South or that mills would immediately close down and that those interested in them would move to the South. What was meant was that northern capital interested in the cotton industry would turn to the South as a better field of activity; that the southern mills would underbid northern mills for business; and that the seat of the industry would be removed to the South; that the industry here in the North would gradually languish—become a minor factor—diminish and possibly eventually dispear to the disaster of New England.

Every prophecy of this kind is now showing unmistakable signs of fulfillment. Out of approximately 60,000,000 spindles now operating in the world the United States has about 36,000,000, and of these nearly 11,000,000 are in North and South Carolina alone. These states in a period of fifteen years have risen from practically nothing to equality in numbers with Masachusetts.

Insofar as northern competition is attracted to the South it is following economic law. Except as special war conditions made necessary, practically all the new mill construction is going on in the South and New England is finding itself over-burdened with mill property as a result of additions which were thus made during the war. On the contrary, the South expanded to an equal extent with the North for special war purposes and is today using such expanded facilities to the last degree in augmenting its production.

The factors which make southern competition so keen are as follows: Cheaper and easier coal transportation, cheaper and more regular supply of cotton, cheaper labor, more hours of labor, less stringent industrial laws, less burdensome taxation.

Editorials of the South freely comment on this advantage which they have over New England and prophesy for the South wonderful development because these things are so.

The question may be asked how New England has up to now maintained what to the casual observer might appear to be a very strong position in the textile industry. Up to recent years, as would be expected in a rapidly developing industry such as exists in the South, the bulk of production has been in the coarser grades of cotton fabrics. This has been due to the fact that, first, the market for these goods was more readily obtainable; second, that the available labor in the early stages of the development of the industry was more adaptable to such production and the North was thus able to switch from coarser grades to the finer grades of cotton and thus maintain a volume of business in this style of production which, apparently, kept it from losing ground. As the industry has developed in the South, the North has found itself in a position of having almost entirely lost the coarse goods business and competition is becoming very keen in the fine goods business. Today a northern cotton mill must depend for merchandising this quality of goods entirely on nearness to its consumer or marked superiority. Goods being equal in quality the southern competitor usually has the advantage.

New England once had a powerful steel industry. With a few exceptions, it has none today and what

it has is subsidiary to large organizations outside.

The automobile industry might become a very important factor in New England's industrial life. It fairly well controlled the bicycle manufacture and, as the automobile business grew, it developed strongly in New England. It has now disappeared, with one or two very minor exceptions.

The question arises as to what could take the place of textiles in New England if they were gradually eliminated. The answer, if it were made, would be an appalling one. We might have a section of superior educational advantages; an interesting summer resort; a region of interesting historical points of view; possibly a collection of capital with money invested in southern cotton mills, western copper mines and foreign investments; an experimental territory for new forms of legislation, and an ideal community without body or substance.

The 48 hour law has proved to be a losing experiment and in the return to normalcy every year of delay is dangerous to the well-being of the community.

Is the cost of living lessening?

Read what a national authority has to say. He is M. W. Alexander, managing director of the National Industrial Conference Board:

"Farm products and raw materials have been deflated to the 1914 basis, but in manufactured products and the necessaries of life we have not come anywhere near the 1914 level. Agriculturalists no longer represent the buying power of the nation, as is so often said. There are 2,000,000 more persons engaged in manufacturing today than in agriculture and every year will show an increase in favor of the manufactures.

"In the manufacturing industry the average hourly pay of the worker makes him 31 per cent better off than in 1914, while, according to the average weekly wage, he is 14 per cent better off as regards the purchasing power of his money than he was before the war. This shows that American manufacturers have met the test of social justice and are paying a fair wage. The problem of unemployment is not theirs, it is a joint problem of the employer, employee and society.

"Similarly the railroad worker is 42 per cent better off than in 1914. In 1916, 41 per cent of railroad expenditure went for labor and in 1920 this had grown to 60 per cent, forcing the complete elimination of interest, dividends and improvement of property. Again in the anthracite coal industry the workers have 60 per cent greater purchasing power than in 1914. Their contracts expire on March 31 and a strike has been called. I believe it will be a long and bitter fight but I believe public opinion will force a deflation of the wages."

In conclusion:

New England needs a square deal. Its economic condition requires industry, frugality and hard work.

Sophistry and quibbling are useless in seeking a solution of the problem. Any suggestion that more than eight hours' labor a day is injurious to the people is an insult to the magnificient men and women who enabled New England to reach the proud position it once held, which it can regain never if its citizens fear hard work and honest toil.

Sympathy never yet added to the pay envelope, and it is the pay envelope that counts.

Save New England.

NEW HAMPSHIRE DAY BY DAY

It was an interesting coincidence that at almost the same hour of Wednesday, March 8, 1922, the United States Senate confirmed the appointment of former Governor John H. Bartlett of New Hampshire as first assistant postmaster general and the New Hampshire Executive Council confirmed the re-appointment by Governor Albert O. Brown of Mott L. Bartlett as state fish and game commissioner.

Both Governor Bartlett and Commissioner Bartlett are sons of John Z and Sophronia A. (Sargent) Bartlett, of Sunapee; John Henry having been born in that town March 15, 1869, and Mott L., a few years later.

The ex-Governor's highly successful career in the legal profession, in finance and in politics is well known to the readers of the Granite Monthly and it is only necessary here to point out the favorable impression made by him upon President Harding and others high in authority at Washington during his brief term of service as chairman of the national civil service commission, from which place he now has been taken to fill one of even greater responsibility and opportunity.

Mott L. Bartlett, who was representative from the town of Sunapee in the legislature of 1919, was appointed fish and game commissioner June 1, 1919, and his re-appointment almost three months before the expiration of his three year term, was preceded by a flood of letters in his favor from fish and game clubs and others in all parts of the state.

Among the achievements of his first term may be enumerated the establishment at New Hampton of the largest fish hatchery in New England and the state's first game farm, on the C. E. Dickerman property of 174 acres, purchased for $25,000. This is an ideal plant for its purposes.

At the Colebrook fish hatchery artesian wells have been drilled which furnish a fine additional supply of water and made it possible in building new pools to double the capacity for raising fingerling. At the Warren hatchery a nest of 16 rearing pools and several natural pools have been built, doubling the rearing capacity at this plant. At Laconia a re-arrangement and renewal of the working parts of the hatchery has increased the output one-fourth and the water supply has been much improved. The total output of all the New Hampshire hatcheries for 1919 was about three and one-fourth millions of brook trout; in 1920, about three and one half millions; and in 1921 over seven millions.

Fred Herbert Brown, mayor of Somersworth and United States attorney for the district of New Hampshire since 1914, was elected for the ninth time to the former office and resigned the latter office during the month of March. His term did not expire until July 1, but he asked the acceptance of his resignation to take effect April 1 in order that he might secure a needed rest for the benefit of his health. In his place as federal prosecuting officer, President Harding has nominated, at the unanimous request of the New Hampshire congressional delegation, Raymond U. Smith, Esq. of Woodsville. Mr. Smith was born in Wells River, Vt., September 11, 1875, the son of Edgar William and Emma M. (Gates) Smith. He graduated from Norwich University in 1894, studied law with his father, was admitted to the bar in 1897 and since that date has practised his profession in association with his father. He is a Republican in politics and served with the rank of major on the staff of his personal friend, Governor Henry W. Keyes. He is a member

of the various Masonic bodies and of the Odd Fellows.

No New Hampshire town meetings had to be postponed this year because of roads blocked by snowdrifts or floods, as has been the case in some past years, but in one town, Lyme, the board of health ordered an adjournment because of the prevalence of influenza. In Lancaster and Weare so large a proportion of the voters left the town halls to fight fires in near-by buildings that the election proceedings were held up for some hours.

Several towns made liberal appropriations for celebrating their anniversaries this year, Chester leading with $1,000 in commemoration of its completion of two centuries. Auburn, once a part of Chester, will join in the parent town's observance and appropriated $200 for the purpose. Francestown, which is 150 years old, will start its celebration fund with $800 from the town treasury; Hooksett appropriated $500 for its centennial; and Greenville the same amount for its semi-centennial Barrington and Hampton Falls, at the end of their second centuries of existence, appropriated $200 each for observances.

The headquarters in this city of the state Old Home Week association have received information that 40 towns made appropriations for local Old Home Day celebrations this year; a larger number than usual, as in most cases the expenses of the observances are defrayed by local associations without calling upon the town treasury for aid.

Although business conditions throughout the state might be better, and in spite of words of warning recently uttered by ex-Governor Charles M. Floyd, chairman of the state tax commission, there was little retrenchment in evidence in general appropriations. It is thought that complete reports will show a larger amount than ever before appropriated in the aggregate for schools, highways, bridges, sewers, lights, water supplies, fire and police departments, cemeteries, sidewalks, the support of poor, etc.

Other purposes for which money was appropriated in a greater or less number of towns included the support of libraries and reading rooms; historical society; free beds in hospitals; public health nurse; town clock; "to name streets and put up signs;" care of shade trees; to fight the white pine blister rust and the gypsy moths; swimming pools and playgrounds; "to flood the common for winter sports;" band concerts; soldiers' memorials; Memorial Day; equipping town halls with fire proof booths for motion picture machines; etc.

In spite of the doubt expressed by Attorney General Young as to the legal right of women to hold elective offices in New Hampshire, not a few were chosen to fill all the various positions in town governments except selectman.

EDITORIAL

There was held, recently, at the state house in Concord, a well-attended and enthusiastic meeting to consider the preservation of the shade trees which are so important an asset of the Granite State, not only from the aspect of their scenic beauty, but also, as was shown at the meeting, from the standpoint of economic value in prolonging the life of our highways. Governor Brown gave the meeting an address of endorsement and there was a general expression, by representatives of all parts of the state, of interest in its purpose. The state forestry department and the Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests co-operated in support of the meeting and the latter society is to have general charge of the work in behalf of shade trees, although a strong special committee has been formed for the same purpose and the formation of local committees also will be sought. The chairman of the general committee is C. E. Farnsworth of Gilford and Boston, a summer resident of our state, whose initiative was responsible for the holding of the meeting and whose interest in the matter had its origin in a personal experience relative to the preservation of some unusually handsome shade trees in his section of the state.

At an opportune time in the progress of the meeting, Mr. Farnsworth, who is in charge of the travel, resort and hotel departments of the Boston Globe, "talked shop" to those present in a way that was not only very interesting, but was full of valuable suggestions for the future benefit and profit of our state. It is to be regretted that his remarks were not reported stenographically so that they might be circulated widely by the state board of publicity last year appointed. He showed the generally underestimated size of our "summer" business, suggested ways in which it might be still further increased and brought out some of its benefits to New Hampshire other than those which are financial and directly visible. We wish he would make this address or one like it to an appropriate committee of the legislature of 1923.

But before that time a summer season is approaching during which individual and associated effort can accomplish much towards getting more visitors into New Hampshire, keeping them here longer and making them better satisfied with their stay among us. If we do that we shall reap other than a direct financial benefit, for the things which our guests desire us to have and to be are the same as those which we should wish for ourselves the year around; good roads, good hotels, good stores, good homes, good manners, good will. We shall like ourselves and our surroundings the better the more we make them appeal to strangers.

BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

"Fundamentals of Faith in the Light of Modern Thought," is the title of a book just issued from the Abingdon Press, the author being Rev. Horace Blake Williams, Ph. D., pastor of St. Paul's M. E. Church, Manchester, formerly of the First M. E. Church of Concord, later of the leading Methodist church in Lynn, Mass., from which he resigned to enter Y. M. C. A. work in Europe during the World War.

Dr. Williams, to whom public attention was recently directed, through an earnest call to the pastorate of the American Church in Paris, which he felt obliged to decline, is not only known as one of the ablest preachers in New England, but as a close student and deep thinker along religious and philosophical lines, and in the above named volume, of nearly two hundred pages, he presents his conclusions concerning the most vital problem which faces the mind and soul of man. Religion, which has been defined as "the life of God in the soul of man," is the supreme need of every human being, as Dr. Willims manifestly concludes, and only as exemplified in the life and character of Jesus of Nazareth, can it be truly accepted and possessed. It is not a matter of creed or dogma, profession or belief, but of *Life*, itself, and in the life of Christ alone is the pattern truly set.

No review of the book is attempted here. It must be read to be appreciated, and if read, even by the most irreverent, will be regarded as a masterpiece of English composition, if not a valuable contribution to current religious literature, as it will generally be considered.

H. H. M.

Shrines and Shadows. By John Rollin Stuart. Boston: The Four Seas Company.

This is a day of poetical endeavor. The output is and should be nourished. If no giants appear, at least the middle-sized folk are many. Occasionally an unusual voice is raised. For instance, John Rollin Stuart, standing aloof from the merely pleasing poets, attains an height to which few have even aspired to climb. An Oxford student, influenced by the traditions and truths of yesterday and the day before—and of many days in the past, he brings back to modern poetry much that it has lacked. With him it is a serious, beautiful medium of expression, not an excuse for a moment's vent of a passing emotion. If Mr. Stuart keeps the austere and lofty path which he has chosen, he will become a factor in American poetry, such as has long been needed. His purity of style could well be emulated by every aspiring young poet.

To have the high purpose, the courage to hold it, the strength to deny the constant call to write lesser verse, is no mean thing in itself. When added to this, the ability to express, often faultlessly, conceptions of beauty, wisdom and truth, is possessed as Mr. Stuart possesses it, a prophecy may safely be made. He will hold up a momentarily forgotten ideal and help to restore the criterions overlooked or under-estimated, and help to re-establish something of the spirit of the Greater Victorians!

C. H.

Songs of Home is the title of a little book of poetry, attractive in appearance as a volume and delightful in the character of its contents of which Martha S. Baker (Mrs. Walter S. Baker), of Concord, is the author, and the Cornhill Publishing Company, Boston, the publisher. Mrs. Baker's verses have been known to and appreciated by the editors and readers of the Granite Monthly for many years and we are pleased to find that several of her contributions to

this magazine have been chosen by her for preservation in this permanent form. "Home" in youth meant to Mrs. Baker, Cape Cod and some of her best poems, such as "The Land of the Pilgrims," celebrate that famous tip of New England. But the state and city of her present residence share in the tribute of her pen and the lines of "New Hampshire's Invitation" and "Concord" should be included in every Granite State anthology. Mrs. Baker calls her verses "simple rhymes," which we will accept as a reference to their clarity, so great a rarity, and so desirable, in these days. But their reverent appreciation of the beauties of nature their calm and kind philisophy, their permeating spirit and purpose of kindliness, helpfulness and good will raise them above the level upon which the author's phrase might seem to place them.

H. C. P.

The Government of New Hampshire, by Leonard S. Morrison, former principal of the schools at Peterborough and superintendent of schools at Lisbon, is a textbook of state civics containing a large amount of important information, which comparatively few people, children or adults, possess, but with which it is most desirable that as large a part as possible of our population should be acquainted. The W. B. Ranney Company, printers of the Granite Monthly, have published the book in handsome and handy form, and it is in every way suitable for use in our schools and as a valuable addition to all our libraries, public and private. A good index adds convenience to its merit. Mr. Morrison has divided his work into sections upon local government, county government and state government, with appendices giving the state constitution, time of court sessions and congressional, councilor and senatorial districts. Who may vote, when, where and how, are shown, and the control and management of our schools, towns, cities, counties and state are described. The progress of a law through the legislature is followed and its interpretation by the courts and administration by the executive department are described. The state institutions are briefly outlined. Mr. Morrison has done his commendable work clearly and concisely and with an approach to completeness that is remarkable for a book of 127 small pages.

H. C. P.

THE BIRD'S MESSAGE

By Helen Adams Parker

The Bluebird, harbinger of Spring,
For the first time appeared today;
A tiny speck of Heaven's own blue
Perched on the elm-tree's topmost spray.
I heard his joyous note awhile
Before his little form I spied.
As swift from branch to branch he flew,
Singing his song as though he tried
To fill each listener with new hope;
Banish dark Winter's cold and gloom
From every heart, and leave no room
For past regrets or vain complaints;
This morning I had felt so sad.
His little song now makes me glad.

FIVE POEMS

By Harold Vinal.

SPRING FLAME

I have been hurt too much by singing rain,
And winds that cry down slumbrous ways of night.
Moonlight and song and flowers ghostly white
That drop their petals on a lonely lane.
Oh could my heart but break and then be still,
Rather then watch another April pass
Along the lyric pathway of the grass,
Over the orchid beauty of a hill.
O God, let not too many blossoms fall,
Lest beauty grow a thing too great for me;
Let not your music come in one bird call,
For all these things have hurt too poignantly.
Give me a flower for an afternoon
Or a white star that comes before the moon.

LAST DAYS

I have imagined things for my last days,
Dim, glimmering nights of stillness and the stars,
A harbor where the tall ships lift their spars,
A curve of shoreline gleaming through a haze.
I have imagined how such things will be
When all these banished Aprils are no more;
A glimpse of white waves on a windy shore
And all the strange, dark mystery of the sea.
I do not fear to wonder now at all,
I am so sure such things must come to pass;
The Spring comes back to dream upon the grass,
The roses blow again along the wall.
Birds haunt old gardens where the flowers are
And every evening has its wistful star.

GONE

One star upon the April sky,
One robin on the lawn,
A hyacinth below the pain,
The rapture of the dawn.

One daffodil upon the hill
A flower in the grass
That you shall never stoop to see—
Or ever pass.

LAST OF APRIL

The cherry trees are white with snow
In a rush of rain,
April kissed them with delight
Till they bloomed in pain.

Tremulous the valley gleams
She danced there for an hour;
High upon a windy hill
She hung a flower.

Oh April lift your flame for me
And bind me with a song—
For I must learn to bear the pain
Of leaving you too long.

RETURN

There is a peace upon the orchard trees
And the old meadow that was once so flushed
With blowing clover, lies forever hushed;
Winter has turned to touch such things as these.
The pool that in the transient Summer wore
A fluted lily on its curving breast
Has stilled its heart, the fountain is at rest,
Even the crimson rose will blow no more.
Yet a strange Spring will flutter through the leaves
And creep upon the hills and wake the flowers
And the pathetic trees. Soft, gentle showers
Will drop their tears upon a world that grieves.
Pan will come piping where the dryads play—
The frosty hill will blossom in a day.

NEW HOUSES

By Cora S. Day

The hammer and the saw are still at last,
    The workmen's heavy footsteps all are gone.
And now a stillness, hushed, expectant, falls,
    Like that before the trembling light of dawn.

What do they dream, new houses, on that night
    Between the workmen's going and the day
That brings the things which make of them new homes?
    What do they dream, when all is still and gray?

Of love and laughter, music, dancing feet?
    Of pain and sorrow, heartbreak, bitter tears?
The morning brings awakening—and life
    Shall bring all these, new houses, through the years.

SPRING MIST

By Eleanor W. Vinton

Behind this rain drenched curtain gray
Which makes our earth seem dull today
Quaint little folk with busy hands
Obey fair Lady Spring's commands.
Gay Dandelions they must dress
In gowns of golden loveliness.
Now here, now there, a green garbed lass
Is tinting tiny blades of grass.

Wee messengers with hurrying feet
Dance through dark woodlands, spicy sweet
And shout in rippling voices clear
"Arbutus, come; Wake, Violet dear,
Hepatica, Anemone,
Fair Lady Spring has need of thee!"
Take heart, earth folk, though mists are gray,
For elves and fairies work today.

SONGS

By Letitia M. Adams

Oh sing we a song
A beautiful song,
Like the song of the birds in the morning,
An uplift of praise
To the maker of days
And the glory that heralds the dawning.

Oh sing we a song
A carefree song,
Like the rush and the sweep of the river
As a child at rest
On its mother's breast,
While the tide rolleth onward forever.

There are songs of joy,
There are songs of peace,
There are songs of grief and of sorrow,
But the songs we love,
All others above,
Are of hope, which inspires the morrow.

Then sing we the songs,
The wonderful songs,
The songs in their fullness and sweetness,
With anthems of praise,
To the maker of days,
Who crowneth each one with completeness.

GROSBEAKS

By Walter B. Wolfe

Beat it, you evening grosbeaks, you yellow—
breasted, black wing-tipped invaders from
the Arctic Circle or Rocky Mountains! Beat
it back to cold fastnesses in the north, for
spring is coming to Hanover!

Beat it, you yellow grosbeaks, chattering in the
tamaracks behind the Medical School, for windows
are open now in the Physiology laboratory and
your noisy love-making interferes with the sol-
emn disquisitions of Dr. Stewart. Beat it, you
winter birds, we are dreaming of summer!

Away to the north, you animated yellow polka-dots
in the somber black bow tie of winter! Don't you
see boardwalks across campus river-paths? Furry
pussywillows popping their grey heads out of
brown winter stocking-caps? Beat it, you north-
loving grosbeaks, haven't you heard galoshes
flop-flop-flopping in thaw puddles?

Back to Alaska, Klondike, Manitoba, back to the high
Sierras and Rockies, you black and orange mi-
grators from far norths! Down on Lebanon Street
where there is a bit of brown earth, kids are
dropping pink and white chinies into the ring,
laying up the aggies at long awse and short awse
crying, "Knucks down! Screwbony tight!"

Beat it you evening grosbeaks, you yellow cold-de-
fiants! Through closed windows we have heard
you all winter playing at hide-and-seek among
the pine branches, chattering in the tamaracks!
Come again next year to winter behind the Medical
School, but now we expect fat redbreasts and
pirate blue-jays. Beat it you yellow-feathered
gossips, lest the dandelions shame your color,
for spring is coming to Hanover!

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

MOSES J. WENTWORTH

Moses J. Wentworth, wealthy descendant of one of New Hampshire's oldest and most distinguished families, died in Chicago, March 12. He was born in Sandwich, May 3, 1848, the son of Joseph and Sarah Payson (Jones) Wentworth; graduated from Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass., in 1863, and from Harvard in 1868, later receiving the degree of Master of Arts; studied law at Union College; was admitted to the Illinois bar in 1871. He was a Democrat in politics and the nominee of his party for presidential elector in 1888. He was a director of the Merchants Loan & Trust Company, of the State Bank, trustee of the Newbury Library, director of the Metropolitan Elevated railroad, trustee and president of the Fourth Presbyterian Church and vice-president of the James C. King Home for Old Men.

EDMUND C. COLE

Edmund C. Cole, who founded the Kearsarge Independent and Times at Warner in 1884 and published it until 1910, died there March 13. He was born in Milton, Me., October 5, 1845; graduated at Bowdoin in 1871; and came to Warner as principal of Simonds Free High school. A Republican in politics, he had been postmaster, representative in the legislature, member of the school, health and library boards. He was a Mason, Odd Fellow, Granger, member of the Easterr Star, Rebekahs and Golden Cross.

WILLIAM NELSON

William Nelson, widely known as a civil engineer, died at his home in Laconia, March 13. He was born in that city, April 20, 1871, the son of Dr. David B. and Susan E. Nelson, and was educated in the city schools. Beginning his engineering work with the Concord & Montreal railroad, he was city engineer of Laconia from 1892 to 1900 and subsequently was plant manager and consulting engineer for several important manufacturing companies. For a time he was secretary of the Chamber of Commerce at Binghamton, N. Y. He was a Mason and a Congregationalist.

EDSON D. SANBORN

Edson Dana Sanborn, representative in the legislature of 1919 from Fremont, died in that town, March 14. He was born there, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Alden Sanborn, and fitted at Sanborn Seminary, Kingston, for New Hampshire College, where he graduated in 1910. During his college life he was captain of the football eleven and otherwise prominent in undergraduate activities and as an alumnus his interest in the institution continued and he did valuable service as president of the alumni association and chairman of its committee on scholarships. Mr. Sanborn had been a member of the faculty at North Carolina State College and Massachusetts Agricultural College until ill health forced his return home. He was prominent in Masonry and a member of the Eastern Star and Grange, as well as of the Sigma Alpha Epsilon and Alpha Zeta college fraternities.

CHARLES B. ROGERS.

Charles B. Rogers, president of the Suncook Bank, died in that village February 27. He was born in Manchester, February 16, 1859, spent his boyhood in Bow and attended Pembroke Academy. For many years he was one of the largest lumber operators in this section of the state. A Democrat in politics he was a member of the party state committtee, had served in both branches of the legislature, as selectman and school board member and as his party's candidate for the executive council. He was chairman of the Pembroke committee of safety during the war. Mr. Rogers was a 32nd degree Mason and prominent, also in other fraternal orders. His widow, who was A. Genie Knox of Pembroke, and one son, Harry K. Rogers, survive him.

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IN THIS ISSUE:

THE SETTLEMENT OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

By Paul E. Moyer

HARLAN C. PEARSON, Publisher

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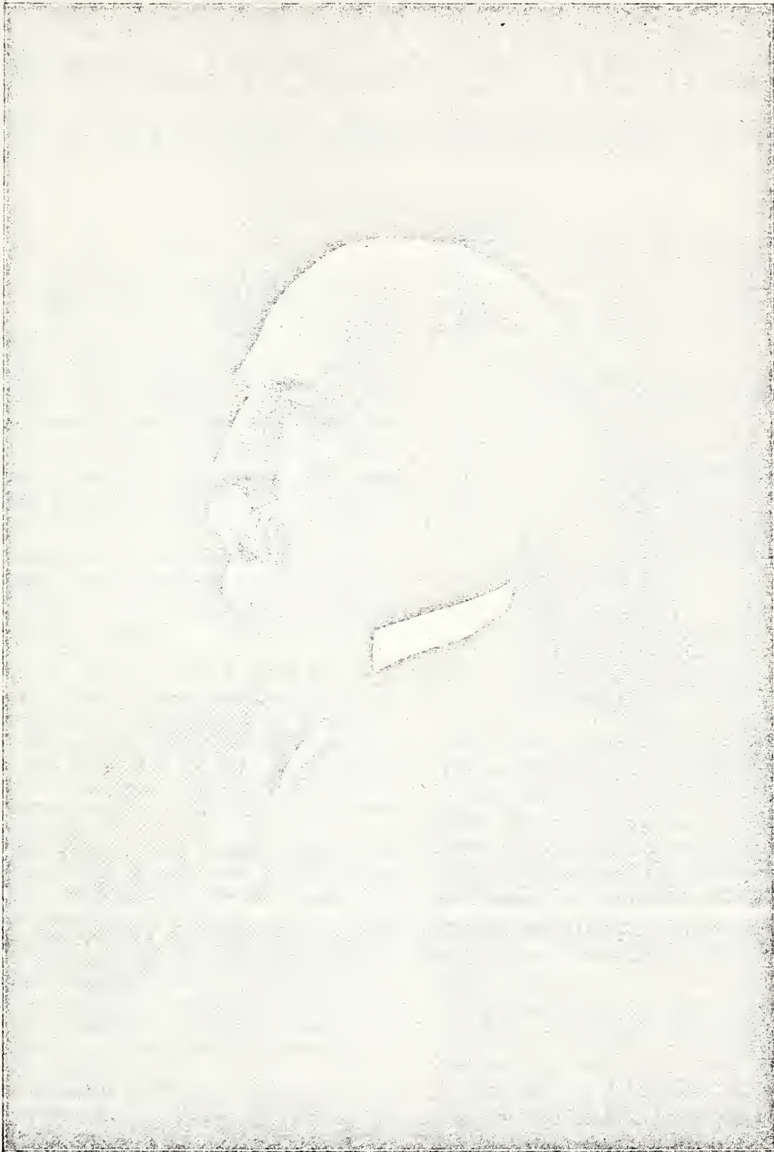

The late Hon. Irving W. Drew.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. LIV. MAY, 1922 No. 5.

PRE-REVOLUTIONARY LIFE AND THOUGHT IN A WESTERN NEW HAMPSHIRE TOWN.

By George B. Upham.

II.

The Memorial dated Claremont, April 28, 1769, requesting that Samuel Cole Esq'r. "be appointed Catechist and Schoolmaster among us" was sent, probably much of the way by some missionary travelling on foot or horseback, to the Convention of the Society's Missionaries assembled at New Milford, Connecticut, in the latter part of May, 1769. This Convention forwarded it to London with a communication as follows: See MSS. of the Society Series B. Vol. 23 No. 420.

New Milford May 25 1769.

We the Subscribers, the venerable Society's dutiful missionaries met in voluntary Convention; with Deference transmit to the venerable Society the inclos'd paper sent us from the good People of Claremont in the Province of New Hampshire

In this Paper the Circumstances of that Place and People are so fully and faithfully represented as to leave but little needful to be said by us on these points Yet it may be well for us to inform our venerable Patrons that we are in general acquainted with the Subscribers of the inclos'd, (as all of them went from our different missions) and can give them a good and unexceptionable Recommendation.

With respect to Sam[el] Cole Esq"; we can likewise bear a good Testimony in his Favour in all such Particulars as the Society (our good Benefactors) require in a Person to be receiv'd to their Service. This good old Gentleman many years since, designed to make Application for holy Orders, but by a Series of unexpected Occurences has been prevented. He was educated at Yale College in Connecticut, is now advanced in years, has always been esteem'd a Gentleman of much Godliness, Honesty and Sobriety; and in a word, we think (but with Submission) Mr. Cole might be with great Propriety and Usefulness employd at the afore mentiond Place as Catechist and School Master

We are
with dutiful Acknowledgments, the venerable Society's Missionaries and Servants

Joseph Lamson
John Beach
Ebenezr Dibblee
Christopher Newton
James Scovil
Sam[el] Andrews.
John Beardsley
Roger Viets
Bela Hubbard
Ebenezer Kneeland
Richard Clarke
Epenetus Townsend
John Tyler.

The statement that "we are in general, acquainted with the Subscribers of the enclos'd (as all of them went from our different Missions)" confirms information from various other sources, that most of the early settlers in Claremont came from Connecticut. This is also true of many other towns in western New Hampshire and eastern Vermont.

Had we not the statement respecting Mr. Cole that he was an "old Gentleman, now advanced in years," we should so conclude from the fact that he had been graduated at Yale thirty-eight years before.

"At a General Meeting" of the Society, held in London, October 20, 1769, the Memorial and accompanying letter of recommendation were "reported by the Committee," whereupon it was;

"Agreed to recommend that Mr. Cole be appointed the Society's Schoolmaster

at Claremont in New Hampshire; and that Inquiry be made, whether Mr. Badger does not occasionally visit these people."

"Resolved to agree with the Committee and that Mr. Cole have a Salary of £15 p. ann. to commence from Midsummer last." (Journal of the Society, Vol. 18, pp. 217-220.)

The Mr. Badger referred to was Moses Badger, the Society's Itinerant Missionary in New Hampshire from 1767 to 1774. He was a native of New England, entered Harvard at the age of fourteen,[1] and was graduated in 1761. He travelled throughout New Hampshire wherever there were settlers attached to the Church of England. We know from Mr. Cole's letters that he visited Claremont at least once prior to 1771. He probably did so several times, and also visited all other Connecticut River towns.

Before receiving notice of his appointment as the Society's Schoolmaster, Mr. Cole, in the summer or autumn of 1769, had felt it necessary to leave his home in Claremont and to resume teaching in Connecticut. We learn this from an abstract of a letter read at a Meeting of the Society in London August 17th, 1770. (Journal, Vol. 18, p. 382)

......Meeting......17 August 1770.

[It was reported by the Committee that they had read......[&c]

A letter from Mr Samuel Cole Schoolmaster at Claremont New Hampshire N. England dated Hartford in Connecticut April 4 1770, acquainting the Society that, at Xmas last he was with Mr Scovil at Waterbury and the next day began a school within 3 miles of that place, where he taught upwards of 30 children, whose parents were of the church. That within a few days of the date of this letter, Mr. Hubbard acquainted him of his appointment from the Society, for the honour of which he returns them his humble thanks: and as soon as he gets home, he will send a particular account of the affairs at Claremont.

Mr. Cole probably journeyed to and from Connecticut on foot, making slow progress; but other modes of travel were slow in those days. Note that the appointment as schoolmaster was made in London on October 20th 1769, but that Mr. Cole first learned of it at Hartford a few days before April 4th, 1770. Further difficulties of correspondence with London, of getting letters transmitted even so far as Boston, will be mentioned later by Mr. Cole.

Sir George Trevelyan in his great work, "The American Revolution"—particularly interesting as picturing that great event from a contemporaneous English point of view—ascribes their failure to understand America as in no small degree due to slow communication; the factors of time and space had not then been eliminated. This is what he writes of it:[2]

"It is not too much to say that, among our own people of every degree, the governing classes understood America the least. One cause of ignorance they had in common with others of their countrymen. We understand the Massachusetts of 1768 better than it was understood by most Englishmen who wrote that date at the head of their letters. A man bound for New York, as he sent his luggage on board at Bristol, would willingly have compounded for a voyage lasting as many weeks as it now lasts days. When Franklin, still a youth, went to London to buy the press and types by which he hoped to found his fortune, he had to wait the best part of a twelve month for the one ship which then made an annual trip between Philadelphia and the Thames. When, in 1762, already a great man, he sailed for England in a convoy of merchantmen, he spent all September and October at sea, enjoying the calm weather, as he always enjoyed everything; dining on this vessel and the other; and travelling 'as in a moving village, with all one's neighbors about one.' Adams, during the height of the war, hurrying to France in the finest frigate which Congress could place at his disposal,—and with a captain who knew that, if he

(1) In the Library of the Boston Anthenaeum is a catalogue of Harvard Graduates, 1642-1791, marked "B.2508." On the margins, in the handwriting of Josiah Quincy of the class of 1790, may be seen the ages of all graduates on entering college in the classes 1732 to 1791 inclusive.

(2) Trevelyan's American Revolution Vol. I. pp. 11, 12, edition of 1917.

encountered a superior force. his distinguished guest did not intend to be carried alive under British hatches,—could make no better speed than five and forty days between Boston and Bordeaux. Lord Carlisle, carrying an olive branch the prompt delivery of which seemed a matter of life and death to the Ministry that sent him out, was for six weeks tossed by gales between port and port. General Riedesel, conducting the Brunswick auxiliaries to fight in a quarrel which was none of theirs, counted three mortal months from the day when he stepped on deck in the Elbe to the day when he stepped off it at Quebec in the St. Lawrence. If such was the lot of plenipotentiaries on mission and of generals in command, it may be imagined how humbler individuals fared, the duration of whose voyage concerned no one but themselves."

The next of Mr. Cole's letters is derived from two sources, the part in brackets from the abstract in London. (Journal of the Society, Vol. 19, p. 26), the remainder from Batchelder's "History of the Eastern Diocese" Vol. 1, pp. 178, 179. The latter agrees with the abstract, but gives more details.

"Claremont in the Province of New Hampshire.

[December 26th 1770]

To the Secretary of the Venerable So-Society:

Reverend Sir: [A letter from Mr. Cole Schoolmaster at Claremont New Hampshire N. E. dated at Claremont Decr. 26, 1770 acquainting that having received intelligence from the Clergy in Convention of his appointment, he soon opened his school, that he has kept it 6 hours in a day till the days grew so short that the children could not come seasonably.] The number taught in the School is 22, who were all baptized in the Church, exclusive of those four above mentioned. Some of these are not constant at school; for their parents want the help of all that are able. I have had six belonging to dissenting parents a while who allowed me to teach them some part of the Church Catechism.

Some of the dissenters challenge a right to the school without complying with the orders of it; in short they seem desirous that their children should learn to read and write, and ever retain the same prejudice against the Church which they themselves have. I want particular directions in this affair for my school would be crowded if I would learn the Westminster Catechism and comply with all their humors. There is not an Indian or a negro in this town. The Indians in Connecticut are strangely dwindled away and to the north there is none that I hear of on this side of Canada, unless four or five in Dr. Wheelock's school at Hanover, about 24 miles above us.

There have been ten infants baptized in this town since we came here, five by the Rev. Mr. Badger and five by the Rev. Mr. Peters.

An itinerant missionary in these parts I am persuaded may answer well the design of the Venerable Society. The Rev. Mr. Badger whom we highly esteem upon all accounts is unable to fulfil the task in such an extensive Province.

"We assemble every Lord's day and I read such parts of the Common Prayer, the Lessons, etc., as are generally supposed may be done without infringing on the sacred function, and the church people constantly attend. We read Abp. Sharp's and Bp. Sherlocks sermons.(3)

I am desired by the Wardens and Vestry of the Church in Claremont to return their most grateful thanks to the Venerable Society for appointing a schoolmaster among them. They with myself devoutly pray that the Society's gratuity may not fail of producing a plentiful increase of Knowledge, virtue and loyalty.

I would humbly beg of the venerable Board some Bibles, Common Prayer Books, Catechisms, etc., to be distributed among my pupils which properly distributed might greatly excite them to learn—Samuel Cole.

In response to the request at the end of this letter it was: ["Agreed that Mr. Cole have 6 Bibles, 6 new Testaments, 25 prayer books and 25 Lewis Catechisms for the benefit of the children in his school.]"

Soon, doubtless, these books began their long journey, by sail across the ocean to Portsmouth or Boston, thence, most of the way with other

(3) Abp. Sharp was James Sharp, 1618-1679, Archibishop of St. Andrews, Scotland. Formerly a Presbyterian he turned to the Church of England on the return of Charles II. He had much to do with the restoration of Episcopacy in Scotland. With Rothes he for some years in great part governed Scotland. However pious his sermons, he was a despicable character, a fact doubtless unknown to Mr. Cole. Bp Sherlock was Thomas Sherlock, 1678-1761, Master of the Temple and later Bishop of London. His four volumes of sermons "were at one time highly esteemed."

goods by pack-horse to Boscawen, from there over the "Province Road" to Charlestown, and finally up the "Great River" by the old Indian Trail to Claremont; not to the site of the large village of to-day, but three miles further west, to the little settlement on "Town Hill," the name then given to the easterly and northerly slopes of Barber's Mountain, where, along the "Great Road," now grass-grown, were nearly all the houses in the town.

What Mr. Cole wrote respecting Indians by no means disposes of the sole Claremont aborigine, our old friend Tousa, for Indians are a wandering people, and he was, probably, at that time absent, perhaps with the Indian settlement at Squakheag, now Northfield, Mass., perhaps in Canada. It may well be that after wandering, or trying some other habitation, Tousa longed for his old hunting-ground in Claremont, and returned there. At all events we much prefer to believe the tradition, of only eighty years until the story was printed, that for a time at least Tousa lived in Claremont, and was present, objecting, when the frame of Union Church was raised.(4)

Mr. Cole mentions "six [children] belonging to dissenting parents..... who allowed me to teach them some part of the Church Catchism." Such permission could not have come without much home discussion. The Church of England stood for things English, and was at the time far from being liked, even by those who troubled themselves little about the nicities of its doctrines or those of the dissenters.(5)

The Rev. Mr. Peters, mentioned in the above letter, was the Rev. Samuel Peters of Hebron, Connecticut, graduated at Yale in 1757. The same who organized the parish of the Church of England in Claremont in 1770.(6) It has heretofore been believed that this parish,—the second of the Church of England in New Hampshire,—was organized in 1771; but the date of the above letter returning the thanks of "the Wardens and Vestry of the Church in Claremont," shows that it must have been earlier, probably in September, 1770.

We know from Mr. Peters' letter to the Society(7) that he left Hebron with his clerk on September 10, 1770, and travelled up the Connecticut River valley visiting Claremont, Windsor, Thetford, Orford, Haverhill and other river towns.(8) He describes the inhabitants as "living without means of grace, destitute of knowledge, laden down with ignorance, and covered with poverty," not complimentary, nor necessarily to be accepted because Mr. Peters so wrote.

(4) See a series of Historical Articles published in the National Eagle, Claremont, in the early fifties, also Granite Monthly, Vol. 51, p. 425, and Vol. 54, p. 41.

(5) Such Church is described in nearly two hundred Wentworth town charters in New Hampshire and in the Hampshire Grants (now Vermont) in these words, "the Church of England as by Law Established;" but it was never by law established in New Hampshire, and in none of the colonies except Virginia and the Carolinas. The words in the Wentworth charters must, therefore, be taken as referring to conditions in England—see S. H. Cobb's Rise of Religious Liberty in America, pp. 74. 115, 290-300.

(6) In the Churchman's Magazine for August, 1805, it is stated that the Church in Claremont was organized by the Rev. Samuel Peters in or about the year 1771. The date should have been 1770.

(7) See Church Documents of Connecticut, ed. by Hawks and Perry—1864, Vol. II. pp. 162-164.

(8) In the Political Magazine, London for November, 1781, Vol. 2, p. 656, Mr. Peters published a description of the Connecticut River, from which those familiar with it may learn much unknown to them before. "Above five hundred rivulets which issue from lakes, ponds and drowned lands fall into it; many of them are larger than the Thames at London." "Rivulets," barely worth mentioning, but "larger than the Thames," with its even then wondrous traffic. What better calculated to impress the cockney? But the following, accepted readily enough by Londoners, may impress the people of Haverhill and Newbury: "At the upper cohos the river spreads twenty-four miles wide, and for five or six weeks ships of war might sail over lands that afterwards produce the greatest crops of hay and grain in all America." We sympathize with the Reverend Peters in his restraint. Why stop at a mere twenty-four miles in width with the water fast rising? Note continued on bottom of page 147.

In October he crossed the Green Mountains, "16 miles over," to Manchester, finding his way "in a pathless wilderness, by trees marked and by compass"; he thence proceeded to Arlington, on the present New York line. On this journey "preaching as often as every other day I travelled 700 or 800 miles in a way so uneven that I was in peril oft."

We can but admire Mr. Peters energetic activity, and note with regret that he later left an unenviable record in Connecticut, Boston, and even London, as an indiscreet and obnoxious Tory. In a search of his house at Hebron for arms, a punch-bowl was broken, about which Mr. Peters made much ado, though no appropriation of materials suitable to be compounded in it is recorded. He soon fled for sanctuary to Boston, whence he wrote: "I am in high spirits. Six regiments are now coming from England, and sundry men-of-war. So soon as they come, hanging work will go on, and destruction will first attend the seaport towns." He soon sailed for England, where, by way of getting even, he wrote a "History of Connecticut," said by natives of that state to be worthy of a direct descendant of Ananias. Sabine, in his "American Loyalists," says of Mr. Peters: "perhaps no clergyman of the time was more obnoxious." Dr. Benjamin Trumbull, Yale 1759, a man of eminence, a brother clergyman and a fellow-townsman in Hebron, said of him that of all men he ever knew Mr. Peters was "least to be depended upon as to any matter of fact."

While in Claremont he was probably the guest of his fellow-collegian, Samuel Cole, and it was probably at the latter's house, and due to his initiative, that the parish in Claremont was organized. We may imagine these two worthies walking leisurely over Town Hill, on a pleasant autumnal afternoon, the clergyman, who had been ordained in England, discoursing to his untravelled companion upon the great size and unrivalled magnificence of London, a story which, we may rest assured, lost nothing in the telling.(9)

No words in Mr. Cole's letters give so much information respecting the intellectual status of early settlers and their children as can be gathered, indirectly, from the few books mentioned by him; for these furnished the greater part of the mental nourishment of both parents and children of the time. The words "Westminster Catechism" thus serve almost as a volume in themselves; for our forefathers, mostly dissenters from the Church of England, were brought up on it. This Catechism, a rigid embodiment of hard Calvinistic theology, was devised by the "Westminster Assembly" summoned by the insubordinate Long Parliament. As the re-

"Two hundred miles from the Sound is a narrow of five yards only, formed by two shelving mountains of solid rock, whose tops intercept the clouds." [This was at the Great Falls, now known as Bellows Falls.] "People who can bear the sight, the groans, the tremblings, the surly motion of the water, trees, and ice, through this awful passage, view with astonishment one of the greatest phenomenons in nature. Here water is consolidated without frost, by pressure, by swiftness, between the pinching sturdy rocks, to such a degree of induration, that no iron crow can be forced into it: here iron, lead, and cork have one common weight, here, steady as time, and harder than marble, the stream passes irresistable; the lightning rends trees in pieces with no greater ease than does this mighty water.***........ No living creature was ever known to pass through this narrow, except an Indian woman, who was in a canoe attempting to cross the river above it, but carelessly suffered herself to fall within the power of the current. Perceiving her danger, she took a bottle of rum which she had with her, and drank the whole of it; then lay down in the canoe to meet her destiny. She marvellously, [aided perhaps by the Great Spirit], went through safely, and was taken out of the canoe some miles below quite intoxicated, by some Englishmen. Being asked how she could be so daringly imprudent as to drink such a quantity of rum with the prospect of instant death before her, the squaw, as well as her condition would let her, replied: Yes it was too much rum for once; but I was not willing to lose a drop of it, so I drank it, and you see I have saved all."

(9) The record of Mr. Peters activities may be found in F. B. Dexter's Biographies of Yale Graduates, 1745-1763, Vol. 2, pp 482-487; Sabine's Loyalists of the American Revolution, Vol. II, pp. 177-182; Trevelyan's American Revolution, Vol. I, pp. 278, 279, 375, and Batchelder's History of the Eastern Diocese, Vol. I, pp. 175, 176.

sult of five years of deliberation by one hundred and twenty divines, nearly all Calvinists, it was published in 1647 and 1648 in two forms, the Larger Catchism, "for such as have some proficiency," and the Shorter Catechism "for such as are of weaker capacity." If we of a later generation were expected to commit to memory and to comprehend the Shorter Catechism, most of us would fail to measure up to the "capacity" for which it was designed.

The Shorter Catchism was published here in many editions and large numbers but the form in which it came to be most widely used was in the numerous editions of the New England Primer, which for more than a hundred years was the school book of the dissenters, and almost the sole book for juvenile reading in America. With it millions were taught to read, and then, catechised unceasingly. Aside from the Bible no book printed in this country has had anything like the extended and enduring influence of the New England Primer. "An over conservative claim for it is to estimate an annual average sale of twenty thousand copies, during a period of 150 years, or total sales of three million copies."(10)

Every known edition printed in the eighteenth century, and most of those issued later, contained the Shorter Catechism which occupied nearly half the pages. Although a million or more copies are believed to have been printed in the eighteenth century less than fifty of these are now known to exist. The high prices,—more than $100—paid by collectors for copies in good condition printed prior to 1800, attest their rarity.(11)

Originally compiled by Benjamin Harris(12) the earliest edition, as shown by an advertisement in an almanack, was published in Boston about 1689. Several other editions were issued before 1727 but none earlier has been found. In the edition of 1737 first appeared the four lines, "Now I lay me down to sleep," etc., author unknown. They were printed in almost every subsequent edition, and, with the Lord's Prayer, have been taught the world over by millions of mothers to many millions of children kneeling at their bedsides.

One edition only was printed in New Hampshire prior to 1800; and that by J. Melcher at Portsmouth, without date, but probably about 1795.(13)

(10) The New England Primer, by Paul Leicester Ford, p. 19. To this book we are indebted for the greater part of the information respecting the Primer which appears in this article.

(11) The first collector of this Primer, who began in 1840, found copies of only two eighteenth century editions; the next, who began at about the same time, after forty years of search, obtaind only nine Primers of that century. At the time Mr. Ford's book was published, 1897, the finest collections of Primers of the eighteenth century were those owned by Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, six copies, and the Lenox Library in New York, also six copies. In the latter is the copy of the edition of 1727, the earliest edition of which any copy has been found. The American Antiquarian Society, Worcester, Mass., owned four copies. The wonderful Library of the British Museum had but one copy. The only known copy of the J. Melcher, Portsmouth, N. H., edition was, in 1897, owned by Dr. Henry Barnard of Hartford, Conn

(12) Harris also deserves distinction as the editor and printer of the first newspaper in America. This he issued, without permission, in 1690 under the name "Public Occurrances." As might have been expected it was promptly suppressed by Proclamation.

(13) An edition was printed in Newbury, Vermont, "by Nathaniel Coverly Jun'r, For John West of Boston." It is regarded as an eighteenth century edition. If this is correct it was probably printed in 1799 or 1800; for Nathaniel Coverly Jun'r, printed an edition at Medford, Mass., in 1798. He apparently removed to Newbury, perhaps carrying the forms with him. The copy of the Newbury edition is owned by the American Antiquarian Society, Worcester, Mass.

The title page is as follows:

THE NEW ENGLAND

PRIMER,

IMPROVED,

OR AN EASY AND PLEASANT

GUIDE TO THE ART OF READING,

ADORNED WITH CUTTS,

to which is added

THE ASSEMBLY OF DIVINES'

AND DR. WATT'S

CATECHISMS,

PORTSMOUTH;

Printed and Sold by J. MELCHER

The New England Primer was carried in stock and sold by all general stores in country four corners and villages. Some of the articles advertised for sale in Litchfield, Connecticut, in 1783 were as follows: "Allblades Bibles, Brimstone, and. Broadcloths, Buttons, Buckles of different sorts, Pipes, Pins & Needles, Powder & Shot, Primers, [a Primer was always a New England Primer,] Rum, rod Nails, Saws, Spelling Books, Sugar, Tea, Testaments and a variety of other Articles."

Primers were undoubtedly carried in general stock and hundreds of copies sold in Claremont in the eighteenth century as they were in all other New Hampshire towns. Can one of them of that period, outside the few collections, now be found?

In the Primer even the Alphabet, with the heavily inked depictions accompanying each letter, is made depressing.

A In Adams' Fall
We sinned all.

* * * *

J Job feels the Rod,—
Yet blesses GOD.

* * * *

X Xerxes did die
And so must I.

The not unnatural fate of Xerxes is accentuated by a crude woodcut of a particularly dismal coffin.

* * * *

Y while Youth do chear
Death may be near.

In the accompanying illustration the hilarity of Chearing Youths, three of them partaking of refreshments at a table, seems not to be diminished by the approach of a skeleton pointing with an arrow: whether the arrow is pointed at only one, or impartially at the three seems uncertain.

* * * *

Z Zacheus he
Did climb the Tree
Our Lord to see

Even Zacheus' effort was not intended to be amusing.

There was in all editions the rough woodcut of John Rogers, burning at the stake in Queen Mary's gentle reign, while his wife with nine small children, and one at her breast, look sadly on. The crude wood-cuts appear to have been prepared by self-taught wood engravers in the printer's shops, for in few of the different editions were they the same.(14)

These were doubtless understood by countless children who were sorely puzzled in the effort to understand the nature of orignal sin, or the doctrine of election whereby so few were destined to be saved; or why, for Adam's Transgression, so long ago, "All Mankind........are under God's Wrath & Curse, and so made

(14) Among the embellishments of some editions, prior to the Revolution, were crude wood-cuts of the reigning King and Queen. In the edition of 1737 the printer, lacking a cut representing the Queen, overcame the difficulty by using, with some erasures, a block prepared for a Queen in a pack of cards. It is doubtful whether among the purchasers the prototype of the lady was widely recognized. In another edition, issued soon after July 4th, 1776, the name John Hancock was substituted for George the Third; but the features of the portrait remained the same,

liable to all Miseries in this Life, to Death itself, & to the pains of Hell forever."[15]

Mr. Cole, it may be noted, asked for "particular directions" about teaching the Shorter Catechism; that "Golden Composure" as Cotton Mather in admiration called it.

In addition to the Shorter Catechism we find printed in nearly all editions of the New England Primer a still further simplified catechism entitled "Spiritual Milk for American Babes," "By John Cotton," a dissenting divine who arrived in Boston in 1633. After demonstrating how slight the chance of being judged otherwise than wicked, the Reverend Cotton gives, as a last sip of his lacteal preparation, the following: "and the wicked shall be cast into everlasting fire with the devil and all his angels."

Other gems designed to cheer the children may be quoted from the Primer.

F. "Foolishness is bound up in the heart of a child, but the rod of correction shall drive it from him."

Frequent applications of the birch were, doubtless, prompted by this wise precept.

L. "Liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone:"

Often cited in cases of inaccurate statement.

U. "Upon the wicked God shall raise an horrible tempest."

To be remembered at times of severe thunderstorms.

A cause for the astonishing disappearance of the millions of copies of the New England Primer may be imagined. It seems, however, unlikely that any reliable statistics respecting it will ever be obtained.

But the Puritanic Primer is not the only publication, pointing the straight and narrow path, upon which the return *non est inventus* must be made. Of Lewis' Catechism,—25 copies of which, as we have seen, were sent to Mr. Cole,—the Catalogue of Printed Books in the Library of the British Museum tells us that at least fifteen editions were published, the first in 1700. But not a copy is to be found among the four millions of volumes in the great libraries, general and theological, of Boston and Cambridge.[16]

Whatever the unascertained teachings of Mr. Lewis' book, it is to be hoped they were less depressing than those of the Shorter Catechism.

In contemplating the religious instruction of New England children a century or two ago, we may wonder how they grew up to see anything other than gloom in life. But it should be remembered that the untaught beauties of nature all around, and the child's natural joyousness, served as antidotes for much dismal teaching thrust upon him. And, as a great teacher of theology now tells us, the very attempt to understand these problems, with a chance of heaven on one side, hell on the other, was mentally stimulating.

It is refreshing to find in an edition of the Primer, as early as 1767, any-

(15) Some of the extremely orthodox have been paired by the gradual extinction of this belief; as with the Calvinistic clergyman who remarked: "The Universalists believe that all men will be saved, but we hope for better things."

A newly installed pastor said to a spinster parishioner: "I hope, madam, you believe in total depravity," and promptly received the reply: "Oh parson, what a fine doctrine it would be, if folks only lived up to it."

(16) This Catechism was compiled by John Lewis, Vicar of Minster. It was translated into Irish and Welsh, but does not appear to have been printed in America. Lewis was the author of some twenty books, nearly all of historical value, and all to be found in the Libraries of Boston and Cambridge, although not generally reprinted, and issued in very small editions compared with those of his Catechism

thing so essentially human as the following Old English Proverbs.

"A friend in need is a friend indeed.
Fair words butter no parsnips.
When the fox preaches let the geese beware.
Fly the pleasure that will bite tomorrow.
If all fools wore white caps, we should look like a flock of geese."

(To be continued)[17]

(17) The writer wishes to correct an error in the first article of this series, not discovered until after the pages had gone to print. On page 111 of the April issue the words, "and excepting, of course, Florida then possessed by Spain," should have been erased; for by that same Treaty of Paris, Feb. 10, 1763, Florida was ceded by Spain to England. In 1783 it was returned by England to Spain; and ceded by the latter to the United States by the Treaty of 1819, reluctantly confirmed by Spain in 1821.

GOD—THANKS

By Ruth Bassett

Don't take the earth for granted—
With all its changing beauty
Make it a sacred duty
To kneel in prayer
For every bird-song chanted,
For every new-found blessing,
To God your thanks confessing
For glories there.

Don't take loved ones for granted.
When happy hours surround you
And peaceful home-ties crown you,
Take time to go
With humble trust implanted
In nature's generous voicing.
Lift up your heart, rejoicing,
So God will know.

IN PRAISE OF BROOKS

By Katharine Upham Hunter

The Brook is a good friend of mine—I suspect it has shared many reciprocal emotions with the dwellers in this old country-house and that I am merely the latest of a long line to know it; thus pleasant thoughts come to me of the cheer, the infectious gladsomeness its friendship has communicated to my predecessors.

After it leaves the wood-land—and it has a right merry leap through the birch and hemlock woods—the Brook purls and meanders through the pasture and then slipping under the highway (swiftly, as if to get away from the ugly concrete culvert) it races merrily through the meadow to the rushing River, which as tributary joins the Connecticut on the border of this same meadow. And the stately Connecticut, flowing on to the distant sea, carries on its bosom the clear crystals of my Brook.

This in short is the life history of the Brook; it is the history of all brooks and all friendships—this merging of self into the harmony of altruism.

On the old maps the Brook had a name, an ordinary name—one wonders why? Perhaps the settlers on this river highway between Canada and the provinces, busy clearing the forest, planting corn, and watching for marauding Indians, regarded life quite literally and named the stream for the man who built the first cabin on its bank. If he were a wise man he raised his roof-tree on the knoll high above for in the spring of the year the Brook goes mad—mad as Ophelia and drowns itself under the grey willows; you hear it weeping even above the March winds.

No, I cannot rename it; if it is Ophelia in March why is it not Perdita when spring at last arrives? Perdita whose silvery laughter mocks me as she runs under the tender budding trees towards the River. Then, O Brook, you are indeed "my prettiest Perdita" as you trip blithely on your way, garlanded with "lilies of all kinds" and

"............violets dim
But sweeter than the lid of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath."

A Brook will not harbour dull care or grumpiness of mind—in summer! In winter one takes from it what one reads into it, and as for the most part only the stout-hearted are afield in winter I think that the Brook gives them back stout cheer—making of their valiancy an order of merit, as it were.

In the winter-time I follow its course through the meadow: when I am on snowshoes its banks are pillowed by soft snow and its waters, dark and glassy, swirl between them past me; when I am on skiis the banks are crusted and the stream is ice. Then I think of little Robert Louis and his faithful Alison, for

"Water now is turned to stone
Nurse and I can walk upon;"

and the Spirit of Childhood is with me gleefully sliding on the ice. But there are other times when the thin snow on the stubble permits neither snowshoes nor skiis; then I foot it musingly along the banks, watching little icicles form about tree roots, watching the waters which hardly move, they are so sluggish. I suddenly realize that the Brook is about to freeze and stand long minutes in the crisp air waiting: now there is an abatement of current, the water becomes just tremulous and in its depths is a gelatinous cloudiness which slowly spreads; the surface of the Brook wrinkles, stiffens, and is ice, and beneath the gelatine has set. Thus the Brook has frozen. But the wind, stinging my face, urges me back to the hearthside. Tomorrow I will come again.

THE SETTLEMENT OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

By Paul Edward Moyer.

The settlement of New Hampshire was first undertaken by Captain John Mason. The actual grant of this early New England province, like several of the other provinces, is difficult to unravel because the English Crown granted and re-granted the territory within which it lies. In every instance, however, John Mason figures as one of the grantees, and in three specific instances, at least, he is the sole grantee.

"There were three charters granted to Captain John Mason solely, and three to him associated with others. Those to him solely were Mariana, March 9, 1621-2; New Hampshire, November 7, 1629; New Hampshire and Masonia, April 22, 1635."(1)

Those in association with others were the province of Maine, August 10, 1622 and Laconia, November 17, 1629. These two grants were made to Mason and Gorges, jointly. On November 3, 1631, the Crown also made the grant of Piscataqua to Mason and seven other proprietors.

With the exceptions of Mariana and Maine, every one of the above grants falls wholly or partially within the present confines of the state of New Hampshire. Evidently, however, of the four grants relating to the present boundaries of New Hampshire, none save the grant of New Hampshire, November 7, 1629, could stand the test of time for it is related that in(2) "the case of His Majesty's Province of New Hampshire, upon two appeals relating to the boundaries between that Province and the Province of the Massachusetts Bay, to be heard before the Right-Honorable, the Lords of the Committee of His Majesty's Most Honorable Privy-Council, for hearing appeals from the Plantations, at the Council Chamber at Whitehall, 6th of February, 1637, and 20th of July, 1738....the only grant referred to and relied on by the parties in controversy," so far as New Hampshire was concerned, "was that to Captain Mason, November 7, 1629; ......the inference is, that all the other grants had failed, through some defect, informality, or want of compliance with conditions." It is therefore plain that the so-called Laconia grant, 1629, and the Masonia grant, 1635, the two most important grants next to the New Hampshire grant of November 7, 1629, which appertain to the first settlement of the province of New Hampshire, were considered entirely void less than a decade after the patent was issued.

According to the principal grant, therefore, on which the Mason heirs later relied to prove successfully their ownership of the land contained within the present boundaries of the state of New Hampshire, the(3) "Indenture witnesseth that the said President and Council (of Plymouth) of their free and mutual consent, as well to the end, that all their lands, woods, lakes, rivers, waters, islands, and fishing, with all the traffic, profits and commodities whatsoever, to them or any of them belonging, and hereafter in these presents mentioned, may be wholly and entirely invested, appropriated, served and settled in and upon the said Captain John Mason, his heirs and assigns forever, as for divers special services for the advancement of the said Plantation, and other good and sufficient causes and considerations, them especially, thereunto moving, have given, granted, bargained, sold, assigned, aliened, set over, enfeoffed,

(1) Dean, J. W. Capt. John Mason. P. 169.
(2) N. H. Prov. Papers, Vol. I, p. 28.
(3) N. H. Prov. Papers, Vol. I, p. 22,

and confirmed, and by these presents do give, grant, bargain, sell, assign, aliene, set over, enfeoff and confirm unto the said Captain John Mason, his heirs and assigns, all that part of the mainland in New England, lying upon the sea-coast, beginning from the middle part of the Merrimack river, and from thence to proceed northwards along the sea-coast to Piscataqua river, and so forwards up within the said river and to the furtherest head thereof, and from thence northwestward, until three score miles be finished from the first entrance of the Piscataqua river; also from Merrimack through the said river and to the furtherest head thereof, and so forwards up into the lands westwards, until three score miles be finished; and from thence to cross over land to the three score miles end accompted from Piscataqua river, together with all islands and isletts within five leagues distance of the premises, and abuting upon the same, ..."

This rather indefinite grant was to include all the useful privileges and opportunities that colonial patents involved, with special reference to[4] "all havens, ports, rivers, mines, minerals, pearls, precious stones, woods, quarries, marshes, fishings, huntings, hawkings, fowlings, and other commodities and hereditaments whatsoever." The only economic reservation stipulated by the Council was to the effect that, in case gold or silver were discovered, the Crown should be entitled to one-fifth of the ore mined.

Careful provision was made for the government of the province for it was distinctly stated that[5] "the said Captain John Mason doth further covenant for him, his heirs and assigns, that he will establish such government in the said portion of lands and islands granted unto him, and the same will from time continue, as shall be agreeable, as near as may be, to the laws and customs of the realm of England; and if he shall be charged at any time to have neglected his duty therein, that then he will reform the same, according to the discretion of the President and Council, or, in default thereof, it shall be lawful for any of the aggrieved inhabitants or planters, being tenants upon the said lands, to appeal to the chief court of justice, of the said President and Council." It later developed that Mason failed to provide a stable and satisfactory government with the result that the scattered settlers were compelled to appeal to Massachusetts Bay for protection and a definite form of government.

The records of this colonial province disclose the fact that, aside from the disputed claim to the territory made by Massachusetts Bay, title to the New Hampshire colony, in part, at least, was claimed by Rev. John Wheelwright and his followers. It was alleged that on May 17, 1629, a treaty and deed was drawn up between several Indian tribes and the Wheelwright company which gave most of the territory now included in the state to these exiles from Massachusetts Bay Colony.

This grant by[6] "wee the Sagamores of Penacook, Pentucket, Squamsquot and Nuchawanick," however, is considered by the more reliable authorities to have been a forgery. Certain it is that the document never was seriously considered as giving the Wheelwright malcontents any jurisdiction over the province.

II

The Four Settlements

The first settlement in this ill-defined Masonian area was undoubtedly made at Strawberry Bank which later was to take its present name of Ports-

(4) N. H. Prov. Papers, Vol. I, p. 23.
(5) N. H. Prov. Papers, Vol. I, p. 25.
(6) N. H. Prov. Papers, Vol. I, p. 56.

mouth. The date of actual settlement is a bit uncertain but it is now historically asserted to have been in 1623, less than three years after the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth.(7) "Some merchants and other gentlemen in the West of England, belonging to the cities of Exeter, Bristol, Shrewsbury etc. made some attempt of beginning a plantation in some place about Piscataqua river about the year 1623." The settlement did not flourish, however, to any considerable extent during the next few years for in 1631 only three houses had been built. In 1631 Captain Mason sent over agents and supplies. A man named Chadbourne at this time erected the Great House, as it was called, and another gentleman named Williams was designated to take charge of the salt works which were developed following the arrival of the men despatched by the proprietor. Such growth had occurred by 1633 that need was felt for the establishment of some kind of government. Accordingly Williams was chosen governor. The records show that he was still in office in 1638, being re-elected annually by vote of the inhabitants. These dates must be taken on faith, however, for the original records were destroyed by fire in 1652. A court record of 1643, however, proves that the Williams governorship was a reality and that the combination was entered into at an early period following the original settlement of the place.

The first church was built in 1640. Religious harmony prevailed in the small settlement up to this date and the erection of the house of worship was the result of the combined efforts of all the inhabitants of the first settlement, for it was noted(8) "how the inhabitants of Strawberry Bank having of their free and voluntary minds, and good will, given and granted several sums of money for the building and founding of a parsonage house with a chapple thereunto united, did grant fifty acres of land to be annexed thereunto as a Glebe land belonging to the said parsonage, and all was put into the hands of two men, viz., Thomas Walford and Henry Sherburne, church wardens."

Some time during the year 1623 it is believed Edward and William Hilton and Thomas Roberts, with their families settled at Wecohannet, which a few years later was to be known as Dover. No record exists to show that any additional settlers arrived in Dover prior to 1631. Two new names, Edward Colcott and Captain Thomas Wiggins, were added to the town list at this time. It is to be presumed, however, that more settlers had arrived for it was necessary to have a governor in 1631 and the office was filled by Captain Wiggins. The governor made a trip to England in 1632 and returned the following year with a large number of colonists. From this date, therefore, the success of the Dover settlement was assured.

The inhabitants of Dover anticipated their neighbors at Portsmouth in the matter of building a church for in 1634(9) "they built a meeting house, which was afterwards surrounded with an entrenchment and flankerts." This first church erected in the province of New Hampshire remained intact until Major Richard Waldron constructed a new edifice in 1653. Captain Wiggins had taken care to bring over a minister, the Rev. William Leveredge, on his return from England in 1633. Conditions could not have been very prosperous in the little town, however, for in 1635 the reverend gentleman was compelled to forsake his parish "for want of adequate support."

It proved an unfortunate incident in the history of the little town for

(7) N. H. Prov. Papers, Vol. I, p. 108.
(8) N. H. Prov. Papers I, p. 111.
(9) N. H. Prov. Papers, I, p. 119.

his successor was one Rev. George Burdet who, in addition to his ministrations, proceeded to mix in politics so successfully that he defeated Captain Wiggins for the governorship in 1638. Possibly it was the contamination of crooked colonial politics that caused the downfall of this reverend individual. At any rate he lost his religion and was given his passports after he was[10] "indicted by the whole Bench for a man of ill name and fame. Infamous for incontinency, a publisher and Broacher of divers dangerous speeches, the better to seduce the weak sex of women to his incontinent practices, contrary to the peace of our Soverign Lord the King, as by Depositions and Evidences." This unfortunate scandal rent the little village almost in twain and for three years the settlement was "a divided house." But after the gossips ceased talking of their erstwhile governor the town took a new lease on life and growth rapidly went on.

Exeter was settled in 1638 by Rev. John Wheelwright and his followers after their banishment by the authorities of Massachusetts Bay for religious heresies and seditious practices. After their arrival at Exeter they made an agreement with the neighboring Indians relative to the granting of necessary land for habitation. It is impossible to tell how many members made up the colony. But, originally, it probably was not less than fifty and undoubtedly not more than seventy-five. After the conviction of the inconsonant Wheelwrighters it was ordered that inasmuch as they[11] "have seduced and led into dangerous errors, many of the people here in New England, * * * there is just cause of suspicion that they * * * *may, upon some revelation, make some suddaine irruption upon those that differ from them in judgment; for prevention thereof it is ordered that all those whose names are underwritten shall (upon warning given or left at their dwelling houses) before the 30th day of this month of November, deliver in at Mr. Cane's house, at Boston, all guns, pistols, swords, powder, shot and match, as they shall be owners of or have in their custody, upon pain of ten pound for every default to be made thereof * * * * ." The total number of those disarmed were seventy-five. Fifty-eight of the entire number were Bostonians. It is supposed that nearly all of these persons followed their leader to New Hampshire and settled with him at Exeter.

The fourth early settlement in New Hampshire was Hampton. Massachusetts claimed this settlement as exclusively belonging to the people of that colony from the first day of the settlement. Indeed as early as 1632 the Massachusetts authorities declared[12]: "Mr. Batcheler is required to forbear exercising his gifts as a pastor or teacher publiquely in our pattent, unlesse it be to those he brought with him, for his contempt of authority, till some scandles be removed." The Batcheler adherents, however, and sundry others who had taken refuge in Hampton community refused to recognize Massachusetts jurisdiction which led the latter colony to regard their attitude[13] "as against good neighborhood, religion and common honesty." As Winthrop states the case: "Another plantation was begun upon the north side of Merrimack * * * at Winnicawett, called Hampton, which gave occasion to some difference between us and some of Pascataquack, which grew thus: Mr. Wheelwright, being banished from us gathered a company and sat down by the falls of Pascataquack and called their town Exeter, and for their enlargement they dealt

(10) N. H. Prov. Papers, I, p. 121.
(11) Mass. Col. Rec. I, p. 211.
(12) Mass. Col. Rec. I, p. 100.
(13) Winthrop Hist. of N. E., p. 348.

with an Indian there and bought of him Winnicawett, and then wrote us what they had done and that they intended to lot out all their lands into farms, except we could show a better title. They wrote also to those whom we had sent to plant Winnicawett, to have them desist, etc. These letters coming to the General Court, they returned answer, * * * * that knowing we claimed Winnicawett as within our patent, or as vacum domicilium, and had taken possession thereof by building an house there above two years since, they should go now and purchase an unknown title and then come to (inquire, deny) of our right." The whole controversy, however, a few years later was to be terminated by the junction of the four towns with the Massachusetts Bay colony.

Before this annexation occurred, however, these early settlements in New Hampshire endeavored to establish some form of government for themselves. Strange as it may seem, apparently the only requirement for membership in the body politic was that the persons concerned should be freemen and should agree to do nothing contrary to the laws of England. Doubtless, the memories of experiences in Massachusetts Bay were still poignant in the minds of some, at least, and probably those who had not sustained actual contact with the straightlaced Massachusetts authorities had profited by the experiences of their confreres. Suffice it to say that the form of covenant, constituting a government, which was signed by the inhabitants of Dover is common, with minor exceptions, to all four settlements. This simple covenant read as follows: [14] "Whereas sundry mischiefs and inconveniences have befallen us, and more and greater may, in regard of want of civil government, his most gracious Majesty having settled no order for us to our knowledge: we, whose names are underwritten, being inhabitants upon the river Piscataqua, have voluntarily agreed to combine ourselves into a body politic, that we may the more comfortably enjoy the benefit of his Majesty's laws, together with all such laws as may be concluded by a major part of the freedom of our Society, in case they be not repugnant to the laws of England, and administered in behalf of his Majesty. And this we have mutually promised and engaged to do, and so continue till his Excellent Majesty shall give other orders concerning us. In witness whereof, we have hereunto set our hands, etc."

The covenant framed at Exeter[15] is flavored with more religiosity but in its essential elements differs in no wise from the other sealed governmental agreements.

Every person claiming membership in the community was compelled to subscribe to a solemn oath to support the government and to obey the laws of England and the statutes that might be enacted by the settlement itself. Two oaths were devised, one to be subscribed to by the rulers or elders, the other by common people.

In spite of the most earnest efforts to live peaceably together, however, dissensions and rivalries became rampant and the struggling little communities found themselves in frequent difficulties. Dover, especially, seemed almost continuously to meet various kinds of obstacles and impediments to decent government. Following the scandalous experiences with Rev. George Burdet, one time governor, the town found itself facing the disruption caused by the famous contest between Mr. Knowles and Mr. Larkham. It appears that[16] "they two fell out about baptizing children, receiving members, burial of the

(14) N. H. Prov. Papers, I, p. 126.
(15) N. H. Prov. Papers, I, p. 132.
(16) Winthrop II, p. 82. N. H. Prov. Papers, I, p. 123.

dead; and the contention was so sharp that Knowles and his party rose up and excommunicated Mr. Larkham and some that held with him and further, Mr. Larkham, flying to the magistrates, Mr. Knowles and Captain Underhill raised arms, and expected help from the Bay, Mr. Knowles going before the troop with a Bible upon a pole's top, and giving forth that their side were Scots and English." The division caused by this occurrence continued and the adherents of both leaders tolerated no insults from each other. The breach was not healed for many months. Finally, in 1640 Knowles was heavily fined and conditions made so uncomfortable for him that he voluntarily left the community. The next year Mr. Larkham left also "to avoid the shame of a scandalous sin it was found he had committed."

There was not so much "scandalous sin" in the other three communities as to cause divisions like those which tore Dover asunder. But no greater success in the enterprise of self-government was obtained and accordingly all four towns began to consider measures to relieve a situation that was rapidly becoming dangerous to community welfare.

III

Union with Massachusetts

The definite decision to join their fortunes with Massachusetts Bay colony and accept its jurisdiction completely was taken in 1641 and henceforth, until 1679, the four original New Hampshire settlements were to be part and parcel of the Massachusetts group. Eight years earlier than this, however, Massachusetts had hinted that possibly they belonged in her jurisdiction. For Captain Wiggin of Piscataqua had written to the governor of Massachusetts in 1633 that one of his people had stabbed a fellow citizen and requested that he might be tried for the offense in Massachusetts. The governor replied that[17] "If Piscataquack lay within their limits (as it was supposed) they would try him."

Dover and Portsmouth took the first steps to incorporate themselves in the Massachusetts commonwealth and the other two towns soon followed suit. As Hutchinson describes the process:[18] "The settlers of Piscataqua * * * * submitted themselves to the Massachusetts government. The submission and agreement upon record is as follows:

"The 14th of the 4th month, 1641,

"Whereas some Lords, Knights, Gentlemen and others did purchase of Mr. Edward Hilton and some merchants of Bristol two patents, the one called Wecohamet, or Hilton's Point, commonly called or known by the name of Dover or Northam, the other patent set forth by the name of the south part of the river Piscataquack, beginning at the sea side or near thereabouts and coming round the sail land by the river side unto the falls of Quamscot, as may more fully appear by the said grant: And whereas also the inhabitants residing at present within the limits of both the said grants have of late and formerly complained of the want of some good government amongst them, and desired some help in this particular from the jurisdiction of the Massachusetts Bay, whereby they may be ruled and ordered according unto God, both in church and common weal, and for avoiding of such unsufferable disorders whereby God hath been much dishonored amongst them, these gentlemen, whose names are here specified, * * * do in behalf of the rest of the patentees dispose of the lands and jurisdiction of the premises as followeth; being willing to further such a good work, have hereby, for them-

(17) Winthrop Hist. of N. E., p. 138.
(18) Hutchinson Hist. of Mass. Vol. I, p 98.

selves and in the name of the rest of the patentees, given up and set over all that power of jurisdiction of government of said people dwelling or abiding within the limits of both the said patents unto the government of Massachusetts Bay, by them to be ruled and ordered in all causes criminal and civil as inhabitants dwelling within the limits of Massachusetts government, and to be subject to pay in church and commonwealth as the said inhabitants of Massachusetts Bay do, and no others; and the freemen of said two patents to enjoy the like liberties as other free men do with the said Massachusetts government * * * * ."

For thirty-eight years this combination of the New Hampshire and Massachusetts interests was to endure and prosper. In fact, the arrangement worked even more satisfactorily than even its most sanguine supporters had dared to hope. Thirty years afterwards, Hutchinson, commenting on the situation, remarked:[19] "New Hampshire (has) been so long united to Massachusetts, that the people of both colonies (are) of one heart and mind in civil and religious affairs."

To find the reasons for this harmonious blending of interests, it is necessary to examine more closely the relations that existed between them for nearly four decades.

IV

Conditions of Union

In the first place, the fact that the new members of the Massachusetts Bay colony were guaranteed the same "liberties as other freemen do with the said Massachusetts government" was an earnest of successful co-operation.

In the second place, the inhabitants of the four settlements were assured that[20] "they shall have the same order and way of administration of justice and way of keeping courts as is established at Ipswich and Salem." Considering that evils in many states, particularly new ones, arise from maladministration of justice and discrimination between "old-timers" and "newcomers," this careful provision for orderly judicial arrangements is important as bearing on the future peaceful relations of the two commonwealths.

Thirdly, precautions were taken that no "taxation without representation" difficulties should be encountered. It was expressly agreed that[21] "they shall be exempted from all publique charges other than those that shall arise for, or from among themselves, or from any occasion of course that may be taken to procure their own particular good or benefit."

In the fourth instance, it was stipulated that the inhabitants of the four towns should continue to enjoy all the economic and natural advantages and privileges to which they had been accustomed. The agreement declared that[22] "they shall enjoy all such lawful liberties of fishing, planting, felling timber as formerly they have enjoyed in the said ryver."

Again, during the year following the annexation of the four towns, the Massachusetts General Court passed a resolution granting complete liberty of local self-government in each of the four communities. In the same resolution it was stipulated that [23] "each town (may) send a deputy to the General Court though they be not at present Church members." These important considerations, namely, that the towns were privileged to have representation in the General Court and to enjoy complete local self-government, cannot be over-estimated in their far-reaching consequences. In evaluating the diplomatic and states-

(19) Hutchinson Hist. of Mass. Vol. I, p. 246.
(20) Hutchinson Hist. of Mass. Vol. I, p. 105. N. H. Prov. Papers, I, p. 159.
(21) Ibid, p. 106.
(22) Hutchinson Hist. of Mass. Vol. I, p. 105.
(23) N. H. Prov. Papers, I, p. 161.

manship qualities of the so-called unbending and strait-laced Massachusetts Puritans, it is well to recall that in this instance they granted to four towns, honeycombed with religious ideas that Massachusetts rulers scorned and saturated with unholy dissipations that Massachusetts punished severely in her own confines, a latitude of government and control that they could easily have withheld, for conditions proved that the said towns were wholly at the mercy of Massachusetts, and by their own confessions, could no longer have endured in security alone. So much for a good beginning.

But good relationships were not confined to the early years. Decade after decade, the Massachusetts government very rarely withheld requested favors provided they were at all reasonable, as is clearly demonstrated by a perusal of the record of petitions addressed by the New Hampshire settlements to the Massachusetts authorities.

V

Petitions

A typical petition is that submitted by Hampton, May 20, 1646, which[24] "sheweth unto this Honorable Court that your petitioners were lately presented for not repayring & making good their high wayes which your poor petitioners by reason of their poor estates & the greatness of the work are not able to compasse * * * * which your petitioners in most humble manner desire this honored court to relieve them from * * * * and to remit your petitioners fine * * * * for they have laid out neere ten pounds and very little seene & your petitioners as in duty bound shall pray."

As was customary in all such cases, the General Court appointed a special committee to examine the facts in the case and submit recommendations. Following the committee's report, it was ordered that[25] "their fine is remitted that was imposed by the Court at Ipswich for their defect about their high way."

May 24, 1652, Exeter submitted a petition respecting lands which stated that[26] "the humble petition of the inhabitants of Exeter, giving this Honorable Court to understand that we are exceedingly straitened for the want of meddow & the Indians have informed us that there are 3 or 4 spots of meddow something neer one another about 7 or 8 miles from our towne, westward or norwest farre from any other plantation & not yet possest by any, our humble request therefore is that this honoured Court would be pleased to grant it to our Towne in regard of our great need of it, & the quantity of them all is conceaved not to exceed 100 akers, if it be so much, & so shall we rest thankfull to the honoured Court & as serviceable as we are able." The petition, having received the approval of the committee,[27] "provided it be not within the limmitts or bounds of any other towneship," was ratified by the General Court with the added proviso that "the Meddow shall not exceed one hundred acres."

Petitions did not always fare so nicely, however, as for instance, when Exeter in October, 1648, petitioned for liberty to choose a constable and commissioners, the town was bluntly told that[28] "in answer to the petition of the freemen of Exeter for liberty to chosse a Constable & Commissioners to end small causes, the Court conceives there will be no need of such Commissioner."

Strawberry Bank encountered trouble also when in May, 1653, they

(24) Mass. Col. Records III, p. 26. N. H. Prov. Papers I, p. 182.
(25) N. H. Prov. Papers, I, p. 183.
(26) N. H. Prov. Papers, I. p. 198.
(27) N. H. Prov. Papers, I. p. 199.
(28) Mass. Col. Records III, p. 252. N. H. Prov. Papers I, p. 193.

petitioned the General Court after this manner: [29]"The humble petition of the Inhabitants of the Towne (att present) called Straberry Banke, Sheweth that whereas there are certaine Townes about us, which enjoyes the priviledge of freemen & have their votes in chusing Governors, magistrates & other officers for the administration of justice, our humble request is that this honoured Courte will be pleased to grant unto us equal priviledge with Kittery & York, & likewise that you will giver power to those magistrates that are to keepe Courte among us to nominate & appoint Commissioners for the ending of differences under tenn pounds, having great need of such, for many times we loose our right, by reason we cannot summon those that are delinquents to any other Courts except it be for great sumes. And likewise that you will be pleased to Confirme our Militarie Officers, etc........"

To this earnest petition, the usual committee drafted a reply for the perusal of the General Court to the effect that[30] "we conceive the inhabitants of Straberry Banke should be satisfyed with the priveledges granted by the Court at their coming under this government," but recommending that the nomination and confirmation of commissioners for small causes be allowed and also that the request concerning military officers be complied with. In final disposition of the case, the General Court said: [31]"The Inhabitants of Straberry Banke preferring a petition for equall priviledges with other townes in respect of choyce of Magistrates, &c, are denyed, but as a farther answer to them in respect to their Military officers, the Court of Dover or Straberry Banke may confirme as they shall present, who have hereby also power to Nominate & Confirme Commissioners for the ending of small Causes under 40s as in other Townes."

The General Court, in the case of Hampton, was also called upon to devise a liquor prohibition law and in the case of one Roger Shawe, averred: [32]"In Norfolke, Roger Shawe of Hampton......is impowered and ordered to sell wine of any sort and strong licquors to the Indians as to theire (his) judgment shall seeme meete and necessary for their relief, in just and urgent occasions, and not otherwise."

VI.

Strict Control by Massachusetts

While Massachusetts dealt in a reasonably lenient fashion with the New Hampshire towns when they were striving to comply with the laws and statutes of their adopted mother colony, the older colony did not hesitate to rebuke sternly and punish severely any major infractions of the disciplinary code of that era.[33] For instance, when the General Court was "given to understand that there is an intent of divers of the inhabitants of Strawberry banke, seditiously to withdraw their subjection from this Government over them, & to sett up a new Government without and contrarie to their engagement & oathes ...." it was immediately ordered "That you forthwith send one or more of the chiefest, we mean principal actors therein to the prison at Boston who shall answer their rebellion at the Generall Court next month, for we must tell you we are verie sensible of these motions,......"

Some times the towns offended in lesser fashion. Dover, as usual, was again in trouble when she failed to send her representative to the General Court because she felt she had been slighted unduly and so the General

(29) Mass. Col. Records III, p. 374. N. H. Prov. Papers I, p. 205.
(30) N. H. Prov. Papers, I, p. 206.
(31) Mass. Col. Records, III, p. 380. N. H. Prov. Papers I, p. 207.
(32) Mass. Col. Records, IV, p. 201. N. H. Prov. Papers, I, p. 214.
(33) N. H. Prov. Papers, Vol. I, p. 195.

Court[34] "think meete that the said towne of Dover shall be fined ten pounds for their neglect."

In spite of all the punishments and sentences meted out, however, only occasional friction of a serious nature marred the otherwise pleasant relations between the two colonies. No protests against taxation of the New Hampshire towns for the expenses of Indian warfare, and other necessary outlays, appear to have been offered by the Northern towns. That the towns were, at intervals, ordered to help defray such expenses may be seen from the following memorandum: [35]"This Court having taken into their consideration the great and dayly growing charge of the present war 1675) against the Indians, doe hereby order and enact, that, for the defraying of the charges above said there shall be levyed seven single country rates. The severall townes proportions. Hampton 028.00.00, Exeter 000,808.00."

At various times the towns voluntarily aided the older colony as, for instance, when Portsmouth in 1669 sent word to the General Court that it would be glad to aid Harvard College, "for the behoof of the same." The generous inhabitants of the town averred that [36]"the loud groans of the sinking Colledge in its present low estate came to our ears. The releiving of which we account a good work for the house of our God...... & needful for the perpetuating of knowledge......, & therefore grateful to yourselves whose care and studdy is to seek the welfare of our Israel. The premises considered we have made a Collection in our town of 60 pounds per annum (& hope to make it more) which said sum is to be paid annually for these seven years ensuing........hoping withall that the example of ourselves (which have been accounted no people) will provoke the rest of the Country to Jealousy......"

VII.

Religious Persecution

The religious intoleration which was peculiar to Massachusetts Bay did not abate its persecuting force after the four New Hampshire towns became a part of the commonwealth. The relentlessness of the intolerant clerical attitude was manifested very markedly in the case of the Anabaptists and the Quakers.

In October, 1648, for instance,[37] "this Court being informed of great misdomeanor Committed by Edward Starbuck of Dover, with profession of Anabaptism, for which he is to be proceeded against at the next Court of Assistants," it was ordered that the individual be punished for his non-conformity.

But it was upon the Quakers that the full severity of the Massachusetts Puritans was destined to fall. No leniency was to be shown to the[38] "cursed sect of hereticks lately risen up in the world." Commanders of ships bringing them into territory under the jurisdiction of Massachusetts were to be heavily fined and were to meet the expense of deportation of "hereticks." Any person having any intercourse with them whatsoever was to be severely dealt with and the possession of books on Quakerism was to be deemed prima facie evidence of guilt. As for the Quakers themselves, "whatsoever shall arrive in this countrie from forraigne parts, or come into this jurisdiction from any parts adjacent, shall be forthwith committed to the house of correction, and at theire entrance to be severely whipt, and by the master thereof be kept constantly at work, & none suffered to converse

(34) N. H. Prov. Papers, I, p. 196.
(35) N. H. Prov. Papers, I, p. 318.
(36) N. H. Prov. Papers, I, p. 306.
(37) Mass. Col. Records, III, p. 151. N. H. Prov. Papers, I, p. 191.
(38) N. H. Prov. Papers, I, p. 226.

or speak with them during the time of theire imprisonment which shall be no longer than necessitie requireth." Unfortunately, the records indicate that "necessitie" generally required considerable time. Mere imprisonment, however, did not suffice to break the spirit of the "hereticks" and banishment was prescribed. To return after banishment was tantamount to committing suicide. For the death penalty was reserved for those who returned until the Quakers grew in numbers to such an extent the drastic remedies had to be abolished.

How effectively the persecution of the Quakers in New Hampshire was carried out by the Massachusetts authorities may be discovered by a glance at the pitiful story of Anna Coleman, Mary Tompkins and Alice Ambrose. Richard Waldron of Dover, magistrate for the town,[39] "made his town and Colony infamous" by directing the constables of ten towns, including Dover and Hampton, "to take these vagabond Quakers, Anna Coleman, Mary Tompkins and Alice Ambrose, and make them fast to the cart's tail; and drawing the cart through your several towns, to whip them upon their naked backs, not exceeding ten stripes apiece on each of them, in each town, ..." Fortunately Barefoot rescued then surreptitiously as they were passing through the third town and spirited them away.

Piercing the ears and boring the tongue of the members of this unfortunate sect also were common practices until the organization became so widespread that such harsh measures had to be abandoned.

To be sure, there was some justification for the repressive measures used by the Massachusetts authorities. but imprisonment naturally should have been the remedy. Deborah Wilson, for instance, "went through the streets of Salem[40] naked as when she came into the world, for which she was well whipped." And authentic records exist to show that Deborah was not the only stylist of those Quaker days.

VIII.

The Nicolls Commission

The royal commission, composed of Messrs. Nicolls, Carr, Cartwright and Mavericke, found a stubborn group of people to deal with when they established contact with the Massachusetts authorities. Despite their most earnest efforts, they could not break the spirit of resistance to dictation which the Massachusetts people steadfastly displayed toward the king's commissioners.

The royal commission made its way to New Hampshire and there came into violent disagreement, not only with the officials resident in New Hampshire, but also with the officials of Massachusetts who took advantage of every opportunity to sustain the attitude of the New Hampshire inhabitants as well as to re-assert their own control of the adopted province.

The record discloses that "after the Court at Boston was ended, we (the commission) went to visit the Eastern parts; and first we past a tract of land laid claime to by Mr. Mason, who petitioned His Majesty about it. His Majestic referr'd it to Sir Robert Mason and others, who made theire report to the King; all which Mr. Mason sent to Colonell Nicolls, whom he made his attorney. This province reaches from 3 miles north of Merimack river to Piscataquay river, and 60 miles into the country. We find many small patents in it, & the whole Province to be now under the usurpation of the Massachusetts,........" Before it finished its wanderings in New Hampshire and on the Maine coast,

(39) F. B. Sanborn Hist. of N. H., p. 51, N. H. Prov. Papers, I, p. 243.
(40) Hutchinson Hist. of Mass. I, p. 187.

the commission was to discover that the "usurpation" of "the Massachusetts" had sufficient force behind it to nullify effectually the best efforts of Nicolls, et al.

Certain parties in New Hampshire, discontented with the rule of Massachusetts, had addressed petitions to the English government asking that Massachusetts jurisdiction should cease. But, at this time, Colonel Nicolls was in New York and pending his return the other members of the commission decided not to interfere and so [41]"we left them as we found them, under the Massachusetts government, though they were very earnest to be taken under His Majestie's government."

As a result of this intrusion of the commission into the affairs of New Hampshire and Maine, the Massachusetts authorities took energetic steps to frustrate the efforts of the royal quartette and consequently [42]"they sent a peremptory summons, dated October 10th (1665) to one Abraham Corbette to appear att theire next General Court........to answer for contempt for in a disorderly manner stirring up sundry of the inhabitants to signe a peticon or remonstrance against His Majestie's authority there settled." The marshals of Dover and Portsmouth speedily escorted Corbett to Boston where he was fined and imprisoned by the Massachusetts government. The episode led the commissioners to write home the suggestion, through Sir Robert Carr, that [43]"I wish that His Majestie would take some speedy course for the redresse of these and the like innormities, and for the suppression of the insolencies of these persons here." But the commissioners found little to reward them for their efforts in New Hampshire and the record of events is well summed up by Hutchinson who remarked: [44]"The commissioners had prevailed on some of the inhabitants of the towns in New Hampshire to sign a petition and complaint to His Majesty of the wrongs they had sustained from Massachusetts,......but the inhabitants of Dover in town meeting, and Portsmouth and Exeter by writings under the hands of the town officers, declared their dissent, and all the towns desired to be considered as part of the Massachusetts colony, as they had been for many years before."

IX.

The Masonian Claims

Not long after the appointment of the royal commissioners in 1664, Colonel Nicolls of the commission was designated by Robert Mason, heir of the original grantee of New Hampshire, to act as his representative in contesting with Massachusetts the title to the northern colony. Colonel Nicolls was given [45]" directions to take such a quit-rent from the occupants of the land as would give them encouragement." Nicolls, at the suggestion of his colleagues on the commission, transferred the management of the Mason property to Nicholas Shapleigh. The latter, in turn, notified Mason of the change, adding that, while some of the New Hampshire people were willing to accept the rule of Mason, a large number still wished to remain under Massachusetts jurisdiction. Mason himself, in his petition to the king, ruefully stated that his grandfather [46] "did expend upwards of twenty two thousand pounds in transporting people, building houses, forts, etc., * * * *," a fact which the Massachusetts people did not seem to appreci-

(41) N. H. Prov. Papers, Vol. I, p. 252.
(42) Mass. Col. Rec. III, p. 106. N. H. Prov. Papers, I, p. 257.
(43) N. H. Prov. Papers, p. 258.
(44) Hutchinson Hist. of Mass. I, p. 234.
(45) Fry: N. H. as a Royal Prov., p. 59.
(46) N. H. Prov. Papers, Vol. I, p. 322.

ate, in his opinion. For he told the King[47] "that all ways have been tried and all methods used to obtain justice from the Bostoners, but all have proved ineffectual that your petitioner's losses have been so many and great and his sufferings so continued that he cannot any longer support the burthen of them."

In 1667 Joseph Mason, a relative of Robert Mason, who had formerly been an agent for the state, informed his kinsman that Massachusetts was ready to surrender the land and titles in New Hampshire, provided that she could still retain political sovereignty. Joseph Mason advised his relative to accept the proposition but Robert Mason[48] "does not seem to have been favorably impressed with this proposal." In April, 1671, however, Mason informed Shapleigh that he would not demand any past dues for the occupancy of his New Hampshire hills but would like to be paid quitrents in the future. To this his tenants joyfully agreed but, feeling now that Mason was going to treat them fairly, admonished him not to allow Massachusetts longer to lord it over him politically.

Meanwhile Mason[49] "offered to sell his patent of New Hampshire to the King." Evidently His Majesty was either too wise or too poor at this time for he did not unburden Robert Mason. Two more attempts to sell the King this handsome colony failed. Possibly the monarch was pondering the statements made by the Massachusetts authorities in their reply to the Mason petition when they warned the king that it was[50] "no wonder if silly people are so soon affected with such faire glozing promises as Mr. Mason hath made and published," and added that[51] "they (New Hampshire people) have part of them for 35 years * * * * lived under the government of Massachusetts a quiet, well ordered and thriving people."

In 1676, the king ordered colonial agents, representing both parties, to proceed to England and lay their respective claims before governmental authorities.[52] "In February, 1677, the whole Mason and Gorges controversy was referred for determination to the Committee of Trade with directions to call upon the chief justices of the kingdom for assistance."

William Stoughton, Esq., and Mr. Peeter Bulkley were selected by the Massachusetts government to represent the colony before the English court and so were informed that "you take the first opportunity to embarcque yourselves for London, thoroughly and considerately pursuing the declaration & defence now delivered unto you, observing the arguments & pointing the evidence accordingly.

But the trip was in vain for the English justices held that the Mason title was just and that Massachusetts was encroaching on territory that the proper owner now desired to handle exclusively. The Court, however, decided that it would make no final award of the property held by the inhabitants of New Hampshire pending a hearing at which representatives of the actual tenants of the land could be heard. Meanwhile the local courts in New Hampshire were empowered to decide all disputes over land[53] "until it shall appear that there is just cause of complaint against the courts of justice there for injustice or grievance."

The decision of the English court was accepted by the Board of Trade and approved by the king in July, 1667. Two years later His Majesty informed the Massachusetts authori-

(47) N. H. Prov. Papers, I, p. 326.
(48) Fry: N. H., p. 60.
(49) Fry, p. 61.
(50) N. H. Prov. Papers, I, p. 333.
(51) N. H. Prov. Papers, I, p. 333.
(52) Fry N. H., p. 62. Mass. Col. Rec. V, p. 113.
(53) N. H. Prov. Papers, I, p. 336.

ties that it was his desire to establish a new government in New Hampshire and commanded the Massachusetts authorities [54] "to recall and revoke all commissions which had been granted by them for the government of that territory."

On February 4th, 1679-80, therefore, Massachusetts and New Hampshire came to the official parting of the ways when [55] "at a General Court specially called by the Governor and assistants at Boston: This Court doth hereby declare that all Commissions that have been formerly granted by the Colony of Massachusetts to any person or persons that lived in the townes of Hampton, Exeter, Portsmouth & Dover are hereby withdrawn, and as to any future act made voyd and of no effect." And so New Hampshire was numbered among the royal provinces.

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(54) Fry N. H., p. 65.
(55) Mass. Col. Rec. V, p. 258.

TRAVEL WITH A SMILE

By Eleanor Kenly Bacon

"Grab a grin and wear it,"
Seize a joy and share it,
Brace a burden,—bear it—
Ah, but life's worth while!
Find some work and do it,
If worry comes just shoo it
Where you can't pursue it.
Travel with a smile!

BERLIN, N. H., A CITY OF OPPORTUNITIES

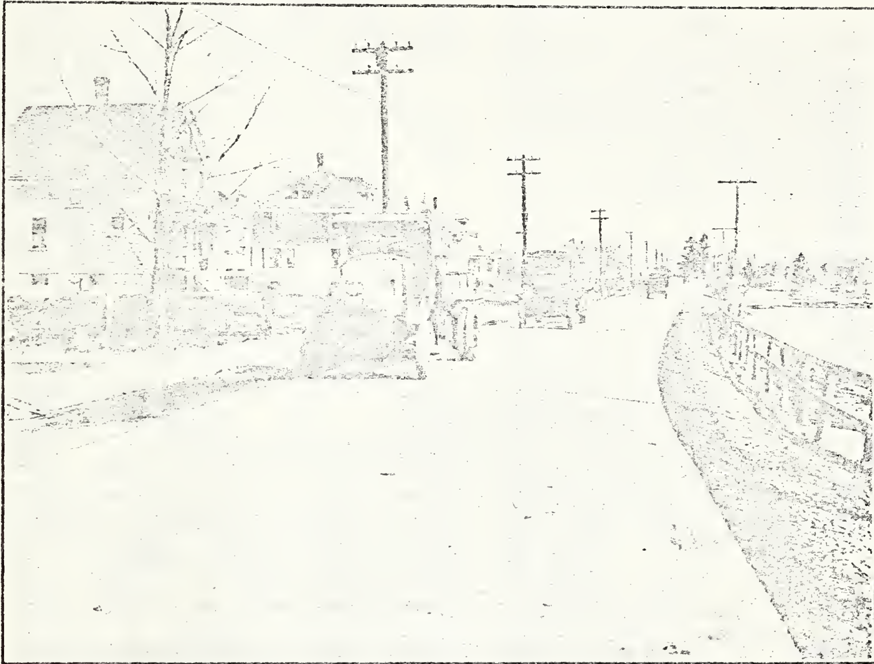
WHERE PAVED ROADS HAVE DOUBLED THE LOADS

By O. W. Fernald, President N. H. Good Roads Association, Commissioner of Public Works, Berlin, N. H.

Nestled in the bosom of the Androscoggin valley skirting the northern slope of the celebrated White mountains in the scenic north country of New Hampshire, which has been rightly termed the "Switzerland of America," the City of Berlin, the northern metropolis of the state, has maintained a steady progress in development of her great natural rescources, chief of which is the immense water power of the Androscoggin river—a hundred feet fall with a hundred and fifty horse power for every foot. Berlin has the finest water power in New England and it is only about half developed at present as there is unutilized water power today within thirty miles of the city to the amount of forty-five thousand horse power, all easily available by means of electric transmission. The flow of the Androscoggin river is maintained at a minimum varying from 1,600 to 2,000 feet per second by means of the large storage dams of the Androscoggin Reservoir Co. These dams store about 25,000 billion cubic feet of water during the spring, which greatly reduces the danger from freshets, mitigates the going to waste of tremendous amounts of energy and permits the utilization of a large amount of water during the remainder of the year as it is needed to turn the wheels of industry and thus comprising one of the most complete water systems of the country. In this system is the new artificial lake known as Lake Aziscohos, which is the fourth largest artificial lake in the world. It is thirteen miles long, a mile wide, and about forty-five feet deep. The City of Berlin has some of the largest and finest paper mills in America and it has the largest sulphite fibre mill in the world. The Berlin Mills Company operate a two-band-saw mill that saws out more than two hundred thousand feet of lumber every twenty four hours. This mill for many years held the world's record of 228,000 board feet sawed in one day by one saw. In connection with this is a wood working mill that specializes in manufacturing window and door frames and having the largest capacity in its line of any mill in the United States. The daily average consumption of wood is around 1,275 cords of pulp wood which sends out to all parts of the world 775 tons of pulp and 375 tons of paper. Taking the whole daily consumption of logs this means that on each week day Berlin's mills use up 1,500 cords of spruce and fir; or to express it another way the mills of this city consume the product of 150 acres of average forest land daily, the value of raw material amounting to about $18,000 worth of pulp wood or yearly over four and a half million dollars' worth. The visitor to this thriving city sees veritable mountains of pulp wood piled ready for use and it is no uncommon occurrence that one of these piles represents a money value of over a half a million dollars.

Away back in the early seventies all this community could boast of was a small saw mill, a shingle mill, a grist mill, a blacksmith shop, and a depot, that's about all. Since that period with the building of the first large mills the waters have been backed by large dams; huge penstocks

have been built and now thousands of wheels are turning out many products that are shipped to the four points of the compass. Between the Berlin of the early seventies and the Berlin as it is now known there is a well defined line of demarcation. In the memory of men now living there were only three houses in this community and one of these is still in existence — the Wilson house, now bearing the number of 187 on Main began experimenting about 1870 or a little later, and soon mastered the subject, acquiring a formula which revolutionized the paper industry. In a short time he began the making of paper from pulp and this was the beginning of the paper industry that makes Berlin today the leading paper city of the world. From the first moment of the success of Furbish's plant Berlin emerged from its former insignificant place on the map of the



BERLIN-MILAN CONCRETE ROAD.
NO LOAD TOO HEAVY.

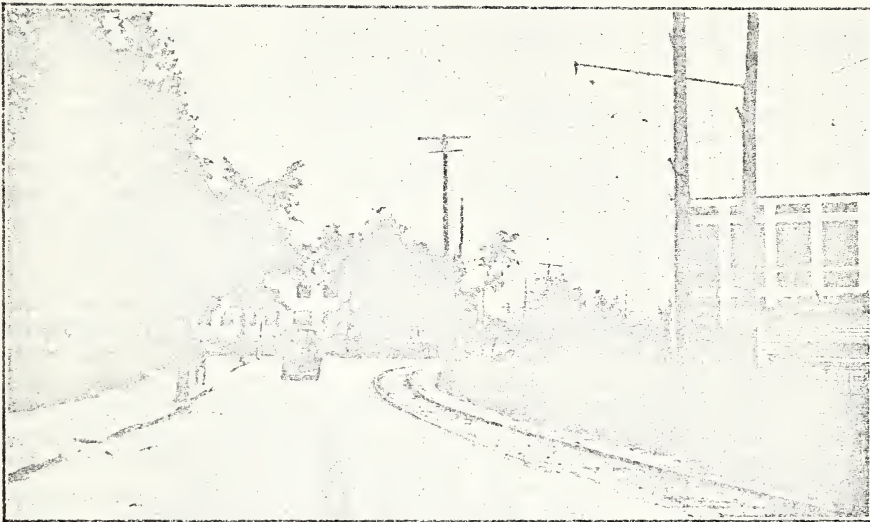
St. The change from rural to urban conditions began when Mr. H. H. Furbish came to this town in 1878, attracted by the abundance of water power and the plentitude of timber adapted to the manufacture of paper. For many years the scientists of the world sought practical means of making paper from wood, and as early as 1848 George Burgess had succeeded in producing paper in England, but at a prohibitive cost. Mr. Furbish world as an industrial center and became the leader in the industry which has made it known wherever paper is used. The industrial history of the world underwent a sudden change and Berlin was the pivotal point on which the turn was made. The charming sublimity of the wonderful natural beauty of northern New Hampshire is no where excelled the world over, the varied but unfailing vernal loveliness of the glorious White Moun-

tains and fertile valleys; of verdant peaks and ranges whose scenic grandeur is intimate and inviting; of fish ladened streams that tumble and eddy over the rocky rifts by the winding roadways that are as crooked as the tentacles on the octopus in merry and friendly fashion—no son of this State can refer to his native State without a thrill of honest pride! The wonderland of the White Mountains set the standard for travel interest, whether it is in the winter with the fashionable and healthy winter carnivals or the summer months when the cool and romantic nooks attract thousands of people from every land to the numerous famous resorts where rest and recreation may be had amid surroundings of perennial interest.

One of the greatest factors in the marvelous growth of Berlin has been the extremely durable pavements on the main street, laid in 1909 with plain cement-concrete where the advent of the motor truck, which is used extensively here in handling material, compelled the installation of smooth and durable pavement that will furnish transportation twelve months in every year to the heaviest of trucks without any bans as to weight. To this city belongs the credit of building the first concrete streets in New Hampshire. While we realize that they were made with somewhat crude methods as to finish, and without the modern steel reinforcement, we look back at the end of these thirteen years of constant use of these plain concrete streets with considerable satisfaction because we have them to show after a long term of years with a much longer period of life to render the best sort of service to modern traffic. To correct any misimpression that one might have of these old plain concrete surfaces I will say that they have always been 100 per cent efficient in every respect, we never have found it necessary to limit any weight of trucks using these pavements. Approximately 23,000 square yards were laid in 1909 with what might be termed a lean mix in that it was only one part cement to two and one half parts sand and five parts stone. Although no steel was embedded in the mix the behavior of these raft like slabs in sustaining hard wear and weather furnishes the best of proof of this material, giving the best value per dollar. Large areas were laid on a sawdust fill and many of the concrete slabs are like new after the thirteen years of incessant pounding. Few of us stop and reflect. We seldom stop and look back over the thirteen years and recall the almost unnegotiable mud link that poorly served our store district on the Main street before concreting, nor do we realize the practice at the time those plain concrete slabs were laid right here in Berlin, that they were not given proper chance to harden and cure after the mixture was laid on the sub soil as it came. In fact, barricades were thrown aside next day after laying and traffic vehicled over the stretches of new concrete, within twenty-four hours after laying it is known that the trolley cars were permitted to use the tracks freshly encased in plain concrete.

In those days it wasn't generally known that full money's worth of new concrete comes from proper hardening and that it is a matter of utmost importance that concrete harden thoroughly before traffic is allowed to pass over it. Concrete does not harden by drying as some think. Chemical action between cement and water brings this about. To make the hardening thorough and uniform the concrete must be protected from the hot sun and winds to prevent the water in it from evaporating. If the concrete is allowed to lose this water by evaporation, the cement mixture will be robbed of one of the elements necessary to the chemical process

which gives concrete pavements their great strength and durability. Both actual experience and laboratory tests have shown the value of proper curing. It has been found that concrete cured first in water and then in the air is from two to three times as strong as concrete which was allowed to harden without such protection. In tests of wearing qualities, also, concrete properly cured showed more than twice the ability to resist abrasion than concrete not properly cured. The greatest detriment to the Main Street stretch which is paved between curb lines with plain concrete is the car track area where the wooden ties have gone into decay and permitted the rails to become depressed, thereby causing impact at each joint where bonds are disconnected from time to time, and it is necessary in such cases to chop away the concrete to insert new bonds and tighten the rail connections. It is thought that the best solution of the worn out track is to renew it with steel rails encased in concrete with twin steel tie construction that insures extreme permanency as a concrete track support. Since opening this pavement through the business district in 1909, the heavy double truck cars have literally pounded the light rails on decayed wooden ties out of shape and has left holes that permit surface water to seep into the sub grade and become soggy. If there is one place on the face of the globe where plain concrete pavements have stood the "acid test" it is right here in the City of Berlin, where they have given sucessful service during the thirteen years to the heaviest of truck traffic—frost has never hurt these pavements here in northern New Hampshire, neither has the extremely warm days had the slightest effect on them—although they are lying on all sorts of soil from clay to muck without any porous gravel layer or extra loose stone foundation these pavements are and have been always 100 per cent efficient all the time. The installation of porous foundation courses under concrete slabs is of doubtful value in that it offers a receptacle for water that



MAIN ST., BERLIN, N. H.
PLAIN CONCRETE ROAD BUILT 1909.

will freeze and thaw in colder weather when slush and ice prevents free movement to drainage. The mooted question of drainage is definitely settled where properly built concrete slabs are laid as pavements. One of the most severe tests any pavement can be put to was successfully accomplished here this April when a large pipe culvert collapsed and caused a large cavity under our old concrete slabs, and it had undoubtedly been there for weeks with traffic pounding over this large hole—the settling at the joint that separated the slabs directly over the cavity indicated something unusual at this point, and after investigation we found the large hole under the concrete, which had bridged the space for no one knows how long, and with no menace to the heavy trucks passing over it everyday—what other pavement under the sun can stand such a test? In my opinion if concrete slabs won't stand up under heaviest of traffic on all character of soils there is no sort of pavement that will. We have made many crack surveys to note their behavior all through the thirteen years and after the closest investigation we find that they are not serious, they are not detrimental to the structure and we cannot condemn it any more than we could condemn Abe Lincoln for having wrinkles in his face. The sterling qualities are there just the same.

The question of road surfaces is a very important one these days of swift heavy trucks. The best road bed is the absolutely solid one with as straight a surface as can be obtained to avoid impact of swift and heavy vehicles. Soft and yielding road surfaces that will bend under traffic have not the life because where there is elasticity there is friction and a subsequent waviness that increases and brings on more and more maintenance and frequent surface applications at close intervals. These soft and bending surfaces frequently hug a very weak subgrade that becomes fluxed with water in wet periods. On the other hand, the bearing value of concrete is 3,000 pounds per square inch which is more than sufficient to carry the loads, but the bearing value of our soils is far below this and, therefore, a smooth rigid surface is best for modern traffic—best for the taxpayer who pays for the roads and best for the truck owner who pays for the broken springs and upkeep on his rolling stock—and again, best for those who desire to ride in comfort to avoid wash-board surface irregularities. From our extended experience with concrete we now favor steel reinforcement in all paving slabs of this material because we are convinced that steel prolongs the life of the structure, it preserves its integrity, minimizes maintenance, lessens the cracks and renders them innocuous and harmless.

As shown in one of the accompanying views of our Main street paved in 1909 with plain concrete it is one of the first "divided road construction" in the State—it is a very good method in that it gives a much stronger slab pavement and the joint through the center tends to keep traffic where it belongs—a very good feature on busy thoroughfares. Last year a half-mile stretch of re-inforced concrete was laid on the Berlin-Milan Road, averaging seven inches in thickness and the slabs were deposited directly on soil just as it came. This year arrangements are made to lay about a mile stretch of reinforced concrete on this road, which is a part of the East Side Trunk line road and the entire work is done by the State Highway department and the City of Berlin jointly. The reason why this type of pavement is chosen on this important trunk line road is because Milan has no rail connections

and it is therefore deemed necessary to have a connecting road that will furnish unrestricted traffic all the year round and get twelve months' returns from our road investment. The volume and weight of traffic is growing rapidly and some of our highways are now overtaxed. At a meeting of the Engineers' Society in Boston recently, the problems due to growth of motor transportation were discussed and it was enumerated that in Massachusetts 44 towns found that the roads bore only 360 tons of traffic per day in 1909. These same roads now bear an average of 5,530 tons per hour.

The best investment this State can make with her wonderful natural resources, consisting of an unlimited supply of granite, is to build Renforced Concrete roads that settle the question definitely. The very fact that we can now see every day after thirteen years of constant service the very pavements we invested our money in during 1909 is the best sort of evidence that such roads are an investment and not a mere expenditure requiring periodcal renewals.

DEAR ECHOES

By Katharine Sawin Oakes

Baby, will you love the wind on a high spring hill?—
Smooth with tender fingers the pussywillow's coat;
Stop your play to catch the husky song the frog choirs quote;
Lie awake to listen to the eerie whippoorwill?

Baby, when you thread your little trails, who'll run with you?—
Shy Alice in white pinafore; Rapunzel from her tower;
Tom, the tiny chimney sweep; gay elves and witches dour;
Glass-slippered Cinderella; Thumbeline, (her swallow, too)?

(I used to know a small girl once who hugged these to her heart;—
Please let her come along, dear lass, and have a *little* part!)

NEW HAMPSHIRE DAY BY DAY.

At the 55th annual encampment of the New Hampshire department, Grand Army of the Republic, held in Representatives' Hall at the State House. Concord, on April 13, a present membership of 731 was reported. General Joab N. Patterson, the last survivor of New Hampshire's brigadier generals in the Civil War, was elected department commander. Born in Hopkinton, January 2, 1835, General Patterson graduated from Dartmouth college with the class of 1860, of which he is the secretary, teaching school in the winters as an aid in securing his education. Upon the outbreak of the Civil War he opened a recruiting office at Contoocook and raised a company; was commissioned lieutenant of Company H, Second New Hampshire Regiment, June 4, 1861, and promoted to captain May 23, 1862, (wounded at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863); lieutenant-colonel, June 21, 1864; colonel, Jan. 10, 1865; brevetted brigadier general for courage and good conduct to date from March 13, 1865; mustered out, Dec. 19, 1865. Returning to New Hampshire he was commander of the First Regiment, New Hampshire Militia, 1866-8 and brigade commander, 1868-71; colonel Third Regiment, N. H. N. G., 1878; brigadier general in command, 1889. Upon the outbreak of the Spanish War General Patterson enlisted as a

General Joab N. Patterson.

private, but was soon commissioned captain and served on the staff of Gen. J. P. Sanger; afterwards serving for three years as superintendent of public buildings in Havana, Cuba, during the American occupation of the island. He was agent for the state of New Hampshire for the transportation of the soldiers of the state to attend the 50th anniversary of the battle of Gettysburg in 1913.

In addition to his military service General Patterson has held many civic offices of trust and responsibility. He was a member of the legislature from Hopkinton, 1866-8; United States marshal for the district of New Hampshire for 19 years from 1867; second auditor of the United States Treasury at Washington for four years from 1889; and United States pension agent at Concord from 1908 to 1913.

This interesting and important statement has been made to the public by the state tax commission:

"The commission has just completed a series of thirteen public meetings, held one at least in each county in the state, the purpose of which was to inform the local assessors in regard to tax laws and methods, to urge upon them the necessity for a thorough re-valuation of all taxable property this year, and to inform the public as to our tax laws, and our methods and plans. Strange to relate the general public showed little interest in these meetings, where full opportunity was granted to voice complaints and to request explanations. The lack of public interest was disappointing, but the interest and co-operation of the local assessors was most gratifying.

The tax commission is asking for a revaluation of all taxable property this year. The Constitution provides that there shall be a valuation of the taxable estates taken anew once in five years at least. In 1912, when the commission was first established, an extensive re-valuation was made. In 1917, the end of a five year period, an effort was made for a re-valuation, but war conditions engaged the interest and effort of the general public, and scant attention was paid to the ordinary processes of government. In 1922 we come to the end of another five year period, and, in obedience to the mandate of the constitution and of the law creating the commission, we are attempting to perform our duty.

The constitution of the state further provides, in terms, that all public taxes shall be distributed proportionately. The legislature has provided that in making such distribution all property declared taxable shall be appraised at its full and true value. It is, therefore, a primary obligation on the part of every citizen to bear his proportionate share of the public burden. The obligation is a moral one as well as a legal one. No good citizen will desire to escape that obligation. There can be no answer to this proposition. Any taxpayer who attempts to deny it simply asserts that his disposition is to evade his obligations as a citizen and to ask his neighbor to shoulder them for him. Our experience has been that the average citizen is a good citizen, and that it is his disposition to contribute his share of the expense of government provided he can be convinced that his neighbor is disposed to do, or required to do, likewise. We receive in this office hundreds of complaints, annually, regarding the valuation of taxable property in all sections of the state. The general tenor of these complaints is not that the taxpayer does not want to pay his taxes, but rather that he does not want to pay more than his share. Hence, there can be no dissent which is in any

manner justifiable that it is absolutely just that all taxable property be returned for taxation at its full and true value as nearly as human effort can determine it for the purpose of effecting a proportionate distribution of the public burden.

The tax commission is making this effort this year without fear or favor anywhere. In making the effort the question of the expediency of the methods employed to arrive at the desired result is immediately brought into issue. No proper justification of the methods we have employed can be made without a somewhat extended explanation of our tax system which, unfortunately, is too little understood by the average citizen. Under our general property system of taxation in this state we tax four principal classes of property,—(1) real estate of all kinds, improved and unimproved, including mills and machinery,—(2) live stock,—(3) stocks in trade of merchants and manufacturers,—(4) intangible property, so-called, including bonds, excepting bonds of the United States and of the State of New Hampshire and its municipal sub-divisions, money on hand or at interest, including National Bank stock, in excess of what the owner pays interest on, but excepting deposits in New Hampshire savings institutions, and excepting all corporate stock. Our problem has been to cover the whole state in the most practical way with the co-operation of the local assessors. Hence our study has been to determine the work which the local assessors could perform most effectively, and to take upon our shoulders the work of re-valuation with which they have the most difficulty. The property which is most easivalued by the local assessors is class (2), or live stock, and a considerable portion of class (1), or the ordinary real estate in the nature of the ordinary farm and the ordinary home. These are the kinds of property of which the average assessor has the most intimate knowledge and which it is comparatively easy for him to appraise at full value. The extraordinary real estate in the shape of business blocks and mills present a very difficult problem for the average assessor. They are rarely sold, and the information upon which sensible and unbiased judgment should be based in arriving at the full value of those properties has not be commonly available. The result has been an extensive undervaluation due to the practical inability of the assessors to make a valuation based on the facts. The third class of property, stocks in trade, has likewise presented great difficulties because of the inability of the ordinary person to go into a store, or a mill, and, simply upon view of the property, to determine what the taxable value of a stock in trade is. This problem is further complicated by reason of the fact that the law makes the taxable value of stocks in trade the average value throughout the year rather than the actual amount on hand on April 1. The fourth class of property, intangibles, has been beyond the control of the local assessors. They have no opportunity to make valuations as they do in the case of real estate or live stock, and in the absence of an honest return from the taxpayer they are practically helpless.

The obvious result, of which we have ample evidence by various sorts of tests, made in different sections of the state, is that the property which the average assessor knows best how to value will be valued at nearest to its full and true value, and, as the difficulties of valuation by the local assessor increase in about the same measure does the undervaluation increase.

This is the actual fact as it exists in the state to-day. There are thousands and thousands of ordinary farms and ordinary homes which are valued at their full and true value. Many are undervalued, to some extent, many are overvalued. But the fact remains, and it cannot be successfully contradicted, that, as a class, the ordinary home and the ordinary farm throughout the state are valued at much nearer their full and true value than any other kinds of property. It is quite as much the duty of the tax commission and of the local assessors to prevent any taxpayer from being injured in being required to pay more than his share of the public burden, as it is our duty and theirs to see that others who have not been paying their just share are required to do so. In other words, equalization of tax burdens is the final result to be achieved, and in every effort towards equalization it should be borne in mind by the local assessors and by the general public that it is just as important to see to it that no man's property be over valued for the purposes of taxation as it is to see that no man's property be undervalued. To the thousands and thousands of taxpayers throughout the state whose property is now overvalued, or fully valued, or valued at nearer full value than that of many others, the efforts of the tax commission are addressed with the hope that a real equalization ultimately may be effected.

In the effort to accomplish our purpose we have taken four distinct steps. We have taken these on a statewide basis to as great an extent as it is humanly possible to do with the physical and financial resources we have at our command. We have done it in a statewide way in order that the charge of discrimination or selection might be reduced to a minimum, and in order that no man, or no group of men might say that they have been affected and others allowed to go unreached. There is no answer which we can make in effecting an equalization of taxes if we cause the property of the owner of an ordinary farm or home to be placed at its full and true value and permit the owner of a mill, or of a stock in trade, or of a business block, or of taxable bonds to continue to have his property remain undervalued. If that were done, the injury is just as great as if the property of some individual taxpayer in a town were placed at full value and all the other property in that town allowed to be undervalued. There are some phases of our tax system, created by the constitution and by the legislature which we believe need to be changed, but we cannot amend constitutions, nor can we legislate. We must administer the law as we find it and seek necessary constitutional amendment, or legislation, where equitable changes are necessary.

The first step which we have taken is to formulate a card on which the assessors in the various towns and cities are asked to obtain all the information relating to business properties, upon which, combined with a view of the property itself, a just valuation may be made. Income, expense of upkeep, location, construction, selling price are all evidence on which to base the value of this sort of property. And by these cards, which we believe furnish information which it is quite important for the owner himself to have considered, it is our expectation that the assessors will have before them all the information regarding troublesome properties which they never have had before, that it will be had in a uniform way throughout the state, and that the resultant valua-

tions will be based on facts rather than on guess.

The second step which we have taken is in the re-valuation of mills and machinery. Because of the varying kinds of mills it has been impossible to work out any state-wide blank or plan by which this could be done. We are attempting to cover all mills in the state by two methods. First, preferably, by talking with the owner, who ordinarily knows better than anyone else what is the true value of his property, convincing him first that there is no intention to injure him but the intention only to arrive at a just conclusion, and then asking him to help us in arriving at that conclusion. Our experience has been that in the great majority of cases, as soon as a mill owner could be convinced that he was to be dealth with fairly, that every one else and every other class of property was to be dealt with on the same basis throughout the state, the mill owner has demonstrated a most admirable and praiseworthy disposition to co-operate. In other cases some resort has been made to a valuation by experts, but manifestly without the same degree of satisfaction to the owner. Obviously, with only three commissioners and one able assistant, and with extremely limited financial resources, we cannot do all the mills at once unless the mill owners show the same public spirited co-operation with their local assessors which they have shown to us. With the assurance that it is furthest from our desires to injure anyone in the payment of his taxes, and with the further assurance that every complaint of over-valuation which has been, or may be made, has been, and will be given, the thorough consideration of this commission, we confidently expect the co-operation so urgently needed in the performance of a just, but difficult and often unpleasant duty. Some complaint has been made because mill owners are being asked to have their property re-valued, which complaint has been grounded on a fear of injury to our industrial concerns. The logical answer to this compaint, of course, is that the legislature for over fifty years has authorized towns and cities to extend aid where it is needed to manufacturing establishments through exemption from the payment of local taxes. Approximately $20,000,000 of this property is enjoying that exemption today. Consequently, with this consideration having been extended, the legislature cannot be understood as having intended anything else than that where exemptions were not granted that class of property should be valued on the same basis as any other. If that class of property is undervalued through fear of injury to it, the burden is shifted immediately onto the farming industry which has been many times termed the basic industry of the state. Clearly, the only just way is to treat all alike.

The third step which we have taken is in the much discussed revaluation of stocks in trade and of the consequent return which has been sent out to every merchant and manufacturer in the state. In the outline above we have suggested some reasons why it is difficult for the average assessor properly to value stocks in trade. As a matter fact every merchant and manufacturer knows that it resolves itself very largely into a question of bookkeeping rather than a question of a valuation by a view of the property. Last year we went into several cities and towns in the state for the purpose of making thorough tests as to the validity of hundreds of complaints of under-valuation. The results were startling. We have for some time been convinced by evidence received from several

sources that this class of property was largely under-valued, but the results of our investigation went quite beyond our expectations. Let it be borne in mind that, while there is doubtless large under-valution in this class of property, there are many manufacturers and merchants throughout the state who have been paying on the full value of their stocks in trade. Hence the inequalities become so much more marked. These tests made, perhaps, in fifteen or twenty places, naturally subjected us to the criticism on the part of the merchants and manufacturers in those places that we had picked them out and had not applied to all others the process which we applied to them. Therefore, we have endeavored to devise a practical method by which two things might be accomplished,—first, treatment of the same nature accorded fairly to every taxpayer owning that class of property at the same time, and, second, by a method which would at once effect the result and put the taxpayer to the least inconvenience possible. Accordingly we formulated a blank which has been the subject of much controversy. The taxpayers will please bear in mind that we had to consider that there are a hundred ways, figuratively speaking, of taking an inventory—that there are a hundred ways of book-keeping, and that there are hundreds of different kinds of business. Necessarily our blank had to be devised so as to reach all. There are questions on it which some cannot answer. There are some who cannot answer any, except the question relating to the average value of the stock in trade, question 1 (d). There are some who can answer them all. The question relating to average value is the question which every merchant and manufacturer for years has been required to answer on his ordinary inventory blank. There is no question on the blank which does not afford some evidence of the taxable value of the stock in trade of some kind of business conducted within the state. Most of the questions on it afford tests by which it may be determined whether the taxable value of a great majority of the stocks in trade have been computed according to a correct method. This is as true with relation to the question of gross sales in some kinds of business as it is with relation to the actual inventory in all kinds of business. Occasionally a merchant is found who has never taken an inventory and never kept any books though those cases are now becoming rather rare. In such cases the taxpayer should answer according to the best of his ability based upon his honest judgment and nothing more can be expected. This statement applies, furthermore, to every taxpayer. All we expect is that, without requiring him to change his methods of doing business, he furnish us with all the information available from his books and, failing that, from his best judgment, which will enable us justly to determine the taxable value of his stock in trade. The suggestion that the figures should conform to income tax returns was inserted to establish the same standard of inventories that has been established by the federal government, and was inserted to make the standard uniform and to prevent confusion and was intended, purely and simply, as a help and guide to the taxpayer. Our attention has been called to an opinion given by a most eminent and reputable firm of attorneys who, while denying our authority in making this investigation, were extremely generous to us personally. It is not our intention to present here a legal brief in support of a position in which we have entire con-

fidence. It may not be out of place, however, to suggest some reasons, briefly, which appear to us incontrovertibly to support our attitude and action. The law creating the tax commission is found in chapter 169 of the Laws of 1911. Among numerous other duties it is provided that we shall receive complaints and "carefully examine into all cases where it is alleged that property subject to taxation has not been assessed, or has been fraudulently or for any reason improperly or unequally assessed, or the law in any manner evaded or violated, and to order re-assessments of any or all real and personal property, or either, in any assessment district, when in the judgment of said commission such reassessment is advisable or necessary, to the end that all classes of property in such assessment district shall be assessed in compliance with the law." Every town and city in the state is an assessment district. Every county is an assessment district. The state, as a whole, is an assessment district. To say that the law above quoted means that we must wait until proceedings have been instituted in court before we can act, in view of the fact that the court may or may not in its discretion refer any tax matter to us for decision, would result in requiring us to say to any taxpayer and every taxpayer who made any complaint to us that it was not the duty of the tax commission to pay any attention to his complaint but that he must resort to legal process at considerable expense and then if the court asks us to determine it we will do so but otherwise we will not. There is no doubt in our minds that, as a practical matter, if we took that attitude the protest would be statewide and justly so. In other words, we deem it our duty, and we have performed it, to pay attention to every complaint of unjust taxation which is brought to our attention. There can be no other logical construction placed upon the statute. If nothing further had been said by the legislature than what has been quoted above, it would be presumed, in the absence of anything in the law to the contrary, that the legislature, having given us a duty to perform, intended that we should have the tools which would enable us to perform the duty. But the fact is that the law provides further that we may "summon witnesses to appear and give testimony, and to produce books, records, papers and documents relating to any tax matter which the commission may have authority to investigate or determine." It will be noted that this authority extends not only to those formal cases in the nature of court proceedings which, in the opinion of the learned counsel, we have authority to "determine," but that the law gives us this authority in cases which it is our duty or which we have authority to "investigate." We believe that if we have authority "to summon witnesses, to produce books," etc., to our office or to any place in the state, who are punishable for contempt for failure to obey the summons under the provsions of the tax commission law, there can be little doubt about our authority to ask them, for their own convenience, to place their testimony in the form of an affidavit in the preparation of which they are at liberty to seek all the advice of counsel they desire, rather than to cause them the discomfort, inconvenience and embarrassment perhaps of travelling some distance and bringing their books with them for the examination of state officials. Furthermore, suppose for example that some of the street railways, steam railways, telegraph companies and

telephone companies, many of whom are represented by the eminent firm who rendered the opinion in question, should complain to us when we value their property for taxation, as we are required to do, that their property should be undervalued because all other property in the state on the average is under valued. They are required by law to pay only their proportionate share of the taxes the same as an individual. Such a complaint would immediately raise the question of the true taxable value of all other property in the state, and it is not conceivable that, if these attorneys should make that complaint on behalf of their clients, they would be satisfied with an answer from us that they must institute court proceedings before they should be granted redress. They would expect, of course, and have a right to demand that we investigate, employing our authority to summons if necessary, and if, after such investigation, we found that on the average throughout the state other property was on the whole assessed on a basis of seventy-five per cent of its true value the valuation of the property of their clients should be reduced accordingly in order to satisfy the constitutional rule of proportionality. But whether or not there is any doubt about our authority to formulate these blanks and require their return, there is surely no doubt of our authority to summon to produce books, papers, etc. That authority is given in terms. We do not desire to exercise it. It has been our intention to abstain from its exercise as fully as possible. The result has been the blank which we have issued and which can be made out by the taxpayer—perhaps at some inconvenience but at not so great inconvenience as would result to him if he were summoned before us,—in the privacy of his own office without subjecting his books to the examination of strange eyes, and which can be made out after full opportunity for discussion either with the tax commission or with any attorney he may choose to employ. These returns are to be made to this office. No one will see them excepting two or three lady clerks who file them away as soon as they come in and the three members of the tax commission and their assistant who is an accountant. If we had the time, which we have not, we certainly do not have the disposition to carry in our minds the private affairs of some seven or eight thousand business men and peddle them abroad throughout the state for the delectation of their competitors. We propose to permit no one to see them except those connected with this office and the taxpayer who made the return. We propose to check up the information they contain, form our conclusions as to what is shown and then to check up those conclusions with the return made to the local assessor. If the return does not check with our conclusions we propose to take up the matter with the taxpayer. If the returns are not made on the blanks sent out by us we propose, likewise, to take it up with the taxpayer and make an examination of his books. In brief, all we seek is all the information available to be received from all the merchants and manufacturers all over the state at the same time and in the same way, based, so far as it can be, on their books, and, so far as it cannot be, then on their best judgment, and we seek it in the simplest, most practical way we have been able to devise. Once having succeeded in placing the valuation of stocks in trade on an equitable basis, we anticipate that there will be no occasion for repeating the process which we are going through this year.

The fourth step which we have taken is in regard to the taxation of intangible property. Let us repeat, we can not justify enforcing a full valuation of real estate, stocks in trade or livestock unless we make the same effort to procure a full valuation of intangible property. If a fifteen hundred dollar farm is valued at full value, as most of them are, and a hundred thousand dollars worth of bonds properly taxable is not taxed, the injury to the owner of the farm is quite as great as it is if the mill, the stock in trade or the business block is not taxed at its full and true value. There is no member of this commission who believes that intangible property can be taxed properly under our existing system. Most states of the union have learned by experience that it cannot be taxed and reached as general tangible property is taxed. They have changed their methods to some sort of system which will permit a man to invest in what he pleases, get a fair return on his investment, pay his tax, be honest and give to the state, the county, the city and the town, a largely increased revenue. Common experience has demonstrated that this combination of circumstances cannot exist under a system which attempts to tax this class of property as we attempt to tax it. It is estimated that nowadays the intangible wealth of a state is about equal to the tangible wealth. Assuming this to be true in New Hampshire, there is about five hundred million dollars of intangible wealth in this state. A large part of this, consisting of corporate stock, except National Bank stock, and of federal bonds, and of New Hampshire state, county and municipal bonds is not taxable here. Furthermore, owners of money at interest in this state are allowed to off-set money at interest which they owe on the first day of April which was not borrowed for the purpose of evading taxation. Therefore, a conservative estimate of the intangible property actually taxable in New Hampshire might be placed at a hundred million dollars. Ten years ago, there was twenty million dollars of this class of property taxed in the first year of the life of the tax commission. Since that time this total has shown a remarkably regular decrease each year, until, in 1921, only about ten millions were taxed. Obviously, the system which we employ is driving it under cover and, furthermore, forcing men to be dishonest against their ordinary desire. In the attempt to tax this class of property at its full value we have made a revision of the ordinary inventory blank. The revision consists of two changes, one of form and the other of substance. The change in form consists in asking the taxpayer to state the amount of intangible holdings which he has, which are taxable, by classes, because there are several different kinds of this property which are taxable, instead of asking him, according to previous custom, how much he had by enumerating all the different classes taxable in one general question. In other words the general question has been taken apart and itemized in order that there may be as little confusion as possible as to what kinds of this class of property are actually taxable. It is a change similar to what would have been done if we had been in the habit of asking the taxpayer to state on his blank how many live-stock he had and had now changed it and asked him how many horses, how many cows, etc. No one who has answered this question truthfully in previous years will find any difficulty in answering the questions truthfully now. The same property is taxable this year which has been taxable before. The second change, one of substance, relates to the off-sets of money at interest which may be deducted from the amount of taxable money at interest owned on April 1. Under the old

form of question the taxpayer was permitted to strike the balance in his head. We have asked him to strike it on the inventory blank. The reason for so doing is that all money owing is not a legitimate off-set. In the first place, indebtedness incurred for the purpose of evading taxes is not a legitimate off-set. In the second place, ordinary accounts outstanding, or any money owing, but not at interest, is not a legitimate off-set. It is only indebtedness which bears interest which may be off-set. Any taxpayer who has been able to compute the off-set properly before will find it easier to do so now, and we believe that it is perfectly legitimate to ask a taxpayer to specify what he claims as an off-set in order to enable the assessing officers to determine whether or not his claim is a proper one. Having made all the effert we can to enforce the tax laws relating to this class of property, one of two things will happen. Either it will be returned for taxation or the people of New Hampshire will be convinced that some change, either legislative or constitutional or both, is necessary in order to derive any financial benefit of any consequence from the taxation of this class of property.

Speaking generally there are further reasons which call quite as insistently for an equalization of tax burdens this year as does the direct command of the constitution. Regardless of soaring tax rates the people in the town meetings are voting to spend more money than ever before. Last year, notwithstanding a very general cry for economy, a cry which must evolve into a habit of economy if present tendencies continue, the taxes assessed in the towns and cities of New Hampshire increased from about twelve million dollars to over thirteen million dollars. The valuation of the state was increased about twenty million dollars, which increase was due almost entirely to the correction of previously existing undervaluation in different sections of the state. But this increase in valuation was by no means sufficient to take care of the increased taxes. Consequently tax rates continued to rise, and the average rate of taxation, which includes the unincorporated towns where there are no local taxes, rose from $2.37 to $2.48. This year all the indications are that taxes will further increase. We have no additional sources of revenue on which to rely. If undervaluation exists, as it does, as taxes increase the inequalities become more distressing. In the poorer farming towns the tax rates are well on their way to four dollars. We had a call from a board of selectmen recently who stated that, unless they received some help from the tax commission this year in finding undervaluation and in equalizing the distribution, their tax rate would reach, if it would not exceed, four dollars. In the face of such complaints, and calls for help, and with our knowledge of existing inequalities we would be most derelict in the performance of our duty if we did not render every effort, in compliance with the law and with the constitution, to equalize tax burdens. The average good citizen will rejoice after the result is achieved to see such an equalization effected. The citizen who has been escaping and who desires to continue to escape will continue to protest with ever increasing vehemence.

Further than that, the tax commission has in the last two years gone into some thirty-five or forty towns and thoroughly re-valued every piece of taxable property in the town. Next spring the legislature will make a new apportionment of the state and county taxes for every town and city. Those towns whose property has been placed at full value have a right to insist, and do insist, that all others shall be brought up to the same standard, because the distribution of the state and county taxes is based for

all practical purposes on the comparative assessed valuations of the towns and cities. If one town is assessed at full value and another, on the whole, is assessed at fifty or seventy-five per cent of its full value, injustice is done to the town assessed at full value in the distribution of the state and county taxes if the others are not brought up to full value. The relation of one town to another so far as the payment of state and county taxes is concerned, is about the same as the relation between an individual taxpayer in a town and all the other taxpayers in the same town. If the property of one is at full value and the others are not, the one is injured and the others escape. This the constitution does not permit, the law does not sanction and the tax commission will not tolerate, so far as its ability exists to eliminate it.

The tax commissioners are appointed by the supreme court of the state, each for a term of six years. It was the intent of the legislature so far as possible to provide for the appointment of a commission which would be placed in a position which would best enable it to enforce the tax laws without partisanship or partiality. It is equality, not exact but practical equality, which is sought and required. There can be no equality where there is partiality. So far as we are concerned personally, having accepted the office, we can pursue any one of the three courses. First, we can rest idle, draw our salaries and merit the contempt and ridicule of the state. Second, we can urge that the ordinary farm and the ordinary home, which are the easiest properties to appraise, be placed at their full value and the extraordinary real estate, the stocks in trade and the intangibles be allowed to remain as they are, thereby doing greater injury to some taxpayers and greater favors to others,—and merit the contempt and ridicule of the state. Third, we can see to it that all property of all classes, whether owned by rich or poor, is taxed at its full and true value under the law, thereby rendering equality to every one, and, regardless of protests, rest content in the consciousness of work honestly performed.

THE WINDING ROAD

By Nellie Dodge Frye

I came upon a little winding road,
It led, I knew not where.
To follow fancy-free, I dropped the load
Of every carking care.

The wild anemones were at my feet,
A meadow brook ran by.
Gray pussy-willows waited Spring to greet,
Above was azure sky.

My world was full of warmth and love and
peace.
To me 'twas Nature's call.
I felt my faith and sympathy increase,
And God was over all.

EDITORIALS

New Hampshire clings to its spring holiday. Repeated efforts to have the legislature repeal the statute constituting Fast Day a legal holiday have failed. Very few fast. Not many pray. But practically all except the bed-ridden get out of doors and give thanks because winter has come and gone and spring, for some time on the way, has arrived. The form of Fast Day observance, as Governor Brown neatly put it in his proclamation, "like that of the observance of the New England Sabbath, has yielded something of its strictness to the liberal tendency of the times. Actual abstinence and the political sermon have given place to sports and pastimes. Nevertheless," the governor continued, "the day is still worthy of religious commemoration and its preservation may well become an object of civic effort and a subject of earnest prayer." Such an object and subject in this year 1922 the Governor, from the bottom of his heart provided, when, in the second paragraph of his proclamation he said: "Among our supplications for timely blessings let us include a petition, from heart and soul, for permanent and profound peace in the industries of the state. With such peace our manufactures should prosper and our people thrive. Without it disaster and want must ensue. May Divine Providence cause a spirit of justice and cooperation to prevail among employers and employed and thus prepare the way for them so to unite their interests in the ownership and operation of our great industrial enterprises as not only to eliminate strikes and lockouts but also, in other respects, to benefit themselves and the state." It is safe to say that no gubernatorial proclamation in the history of the state ever evoked a heartier "Amen!" from the people of the commonwealth.

Comparatively few of the many thousand summer residents of New Hampshire are readers of the state magazine, the Graite Monthly. All of them ought to be because we know that they are interested in what the magazine aims to do, viz., preserve the past, record the present, aid the future of the state which they have chosen for their holiday homes. Highly appropriate books to choose as furnishings of New Hampshire summer homes are the bound volumes of the Granite Monthly, containing, as they do, a great amount of interesting and valuable matter about the Granite State. As a special inducement to increase the number of our readers among the "summer folk" we offer a year's subscription to the magazine and a bound volume of the numbers for another year for $2, a "two for one" proposition.

Every now and then we find something in the Granite Monthly's mail which makes us think it is worth while to keep the New Hampshire state magazne going even without personal reward or pecuniary profit. For instance, here is a letter from John B. Abbott, vice-president and treasurer of the William B. Durgin Company, Concord, one of the state's oldest and best known industries, in which he says: "I congratulate you on the splendid appearance of your publication as well as upon its contents. The article in your April issue on New England industries ought to be broadcasted all over New England." Mr. Charles Emerson of

Lynn, Mass., accompanies his subscription check with the remark that "the Granite Monthly is a magazine in which every natve of New Hampshire should be nterested." "The articles by Mr. Upham are very valuable" writes Mrs. W. K. Daniels of Plainfield. From away down in Alabama Mr. Charles M. T. Sawyer of Fort Payne, formerly of New Hampshire, sends us word, with a check, that "Your work is interesting."

ARBUTUS!

By Edna Logan Hummel

I know a slope that faces the south
Where the earliest spring flowers blow
A sun-caressed slope where the delicate buds
Of trailing arbutus grow.

Glorious skies and blustery winds—
The lamb and the lion together;
Eager, I seek that warm sunny slope,
For this is arbutus weather.

Surely some frolicsome elves danced here
Joyous and buoyant of wing,
With rosy tipped censers of fairyland
Exhaling sweet attar-of-spring.

And then some mischievous mortal passed
Disturbing their fairy glee;
They scattered in haste from that sunny slope,
Dropping their censers for me.

I gather you tenderly, fragrant flowers
Rusty green leaves and all.
I love you, I love you, frail beautiful buds,
And the fairies who let you fall!

BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

The probably large number of people who are suffering from literary indigestion caused by the prevalence of raw meat and tainted fish in their fiction diet should take "The Island Cure" (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company, Boston). Under this title Miss Grace Blanchard has told one of the prettiest love stories of recent publication. It is simple, it is dainty, it is charming; a delightful accompaniment to a summer outing in New England, while in process either of planning or of consummation. The publishers have shown good taste in the setting of the story and in its illustration from excellent photographs.

New Hampshire interest in the book is two fold; arising from the personality of the author and from the fact that the first and last of the islands where her heroine takes the cure, which is, by the way, the well known love cure, are Granite State territory. Miss Blanchard's vocation is that of being the experienced and efficient head of the multum in parvo Concord city library. Her avocation, in which she achieves equal success, is the telling of clean, sweet stories, hitherto for and about girls, but in the present volume taking a wider range.

Jean Beverly had many delightful experiences on the islands of our Atlantic coast from Mount Desert to Nantucket, but the "island of their heart's desire," meaning Jean and her man, was found, as the frontipiece shows us and the last chapter tells us, on "Big Squam." The roundabout journey there, with the Unitarian meetings on Star Island at the Shoals as the starting point, is one well worth taking, for with Miss Blanchard as the guide interest never slackens nor are entertaining incidents ever lacking.

As the story of "The Island Cure" ends on an islet in Asquam lake, so does that of "The New Gentleman of the Road" find its finish on the shores of Lake Sunapee, where, for many years, has been the summer home of Mr. Herbert Welsh, the Philadelphia publicist, whose name is so familiar in connection with many good causes, from righting the wrongs of the Indians to preserving and protecting the forests of New Hampshire. Although he has passed his 70th year it is the annual custom of Mr. Welsh to make the 500-mile journey from his city home to his country place entirely on foot; reaching his destination in such condition as to prove to physicians that if the number of pedestrians should increase their patients would decrease in proportion.

The story of two of his long walks through Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Vermont and New Hampshire, Mr. Welsh has told in a most readable way and put in print within the covers of a handsome volume which it is a pleasure and a privilege to add to one's library. His adventures are not thrilling. Not once, he says, has he been "held up" or even had his pocket picked. But his chance acquaintances of the road are most interesting people as he describes them. Occasionally he waxes eloquent as when he tells of his custom "to steal out in the twilight before dawn to watch by the waters of the Lake the glorious sun suddenly and silently come up at a certain point over Garnet Hill, tracing in an instant fantastic forms in gold and rose on the morning violet of the northern sky. All this was framed by the trans-

lucent delicate boughs of hemlocks, pines and birch trees." But for the most part his chronicles are in the simple manner of Mr. Pepys and to us worthy of mention in the same breath with the immortal diary.

Another successful author with whom the writing of books is an avocation rather than a vocation is William Dana Orcutt, native of West Lebanon, New Hampshire, son of the late Hiram Orcutt, deservedly famous educator of days gone by in the Granite State. For some time past the younger Mr. Orcutt has given us, as the spirit moved and time sufficed, some very readable works of fiction, "The Moth," "The Lever," "The Spell," etc. Now the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York, publish from his pen "The Balance," which they well characterize as "an unusual story of love and business." The jacket illustration, as they further say, "sounds the keynote of the story, 'When Justice recognizes its injustice, then is justice possible.'" "The Balance," which, in the story, it is sought to restore, is that of our social order, grievously wrenched and distorted by the world war, far as that was from our hearthstones and mill-doors. The author saw the war in its progress over seas. He has come into intimate touch with some of the problems it has left behind, here, among us; and in the course of this story he deals with them with insight, sympathy and wisdom. As a story, moreover, it is a good story; with a fast moving plot, exciting episodes, a murder mystery, etc. Some readers have identified the scene of the story with Norwood, Mass., the place of Mr. Orcutt's own residence; but the theme, the people, the lesson to be learned are not to be localized. They exist everywhere in America to-day and Mr. Orcutt's book deserves a correspondingly wide attention.

OH, COME AND WALK WITH ME

By Mabel Cornelia Matson

Oh, come and walk an hour with me.
The sky is blue as gentians,
The breeze is sweeter than sweet spices are
And it will carry far away
The little nagging worries of the day
And set your spirit free.
Oh, come and walk an hour with me.

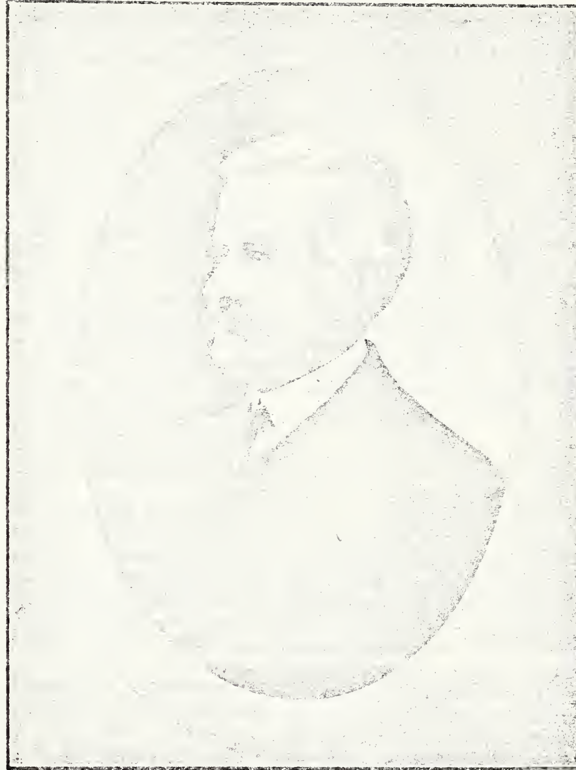
Oh, come and walk a day with me.
And you shall stand on younder blue-veiled hill
And watching there the sunset flame and fade
Shall backward look and forward, unafraid,
Seeing the past washed clean of bitterness,
The future safe with God.
Oh, come and walk a day with me.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

WILL B. HOWE

Will Bernard Howe, for almost 30 years Concord's efficient and popular city engineer and one of the best known men in the country in that line of professional work, died suddenly at his home on Saturday, April 1. He was born in Concord, July 3, 1859, the son of William Holman and Mary (Carlton) Howe, both his father and mother being of old Revolutionary stock. He was a direct descendant of Joseph Howe, who fought in the French and Indian War and was also a Minute Man at Lexington. The old Howe tavern at Sudbury, Mass., immortalized by Longfellow as "The Wayside Inn," was built by an ancestor and occupied by three generations of Howes.

Mr. Howe graduated from the Concord High School in the class of 1876 and began his life-work by entering the office of Charles C. Lund, C. E., in Concord, in the fall of 1878. He worked with Mr. Lund until the latter's death in December, 1880, as a rodman, principally on railroad work, including the construction of the Profile and Franconia Notch R. R. and the location of its Bethlehem branch. After Mr. Lund's death, Mr. Howe continued in the employ of his successors, Foss & Merrill, in the construction of this Bethlehem branch; in location work on proposed extensions of the Boston, Concord & Montreal R. R. in the White Mountain region, in maintenance work on the B., C. & M., the Concord R. R. and branches and in miscellaenous engineering work including surveys for the developments of the Sewalls Falls water power in the Merrimack river, now the property of the Concord Electric Company.



The late Will B. Howe.

In September, 1883, Mr. Howe went to Nova Scotia as principal assistant

engineer on what is now known as the Central Railway, with headquarters at Bridgewater, N. S., and assisted in relocating portions of that railway and and in the construction of that line until May, 1888, being acting chief engineer in 1887. Returning to Concord in the month named he assumed the management of Foss & Merrill's general engineering office and so continued until March, 1893, when he was chosen as Concord's first city engineer and in that position remained until his death.

Of Mr. Howe's long and faithful service as a municipal officer many monuments remain. One is the map of the city, pronounced by experts a splendid piece of work, which accompanied the official History of Concord. Another is the invaluable assessors' map, which he had brought up to date not long before his death. One of the first important municipal contracts awarded after he became city engineer was for the sewer from the State Hospital on Pleasant street through Clinton street; and it is recalled that, in order to be sure of its completion according to the terms of the contract, he entered the sewer and crawled through its entire length on his hands and knees, a painful and laborious progress. When it became necessary for the city to spend large sums on steel bridges, in the city proper and at Penacook, he took a special course in bridge engineering that he might be able to give their construction competent personal supervision.

As illustrating his standing in his profession he had served as vice-president and as treasurer of the American Society for Municipal Improvements, of which he had been a member since 1894, and last year he was voted in as a "member without dues," for the remainder of his life, this being the nearest approach to honorary membership possible under the society's constitution. He was a member and had served as secretary of the New Hampshire Good Roads Association. He had also been a member of the Boston Society of Civil Engineers since March, 1896, and of the National Geographic Society since January, 1913. He was affiliated with the Masonic bodies of Concord, being a member of Blazing Star Lodge, Trinity Chapter, Horace Chase Council, and Mount Horeb Commandery. He was also a member of Bektash Temple, A. A. O. N. M. S., the New Hampshire Society of Veteran Free Masons, and was vice-president of the Council of the Order of High Priesthood. He had served Trinity Chapter as high priest, and was a past thrice illustrious master of Horace Chase Council. He was a trustee of the Concord Masonic Association.

Mr. Howe was a member of the New Hampshire Society, Sons of the American Revolution, serving as secretary and treasurer the past two years and holding those offices at the time of his death. He was also a member of the New Hampshire Historical Society; the Men's Club of the South Congregational church; the Wonolancet Club; and the Concord Gun Club. He was a Republican in politics.

In Nova Scotia, on January 22, 1889, Mr. Howe married Ida May Starratt, younger daughter of James Starratt, Jr., and Elizabeth Waterman, his wife. A daughter, Myrna, is their only chld. He is also survived by a sister, Mrs. George S. Milton.

Efficiency economy and good sense were Mr. Howe's attributes as an engineer. To them he added a quiet but sincere devotion to the best interests of the community which was manifested in many ways. An earnest hope, which had not been fulfilled when death took him away, was for a modern, safety-bringing building code in Concord. In all his relations, official, professional, personal and social, Mr. Howe was genial, kindly, helpful and just.

IRVING W. DREW

Irving Webster Drew, eminent New Hampshire lawyer and United States Senator, died April 10, after a brief illness of pneumonia, at the home of his daughter in Montclair, N. J. He was born in Colebrook, January 8, 1845, the son of Amos Webster and Julia Esther (Lovering) Drew, his father being twice a State Senator in Civil War days and a man of influence and prominence in the North Country. Irving W. Drew prepared at Kimball Union Academy, Meriden, for Dartmouth College, where he graduated in the class of 1870 with the degree of A. B., subsequently receiving that of A. M. He studied law with the famous Lancaster firm composed of Congressman Ossian Ray and Judge William S. Ladd and succeeded the latter as a partner. Other members of the firm in later years were the late Henry Heywood, the late Governor Chester B. Jordan, the late General Philip Carpenter, the late William P. Buckley, and, now surviving, George F. Morris, judge of the U. S. District court,

Merrill Shurtleff, Eri C. Oakes and Irving C. Hinkley, the last three comprising the present firm. Mr. Drew was very successfull and highly esteemed in his profession, as was shown by the extent of his practice and the character of his clients and by the fact that he was honored in 1899 by election as president of the New Hampshire Bar Association.

In other business relations he was president of the Upper Coos Railroad, director of the Hereford railroad, president of the Siwooganock savings bank, and director of the Lancaster National Bank.

In politics Mr. Drew was an active Democrat until the days of Bryan and free silver and represented his party as a delegate to its national conventions of 1880, 1892 and 1896, being one of the considerable number who withdrew from the last-named gathering. He was a delegate to the constitutional conventions of 1902 and 1912, and a state senator in 1883, but never sought higher office although often urged to do so. September 1, 1918, he was appointed by Governor Henry W. Keyes as United States Senator to fill the unexpired term of the late Jacob H. Gallinger and during his brief stay at Washington much impressed his associates in the higher branch of the national legislature with his ability.

Mr. Drew was a Mason and Knight Templar, a member of the I. O. O. F. and the New Hampshire Historical Society. In religious belief he was an Episcopalian. In youth he served in the National Guard attaining the rank of major in the Third Regiment. At the time of his death he was president of the William D. Weeks Memorial Library association at Lancaster; and the people of that town further showed their respect for him by making him the president of the day on the occasion of the 150th anniversary in 1914; by securing his services as chairman of their "war chest"; and by asking him to make the official address of welcome when President Harding was given the greetings of Lancaster in 1921.

On November 4, 1869, Mr. Drew married Caroline Hatch Merrill, of Colebrook, who died July 17, 1919. Their first son, Paul, died in infancy; their second, Neil Bancroft, in young manhood. Their surviving children are Pitt Fessenden Drew, successful Boston attorney, and Sara Maynard, wife of Edward Kimball Hall of New York City and Montclair. One brother, Benjamin F. Drew of Colebrook, and one sister, Mrs. F. N. Day of Auburndale, Mass., also survive.

The wide range of Mr. Drew's friends and admirers was shown by the messages which came, in the days following his death, to his children and his partners, and by the attendance at his funeral, which was held at St. Paul's church in Lancaster on April 13. The rector, Rev. A. J. Holley, conducted the service, assisted by Mr. Drew's nephew, Rev. Edward Cummings, of Cambridge, Mass., and Rev. J. A. Haarvig, pastor of the local Congregational church. The bearers were nephews of Senator Drew and the honorary bearers were Governor Albert O. Brown of Manchester, Chief Justice Frank N. Parsons of the Supreme Court, Chief Justice John Kivel of the Superior Court, Judge Robert J. Peaslee of Manchester, George F. Morris of Lancaster, judge of the United States District Court, Hon. W. B. C. Stickney of Rutland, Hon. Herbert B. Moulton of Lisbon, A. N. Blandin of Bath, Prof. Harry Wellman of Dartmouth College, Councilor Arthur G. Whittemore of Dover.

TREASON

By Helen Frazee-Bower

My heart that swore allegiance to
  A cottage green and gray,
Is traitor now to roof and walls
  Since April came this way.

For eyes that closed on naked lines
  Of orchard boughs last night,
This morning woke to fragrance blown
  From blossoms pink and white.

They say that treason is most black—
  My heart denies it though
When I from gray-green comfort turn
  To drifts of petal-snow!

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Hon. Arthur G. Whittemore

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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HON. ARTHUR G. WHITTEMORE

A man who has served usefully and with distinction in both branches of the State Legislature and in the Executive Council, as mayor of his city and as the head of an important state department is given by that experience such equipment for the further office of Governor as few Chief Executives in the history of New Hampshire have been able to bring to the position.

The fact that such a record belongs to Honorable Arthur G. Whittemore of Dover is cited by his many friends and political supporters as the first among many reasons why his candidacy for the Republican gubernatorial nomination in 1922 should meet with popular favor and acceptance. They point to his years of public service and declare that in every position he has held he has shown a quiet, tactful, unwearying efficiency of which the people have reaped the benefit in worthy and valuable results achieved.

A member of the New Hampshire bar since his graduation from the Harvard Law School in 1879, his practice has been extensive and lucrative and he holds an honored place in his profession, despite the fact that so much of his time has been required for public service.

This service began in 1887 when he was elected a member of the first board of water commissioners of the city of Dover and in that capacity handled successfully various difficult and important matters relating to land damages, contracts and the actual installation of the system of supply.

For three terms, beginning in 1900, he was elected and re-elected mayor of Dover and gave his municipality what was recognized as an up-to-date Twentieth Century administration. During it a new public library building was erected and the construction of a new high school building was commenced; yet the tax rate was lowered, the bonded indebtedness was reduced and at the close of his third and final term the cash balance in the city treasury had increased to $63,000.

Mayor Whittemore progressed from city to state politics in 1902, when he was elected to the House of Representatives from Ward Three, Dover, by a vote of 318 to 82 for his opponent. At Concord his ability was at once recognized and he was named by Speaker Harry M. Cheney to the most important standing committee, that on the Judiciary; which, at this session, was of unusual distinction, including, as it did, the late Gen. A. T. Bachelder of Keene, chairman, Judge William F. Nason of Dover, the late Daniel C. Remich and the late William H. Mitchell of Littleton, the late William P. Buckley of Lancaster, Councillors John B. Cavannaugh of Manchester and John Scammon of Exeter, the late Judge Herbert I. Goss of Berlin and others.

Mr. Whittemore's excellent work as a legislator attracted general attention and when, in May, 1903, a vacancy occurred in the state railroad commission he was named for the place by Governor Nahum J.

Bachelder and subsequently was re-appointed for three year terms by Governors John McLane and Henry B. Quinby. In 1909 he became the chairman of the board, upon the death of Hon. Henry M. Putney of Manchester.

A delegate from Dover to the convention of 1912 to propose amendments to the constitution of the state, Mr. Whittemore was appointed by President Edwin F. Jones on the standing committee on Legislative Department and also was called upon by the president to act as chairman of the Committee of the Whole during one of the liveliest and most important debates of the convention. Those within and without the convention who followed its proceedings carefully will remember Mr. Whittemore's active participation in its work.

In November, 1918, Mr. Whittemore was elected to the executive council from the second district, receiving 8,312 votes to 6,854 for his Democratic opponent. In his home city the vote was 1,399 to 918 in his favor. In organizing the council for the important work of his administration, Governor John H. Bartlett named Mr. Whittemore upon the finance committee, the state house committee and the board of trustees of the state prison and made him chairman of the highway committee.

In these several capacities he rendered valuable service, one instance of which, to name no more, was the adoption by the highway department, at his suggestion, of the policy of owning, instead of hiring, necessary equipment, and of purchasing gravel banks in their entirety rather than paying more for them, load by load.

During the World War Mr. Whittemore was one of the men to whom the nation owes much, the hard-working, pains-taking, justice dispensing members of the selective service boards. He served throughout the war as chairman of the Strafford County board, with eminent efficiency and fairness, and received the thanks of the War Department for the manner in which the affairs of his board were handled.

This war service, as well as other considerations, made it natural that Mr. Whittemore should be made chairman of the committees named to procure certificates and medals for New Hampshire soldiers and to erect in the state house at Concord an appropriate tablet in memory of the men from the Granite State who gave their lives for liberty in this most recent and terrible conflict.

In 1920 Councilor Whittemore was nominated without opposition as the Republican candidate for the state senate in the 21st district and was elected in November by 3,965 to 2,024, carrying his home city by 3,054 to 1,496. At the session of 1921 he was chairman of the principal standing committee, that on the Judiciary, in the upper branch and conducted its affairs with such good generalship that no minority report came from his committee and that every report made by it was adopted by the Senate, a most remarkable record. Senator Whittemore also served on the standing committees on railroads, banks, finance, and fish and game.

His connection with banks is of long standing, dating back to 1895, when, as receiver of the Dover National Bank he liquidated its assets so successfully as to pay the depositors in full with interest and a substantial dividend to the stockholders. At the present time he is vice-president of the Strafford Savings Bank, a director in the

Strafford National Bank and a director in the Dover Realty Company.

At the hands of the present state administration, as of so many others, Mr. Whittemore has received recognition, being named by Governor Albert O. Brown upon the state commission to arrange for the celebration in 1923 of the tercentenary of the first settlement of New Hampshire. That his selection to act in this capacity was most fortunate is shown by the degree of interest which already he has aroused for the celebration in his section of the state. A somewhat similar service he has been called upon to render is as a member of the committee which will place a suitable tablet upon the Memorial Bridge joining Maine and New Hampshire at Portsmouth.

The Whittemore Residence, Dover.

Mr. Whittemore's interest in and knowledge of history and biography is indicated by the fact that he is the president of the New Hampshire Genealogical Society and governor of the New Hampshire Society of Colonial Wars.

He believes that every man must stand or fall by his own acts and in his individual case lays no stress upon the record of his own ancestors for almost three centuries in America. But the wellknown writer, Hamlin D. Brown, in a contribution to the Independent Statesman, Concord, tells the story in a most interesting way, in part as follows:

"Six hundred and ninety-two years ago over in England there was a prominent family, one of whom, Sir John, was knighted on the battlefield for valorous conduct in the year 1230 and was given a tract of land called 'Whytemere' and received the title Lord John de Whytemere.

"The name was changed to Whittemore and Thomas Whittemore emigrated to America in 1641 and

settled in a part of Charlestown now Malden, Mass.

"His son, John, who was born in Kitchen Parish, Hertfordshire, England, four years before, came with his father.

"Benjamin, grandson of Thomas, was born in Cambridge but moved to Concord, Mass., where his son, Rev. Aaron Whittemore was born in 1711. Aaron graduated from Harvard College in 1734 and March 1, 1737, became the first pastor of the Congregational church of what is now Pembroke, N. H.

"Hon. Aaron Whittemore, great-grandson of Rev. Aaron Whittemore, became one of the prominent men of New Hampshire. He represented Pembroke in the Legislature, served his town as selectman, treasurer, etc., was connected with the militia of the state, was promoted to be brigadier general and held many positions of trust.

"His son Aaron Whittemore, I knew in Pittsfield for several years. He practised law, became state senator and was one of the representative men of New Hampshire. His brother, Arthur Gilman Whittemore, was also born in Pembroke, July 26, 1856, educated at Pembroke Academy and Harvard Law School and settled in Dover, where he has practised law.

"During these years he has been one of the foremost men of the state.

* * *

"Councilor Whittemore still owns the old farm in Pembroke, where he spends his summer vacations.

"Arthur G. Whittemore has good executive ability, integrity and is dependable. During my recent visit in the towns and cities of New Hampshire, I talked with many of the business men and found them interested in the Whittemore gubernatorial candidacy and I gladly recommend him to the voters of my native state as the next governor candidate.

For 280 years the Whittemore family has been one of the foremost of the state and I believe Arthur G., would make one of the best Governors of New Hampshire."

Mr. Whittemore married June 27, 1887, Caroline B. Rundlett, who has been president of the Dover Woman's Club and otherwise prominent in the social life and beneficent activities of that city. Their children are Manvel, a graduate of Dartmouth College and of the New York Law School, for some years successfully engaged in the practice of his profession in New York City, and Caroline (Radcliffe College, 1919) now connected with the Brookline, Mass., Public Library.

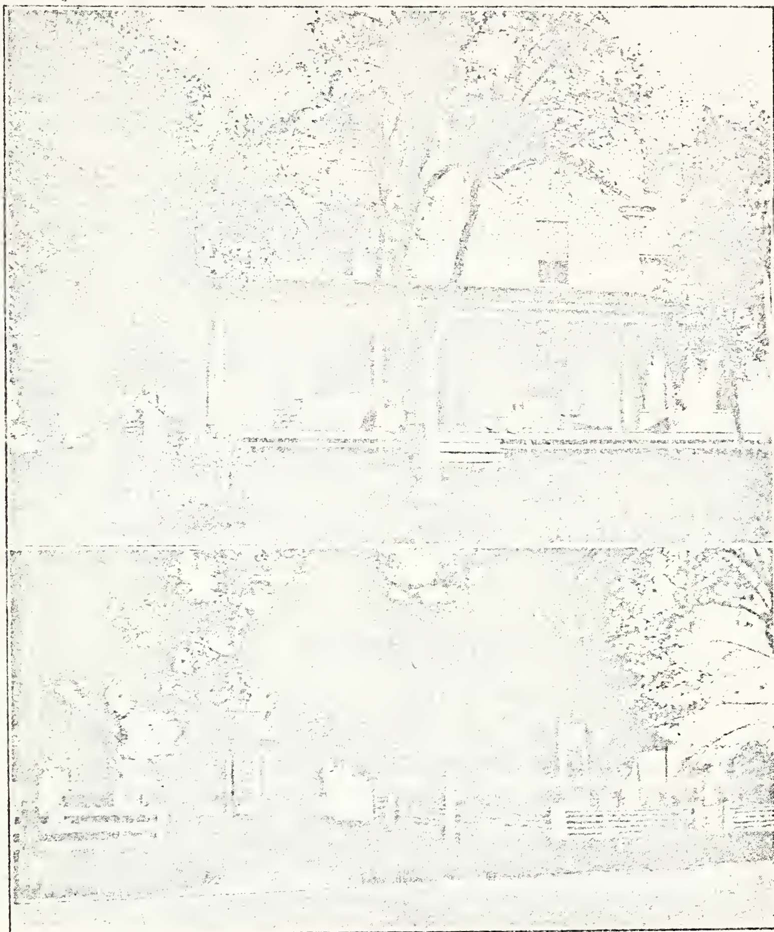
Mr. Whittemore is a member of St. Thomas' Episcopal church at Dover; was one of the founders of the Bellamy Club there; and was for several years the president of the Dover Board of Trade.

Mr. Whittemore's candidacy for governor is a direct result of the following resolution adopted and signed by the Republican members of the Strafford county delegation in the legislature of 1921:

"Whereas, the Honorable Arthur G. Whittemore of Dover, by reason of his executive experience and familiarity with state matters, by reason of his services as mayor of Dover for three terms, as a Representative in the Legislature, as a member of the Governor's Council, and as a State Senator, in all of which offices he has shown marked ability and judgment and strict attention to the duties of the several offices, always producing results beneficial to the public by his keen business acumen and untiring energy; wherefore, be it

"Resolved, That we, the Republican members of the Strafford County Delegation to the present General Court, believing it to be for the best interests of the State of New Hamp-

shire to have his services as chief executive, we hereby request him to become a candidate for the Republican nomination for the office of Governor at the next primary, and we pledge to him our hearty support. Be it further



The Whittemore Homestead, Pembroke.

"Resolved, That the Chairman of this Delegation is hereby directed to communicate this resolution to Senator Whittemore.

"HARRY H. MEADER,
Chairman.
H. K. REYNOLDS,
Secretary."

To this expression of desire and of confidence, Mr. Whittemore made reply in an opportune time in the form of the following address to the Republican voters of New Hampshire:

"In compliance with a promise made to the Strafford County Republican delegation requesting me to become a candidate for Governor at the next primary election. I hereby announce my candidacy, for the office of Governor of our State, and I earnestly solicit the support of all the Republican men and women voters of the state.

"In making this request I wish to assure the voters that it is not merely for personal honor or gratification, but for the purpose of giving to my State the benefit of that knowledge and experience acquired in its service through the different public positions which it has been my honor to hold. In these several positions I have gained an intimate knowledge of State affairs, which will enable me to insure the State an efficient administration of its Government for the ensuing term.

"My record for efficiency and progressiveness in these various public offices is known to many of my fellow citizens, and I hope during the campaign to inform those of you who are not familiar.

"The abandonment of the farm and decrease in our farming population concerns us all. I shall use every effort to promote all measures that will tend to remedy these conditions. Whatever adds to the contentment and prosperity of the farmer adds to the well-being of the State.

"The World War has left in its wake, to Nation, State, City and Town, a legacy of increased taxes, which has become a heavy burden to all our citizens, and if allowed to continue will arrest the development, growth and prosperity of our State.

"I favor a reduction of the poll tax and a suspension of the former regular poll tax as applied to the women of the State. The addition of two dollars (which is to be levied for five consecutive years beginning 1920) to the regular poll tax for the purpose of redeeming the bonds issued to pay the soldiers' bonus, makes this form of tax excessive and in many cases burdensome. The proposed change would not conflict with the soldiers' bonus act.

"It will be my purpose to check and reduce these burdens of taxation by eliminating from the budget all non-essentials, and I promise you that, if nominated and elected, I will use all my influence and the power given me by my office to eliminate in the interest of economy every custom or expense not required for an efficient administration."

INSPIRATION

By Eleanor W. Vinton

When the garden is gay with a bevy of jonquils
Their cups filled with gold from the heart of the sun;
When the wood-path I follow is violet bordered
And sweet with the fragrance of summer begun;
When downy white clouds change to rose in the sunset
While vibrant with rapture a robin's note rings,—
Then in uttermost skill would my pen be abounding
To gladden the world with the song my heart sings.

PRE-REVOLUTIONARY LIFE AND THOUGHT IN A WESTERN NEW HAMPSHIRE TOWN.

By George B. Upham

III.

Over the next letter of the Claremont schoolmaster is cast a faint shadow of the coming Revolution. This letter like the last is derived in part, that in brackets, from the abstract entered in the records of a Meeting of the Society in London, Journal, Vol. 19, p. 152, and the remainder from the extract published in the History of the Eastern Diocese, Vol. I, pp. 179, 180.

[A Letter from Mr. Cole Schoolmaster at Claremont, New Hampshire, N. E. dated April 29, 1771, in which he acquaints the Society that] My school is enlarged by the addition of 7 or 8 children from among the dissenters, who submit regularly to the orders and instruction of the school by the approbation of their parents, most of whom have never been baptized, and some attend school that are sixteen or seventeen years of age, whose parents are conformists to the Church.

[The inclemency of the weather, and a river lying between them made it inconvenient for the little children to attend in winter, but he hopes that will be remedied by the building of a bridge.]

And although the school house is raised and the sides and ends are covered with planks, yet it is not finished. For the Sons of Liberty, (as they affect to call themselves), by their own [Non-] importation agreement made it impossible to procure glass, and indeed some few nails were made here, but their price was almost double to what it used to be, but these obstacles are soon to be removed.

[He thinks that 2 or 3 dozen psalters would be very useful in the school for they are not printed nor used by the Dissenters, and therefore seldom to be had. He has lately furnished the school with 2 doz. of spelling books.]

[Agreed to recommend, that 3 dozen of psalters be sent to Mr. Cole for the use of his Scholars.]

The [Non-] "importation agreement" of the "Sons of Liberty," which, as Mr. Cole wrote, "made it impossible to procure glass" for his schoolhouse, was the agreement of 1767 and 1768 by which the merchants of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and many other places, bound themselves to order no new merchandise from England and to countermand all old orders. This was in retaliation for the Act of Parliament of June 29, 1767, known as the Townshend Act; by which, to the utter astonishment of America, so soon after the repeal of the Stamp Act, duties were placed on various articles imported into the colonies, and steps taken to enforce collection. Among the rates fixed were 4s. 8d. per hundred weight on glass. 12s. per ream on paper of good quality, and, with most disasterous consequences for this was not repealed, 3d. per pound on tea. Not that the latter was an excessive duty; it was in fact a moderate one, less than it had been, indirectly, before; but with the colonists it was a matter of principle. Another factor, not so fully recognised, was that tea and other dutiable articles for years had been smuggled. The merchants and ship-owners, adepts in that gentle art, cared little what duties were laid, or what restrictions placed on commerce and navigation, so long as the words merely encumbered the statute books but when George the Third and his subservient Parliament showed they meant to enforce the laws, that was——different.

The immediate effect of the non-importation agreement, coupled with the widespread indignation of the colonists, was that the value of British goods exported to New England, New York and Pennsylvania fell from £1.330.000 to £400.000 in a single year. Washington, when he

sent his annual order for supplies to London, enjoined his correspondent not to forward any of them unless the offensive Act of Parliament was in the meantime repealed. The Townshend Act brought into the British Treasury a paltry income of £300. The retention of even a part of it cost Great Britain, directly, at least five thousand times that sum in loss of trade; indirectly, an incalculable sum of money, besides the loss of the better part of a continent.[1]

This letter of Mr. Cole shows how knowledge of the Townshend Act, and of the means taken to combat it, had found the way even to remote frontier settlements up the Connecticut River valley. They were, doubtless, the subject of much indignant discussion in the flickering firelight of many a cabin kitchen. Charles Townshend, young, brilliant, rash, aptly described by Trevelyan as "master of the revels in the House of Commons," had surely, short as his life was, started his name sounding down the ages, to be remembered discreditably perhaps as long as Edmund Burke and Charles Fox, leaders of the opposition, will be remembered creditably, almost reverentially, by all the English speaking world.

The Townshend Act, excepting the tax on tea, was repealed on April 12, 1770, but a vigorous effort was made to continue the Non-Importation Agreements. This was for a time successful, except at Portsmouth, N. H., in Rhode Island and New York City. At a "Meeting of the Trade of Boston," June 18, 1770, it appeared that "the Merchants of Portsmouth, N. H., have very lately imported large Quantities of British and East India Wares which are now exposed for Sale".... "Therefore, Resolved, That we will have no Trade or Commercial Intercourse with the Merchants of the Colony of New Hampshire, or any of its Inhabitants while they are counteracting the laudible Exertions of the other Colonies for the common Good."...... and "Resolved,—That the Committee of Exports and Imports be desired to keep the strictest lookout that no sort of Goods are imported into this Town from any part of the New Hampshire Government, or exported hence to said Province," Vessels arriving from Portsmouth were driven from the port of Boston.

Similar resolutions were adopted in other colonies. At Hartford, Conn., the boycott was limited to "the people of Portsmouth," instead of the entire Province of New Hampshire.[2] But notwithstanding all such efforts the attempt to continue the Non-Importation Agreements, entered into when the Townshend Act was passed, failed, greatly to the delight of the Tories.[3]

Had Charles Townshend never been born the Revenue Act which bears his name, and which had so much to do with bringing about the American Revolution, would have been enacted none the less, for George the Third would have found some other instrument through which to work his will—Trevelyan shows, perhaps more fully than ever shown before, the extent to which George the Third was *personally* responsible for the Revolution; shows how the people of Great Britain knew little or nothing of America; how under the rotten borough system, then prevailing, they were but poorly represented in Parliament; how the ablest statesmen of the period were opposed to taxing or coercing the colonists; and how against the powerful, persistent in-

(1) Trevelyan's American Revolution, Vol. I, pp. 74, 93.

(2) See Massachusetts Gazette, June 28 and July 5, 1770 also other Boston Newspapers published during July, 1770.

(3) These Non-Importation agreements must not be mistaken for the later ones; known as the "Solemn League and Covenant," circulated after the passage of the "Boston Port Bill" in 1774, and which will be considered later.

fluence of the Sovereign they were powerless. The King, by ousting his Ministers, who against his wishes had effected the repeal of the Stamp Act, by substituting for them men of little or no character, by persistent, misdirected industry, by intrigue and favor,—finally had his way; a stupid, aggressive, German way,—for only German blood flowed in his veins; a way as stupid and unseeing as that of some of his German descendants in recent years. Pitt was, to be sure, nominally Prime Minister when the Townshend Act became law. Shattered in health, temporarily impaired in mind, in his absence, but in his name, "the step was taken which in one day reversed the policy he had nearest his heart and undid the work of which he was most justly proud."(4) And this the man who had made the continent English; the greatest administrator of world affairs, among the many great, the British Empire has produced.

Trevelyan further shows, by facts and reasoning incontrovertible, how in fighting against the tyranny of George and his Ministers, the colonists were fighting the battle for the English constitution, and how their submission must soon have been followed by a revolution in England.(5)

The King had his way; yet the time came when Lord Shelburne,—later Prime Minister,—"told the House of Peers, with a near approach to truth, that George the Third had but two enemies on earth;—one the whole world, and the other, his own Ministry."(6)

Returning to the subject of window glass, the lack of which was so inconvenient for the Claremont school, it appears doubtful when or where it was first made in America. Coarse bottles were made at Jamestown, Virginia, soon after 1607, and a little later glass beads for trade with the Indians. Bottles and some other articles of glass were made at Salem, Massachusetts, as early as 1639; but the first window glass was probably made at Allowaystown, Salem County, New Jersey, a short time prior to 1750. In considerable commercial quantities it was first manufactured in Boston, about 1792, by the Boston Crown-Glass Co., which was aided by an exclusive right and a bounty. In 1798 Boston produced glass, said to be superior to that imported, to the value of $82,000. It was widely used and became known throughout the country as "Boston window glass."

The manufacture of glass was first attempted in New Hampshire at Temple, in 1780, by one Robert Hewes of Boston.(7) A substantial building with the necessary furnaces was constructed. The glass-blowers are said to have been Hessian and Waldecker soldiers, deserters from the British army. Only glass bottles and decanters were attempted. After a very short period of operation, and prior to 1781, the works were burned. Attempts made to revive the industry, even though aided by a lottery, were unsuccessful.(8)

The Embargo Acts and the War of 1812 led to the establishment of the glass industry in Keene in 1814. It flourished there until about 1850. John Elliot and Aaron Appleton built the first factory, on Prison Street. Later a rival factory was built on Marlboro street. About 1840 three glass factories were in operation in Keene. At times the business was

(4) Trevelyan's American Revolution, Vol. I, p. 5.
(5) Ibid, Vol. III, Ch. XXIV.
(6) Ibid, Vol. IV, p. 466.
(7) Mr. Hewes appears to have been a versatile character. In the Boston Directories, between 1780, and 1830, he is described as a "tallow-chandler," "manufacturer of soap and glue," "late hog-butcher, now out of business," "fencing master," "surgeon-bone-setter," "starch maker," "Teacher sword exercise," "Gentleman," "Manufacturer of Hewes's Liniment," but is not credited with being a glass manufacturer.
(8) History of Temple, Chap. XVII, pp. 166-173.

exceedingly profitable. In the earlier years bottles and decanters appear to have been the principal products, later the manufacture of window glass was carried on.[9] The superior facilities at Pittsburg finally put an end to the industry in New England.

Sheet mica was the only substitute for window glass known to have been used in western New Hampshire, where its shining outcroppings attracted the attention of the early settlers. In southwestern New Hampshire more marketable mica has been produced than in any other locality in the United States. The old Ruggles mine on Glass Hill in Grafton,—about ten miles north of Sunapee Lake,—has produced mica for nearly one hundred and fifty years; yielding an estimated aggregate in value of over eight million dollars worth of that material. This mine at one time furnished four-fifths of the total consumption in the United States. In the adjoining town of Danbury two mines are in operation, producing mica of excellent quality, free from spots and very clear. In Alstead, on the northern border of Cheshire county, three mica mines are in successful operation. Mica is now used principally for electrical insulation. The waste is ground and serves to give brilliancy to wall papers, also to Christmas Trees and decorations.[10]

The high cost of transportation, the Non-Importation Agreements, and the conflict at arms, doubtless led to the frequent use of mica locally as a substitute for window glass, both before and during the Revolution. The sheets were usually set in diamond-shaped panes about the size of a man's hand.[11]

Immediately following the statement that the [Non-] "importation agreement made it impossible to procure glass," Mr. Cole tells us that "some few nails were made here, but their price was almost double to what it used to be, but these obstacles are soon to be removed." How the obstacles to glass were to be removed, we know not, unless by the expected arrival of glass from Portsmouth, or, more likely, of a pack-horse load of mica from some place nearby. Respecting nails, the schoolmaster probably had in mind the completion of Benjamin Tyler's Forge and Slitting Mill, then under construction at a small water-power a few rods upstream from the present site of the B. & M. R. R. "High Bridge" in Claremont.

Nails made there, as elsewhere in New England, involved various crude steps and processes. The bog-iron ore[12] mixed with much mud, was dug from swamp-land at Charlestown-Number Four, carried to solid ground to be washed and dried, and then reduced in crude furnaces or "bloomeries," to something resembling iron, at least in weight, but still mixed with much refuse. The resulting lumps were carted eight or ten miles over rough roads to Tyler's Mill, there to be reheated with char-

(9) Griffin's History of Keene. See index, "Glass factory," and the pages there referred to.

(10) India ranks first in the production of mica; Canada second, producing about half as much in value as India. The United States ranks third with rather less than half as much in value as Canada. The production of other countries is insignificant. Outside of New Hampshire the principal deposits of the United States are in the mountains of North Carolina, the Black Hills in South Dakota, and in eastern Alabama; unless the work in these states has been greatly increased of late New Hampshire still leads in production. See "Mica, its Occurrence, Exploitation and Uses" by Fritz Cirkel, Ottawa, 1905, published by the Canadian Government; "Mineral Industries" by A. Hoskins (1899) p. 507, and Holme's "Mica Deposits of the United States," published by the U. S. Geological Survey.

(11) The Town Histories occasionally mention the use of mica as a substitute for window glass, but the general absence of any index, except to the names of persons, renders it a prodigious task to find anything in them.

(12) Bog ore is essentially a hydrous oxide of iron, of which the mineralogical name is *limonite*. It is found in swampy places, and frequently at the bottom of lakes and ponds. It is usually of very recent origin. In 1785 the Mason Proprietors "impowered a Committee to treat with" certain persons "respecting a grant of an exclusive right to all the Iron Ore in Ossipe Pond........ for a term of time not exceeding twenty-four years." N. H. State Papers, Vol. 29, p. 592. Respecting Tyler's bog ore in Charlestown, see Cheshire County Records, Vol. 9, pp. 430, 486, and note that Daniel Greene's occupation is bloomer.

coal and bellows to an almost white heat, and further separated from impurities while being hammered and flattened into sheets under successive blows of the "Tilt Hammer,"—we now call it trip-hammer. The sheets were then cut into strips, called nail-rods, in the Slitting Mill, which was merely a power shear or gang of shears, "working on the principle of scissors and sometimes cutting three rods at a time." The rail-rods were sold to the settlers who, of winter evenings by the kitchen fire, cut them into desired lengths and pointed and headed the nails by hand labor.

Except in the vicinity of Salisbury in the northwest corner of Connecticut, and in western Massachusetts, nearly all iron produced in New England, during the eighteenth century and earlier, was from bog ore. The manufacture of iron in New Hampshire dates from about 1722 when several bloomeries, using bog ore, were in operation on Lamper Eel River which flows through Durham and Newmarket and into Great Bay.[13] Bar Iron was made at Kingston between 1749 and 1756.[14] Early Iron Works were in operation in Exeter. Before the Revolution Iron Works existed at Tamworth, where it is claimed that parts of the famous chain that barred the British ships of war from going up the Hudson were made. At all these places bog ore was the only source from which iron could be obtained. The magnetic ore of Winchester was first smelted at Furnace Village in 1795 by a Rhode Island Company. The Franconia furnace was built in 1811 by a company organized six years earlier.[15]

When Tyler began the construction of his Iron Works, about 1770, the erection and continued existence of such a Mill was, and had been for twenty years, prohibited by law. Furthermore, Tyler knew it; for he was a man of wide experience, and the law had been widely and repeatedly promulgated. But a law unreasonable, contrary to the wishes of a large body of the community, and practically impossible of enforcement, is never feared or respected for any considerable length of time. So it was with the Act of Parliament, 23 George II, Chapter XXIX, providing "That from and after the twenty-fourth Day of *June* One thousand and seven hundred and fifty, no Mill or other Engine for slitting or rolling of Iron or any Plateing Forge to work with a Tilt Hammer, or any Furnace for making Steel, shall be erected or after such Erection continued in any of His Majesty's Colonies in America." Every such construction was to be "deemed a common Nuisance," and "abated" by the Governor and other officials under penalty of £500 for neglect, also disability "to hold or enjoy any Office or Trust under His Majesty, his Heirs or Successors."

The purpose of all this was, clearly, to retain for England the monopoly of supplying all wrought iron and steel on this side of the Atlantic. The gentlemen of England in Parliament assembled knew as little of the difficulties of transportation in America as they did of the temper and mechanical aptitudes of men who for five generations had been obliged to supply their own necessities, or go without. Severe penalties were provided for each and every infraction of this law, and ingenious provisions made for its enforcement. But Benjamin Tyler was too busy building his dam, raising his building, constructing furnaces, reducing

(13) N. H. State Papers, Vol. 24, p. 424.
(14) Ibid. Vol. 23, p. 468.
(15) The best article known to the writer on the early manufacture of iron in America is that written by James M. Swank under the title "Statistics of Iron and Steel Production in the United States." Published by the U. S. Gov't in 1881 as a part of the Tenth Census—see pp. 80; 84-90—Swank is mistaken in placing the beginning of operations at Lamper Eel River as late as 1750.

bog-iron ore, designing and constructing his machinery,—to bother himself about any such fool legislation enacted three thousand miles away,—thirty thousand as we reckon distance, in time, to-day. The same may be said of young Peak, the blacksmith, brought when an infant to Claremont, in 1764. He, at about the same time as Tyler, had a dam and a small home-made "Tilt Hammer" in his blacksmith shop on Walker Brook, near where it crosses "Peak Hill Road."(16)

As to the thirteen colonies the above quoted statute of 23 George II was practically repealed by the Declaration of Independence; but in Canada and the British West Indies it remained nominally in force until repealed by the Statute Law Revision Act of 1867. There were enacted before the Revolution no less than twenty-eight similar statutes restricting colonial commerce and industries. Among the ninety instructions sent by George the Third to Gov. Benning Wentworth, under date of June 30, 1761, was the following: "And it is our express Will & Pleasure, that you do not upon any Pretense whatever, upon Pain of our highest Displeasure, give your Assent to any Law or Laws for setting up any Manufactures and carrying on any Trade which are hurtful and preducicial to this Kingdom, and that you do use your utmost Endeavors to discourage, discountenance and restrain any Attempts which may be made to set up such Manufactures or establish any such Trades."(17)

There never yet has been published a careful study of the Acts of Parliament and Royal Orders restricting colonial industries, showing the extent to which these contributed in preparing men's minds for a separation from the mother country.

To be continued.

(16) See Memoir of John Peak, Boston 1832—p. 18. "Peak Hill Road" is that leaving the "Great Road" (about three-quarters of a mile north from the road to the Connecticut River Bridge) crossing the railroad and then leading up a steep hill. This road and the hill to the north of it were named for John Peak, who came to Claremont before the town was incorporated and settled in that vicinity. The fact of the blacksmith shop and trip-hammer on that road and brook was told the writer by Miss Nancy Grannis, who heard it from her father. No tradition could be more reliable, Walker Brook crosses the "Great Road" a few rods northwesterly from the Cupola House. See Walling's Map of Sullivan County, 1860

(17) See N. H. State Papers, Vol. 18, pp. 377, 378, 536, 537. Vol. 6, pp. 7, 8.

A. D. 1623

By Elwin L. Page

For two centuries and a half there has been a general and rather vague belief that New Hampshire was first settled in the spring of 1623 at both Little Harbor and Dover. Nevertheless there has been considerable confusion about the subject. This prompted the writer recently to examine the original sources of information with a view to an analysis of the evidence. These sources proved surprisingly numerous and interesting, but when the material was gathered, it was discovered that this article had been anticipated nearly a half century ago by two earnest antiquarians, Mr. Charles Deane and Mr. John S. Jenness, whose monographs include practically every bit of evidence which is known to-day. However, as we look forward to the tercentenary of next year, a review of the sources may be worth while for the information of the present generation.

The confusion spoken of arose in the first place from the statement by Hubbard in his *General History of New England* (1680). In effect this statement seemed to be that David Thomson settled at Little Harbor in 1623 and that Edward and William Hilton, sharing the voyage with Thomson, planted at Dover at about the same time. One would think that Hubbard, writing barely more than half a century after the fact, would have at least a reliable tradition at hand, whatever may have been his lack of documentary evidence. Consequently his dictum, a rather vague one at best, has been somewhat uncritically followed by the historians of New Hampshire. It should be tested again by the contemporary evidence; that is, by the documents of 1623 and the few succeeding years.

The records of the Council of New England make frequent mention of David Thomson in the latter half of 1622. On November 16 he was given a patent of six thousand acres and one-half an island, both unlocated. About two weeks later he made a proposition that the Council transport ten persons with provisions to his patent. This apparently came to nothing, for on December 14, 1622, he made an indenture with three Plymouth merchants to send him out "this present year" in the ship "Jonathan." It was common in those days to set out for New England so as to arrive in March, the first month of the old-style year. Thus we can imagine the "Jonathan" sailing from Plymouth that "present year." Imagination, however, is not to have a place in our discussion, except where it finds support in evidence.

Edward Winslow, in his *Good Newes from New England,* published in 1624, relates that Captain Standish went out for provision and returned in July, 1623, accompanied by "Mr. David Tomson, a Scotchman, who also that spring began a plantation twenty-five leagues Northeast from us, near Smith's Iles, at a place called *Pascataquack,* where he liketh well." The date is fixed by Winslow as at the same time that the drought of 1623 was broken. The latter event Bradford places in the middle of July. Some imagine that Standish, who had been out to get provision, visited Thomson's settlement, but this is not certain. Yet we have contemporary proof that Thomson arrived on schedule in the early part of 1623.

Governor Bradford therefore spoke from almost first-hand information when, under date of 1623, he set down in his history *Of Plimouth Plantation* the entirely casual sentence: "Ther were also this year

some scatering beginings made in other places, as at Pascataway, by Mr. David Thomson, at Monhigen, and some other places by sundrie others." Nor was Thomson's visit to Plymouth in July Bradford's sole touch with the planting of the new settlement.

Thomas Weston, one of Plymouth's London adventurers, came over with the fishermen in 1623 to inquire into the wreck of his plantation at Wessagusset (Weymouth). Under disguise he left his ship and went ahead in a shallop with a man or two. Somewhere between the Merrimack and the Piscataqua he was shipwrecked. The Indians stripped him of everything but a shirt. Thus shorn of his disguise, Bradford tells of his getting at last to Pascataquack, where he got clothes and found means to get to Plymouth. Later he recovered his ship, of which we shall presently hear again.

About the middle of September, 1623, there arrived at Wessagusset, Captain Robert Gorges. Bradford relates that Gorges sailed thence eastward, but was turned back by a storm and sought a pilot at Plymouth. Gorges was the son of Sir Ferdinando, and bore a commission from the Council of New England "to be generall Gove^{r} of ye cuntrie." This commission, of which Bradford was allowed to take a copy, named as assistants to Governor Gorges, Captain Francis West, Christopher Levett and the Governor of Plymouth for the time being. For fourteen days Gorges stayed at Plymouth. During that time official relationships must have made necessary the fullest discussion of the several plantations which Gorges, with Bradford's advice, was to oversee.

One of the other assistants was then in New England, or off its shore. West does not appear in our story except by name, but Levett gives us eye-witness testimony as to Thomson's plantation. He published at London, in 1628, *A Voyage into New England. Begun in 1623, and ended in 1624.* From this it appears that Levett first visited the Isles of Shoals. Thereafter his account runs thus:

"The next place I came unto was Panaway, where one M. Tomson hath made a plantation, there I stayed about one month, in which time I sent for my men from the east: who came over in divers ships.

At this place I met with the Governor, who came hither in a bark which he had from one M. Weston about twenty days before I arrived in the land."

The Governor was, of course, Robert Gorges. While he was at Plymouth, Weston came in with his recovered ship. Gorges at once charged Weston with certain miscarriages in his now abandoned plantation at Wessagusset. By Bradford's intervention a sort of truce was patched up, and Gorges went overland to Wessagusset, leaving his ship to proceed to Virginia. Weston remained at Plymouth, but Gorges, regretting his leniency, sent back an order for the arrest of both Weston and his ship. Bradford advised Gorges by letter not to press his point, as Weston's ship was poorly provisioned and the owner deeply engaged to his men for wages, which could not but burden Gorges. But Gorges persisted, and in Weston's ship made his trip eastward, which turned so to the former's loss that towards spring he restored the ship to the owner, made restitution of the provision used, and returned to England, "having scarcly saluted ye cuntrie in his Govermente, not finding the state of things hear to answer his quallitie & condition."

At Piscataqua there was probably little to encourage Gorges in that winter of 1623-1624. Levett proceeds:

"In that time I stayed with M. Tomson, I surveyed as much as possible I could, the weather being unseasonable, and very much snow.

In those parts I saw much good timber, but the ground it seemed to me not to be good, being very rocky and full of trees and brushwood.

There is great store of fowl of divers sorts, whereof I fed very plentifully.

About two English miles further to the east, I found a great river and a good harbor called Pascattaway. But for the ground I can say nothing, but by relation of the sagamore or king of that place, who told me there was much good ground up in the river about seven or eight leagues."

The rest of the narrative relates to Levett's trip eastward to a little beyond the Kennebec. The portion quoted is the only contemporary account of the Piscataqua settlement from the hand of an actual visitor in the first year. It is striking, though not wholly conclusive, that one coming to New Hampshire in the winter of 1623-1624 makes no mention of any settlement at Dover. It was only six miles from "Pannaway" to the point where Hilton made his settlement. Perhaps an explorer would not have gone even that short distance through unaccustomed snow and trees and brushwood, but he had a ship and could have reached Dover by the "great river and good harbor called Pascattaway." Yet, as Levett was looking for a place to settle, he might not care to go to another plantation, when his only interest in inhabited places was to find a brief sojourn, for which "Pannaway" sufficed. After all, however, would not the sagamore have known if Dover had been settled in 1623; in that case, when he praised the ground up-river, would he not have mentioned the fact that some Englishmen had already settled perhaps one-third the way up to the "good ground"; would Levett not have noted that? Reasonable answer must be in the affirmative, even though there be room for doubt.

Leaving for a moment the strictly contemporary documents, we may refer to an interesting narrative that was written many years later. When the evidence was documented, the experience it related was of such ancient memory that we should give it comparatively little faith except as confirmatory of primary evidence written contemporaneously by those who had means of knowledge, or at least trustworthy information. But in this case the secondary evidence checks so completely with the primary as to reduce greatly the chance of an inaccurate or imaginative memory.

When, in 1623, Weston's people at Wessagusset were threatened with extinction by the Indians, one of the settlers, named Phinehas Pratt, came stumbling into Plymouth to ask for relief. Good neighbors ever in such matters, the Pilgrims sent aid on March 24, 1623, having, indeed, already planned to do so on their own initiative. The people at Wessagusset declined hospitality at Plymouth and, as Bradford records, sailed in their small ship eastward, hoping to meet Weston. Nearly forty years afterward Phinehas Pratt wrote *A declaration of the affaires of the English people, that first inhabited New England*. After telling of his trip to Plymouth and of Standish's expedition to the relief of Wessagusset, Pratt places the time by referring to the fact that one of Weston's men died on ship before they came to the place where at that time of year, it being March, ships came to fish. Then he continues: "At this Time ships began to ffish at ye Islands of Sholes and I having Recovered a Little of my [heal]th went to my Company near about this Time...... the first plantation att Pascataqua the [governor] thereof was Mr. David Tomson at the time of my arivall(?) att Pascataqua." The quotation is made exactly from the manuscript published in the Massachusetts Historical Society Collections, with the inclusion in brackets of what one

might reasonably suppose were the letters which, because illegible, the print omits. The question mark appears in the printed narrative.

Some caution is necessary in view of the date of the narrative, and possible tricks of memory, but the story fits perfectly with all the known facts. As to the time of Thomson's settlement it is entirely consistent with the contract for transportation, which would bring the "Jonathan" to our shore at about the season when the fishermen were wont to arrive for the spring fishing. It fits with Winslow's statement that Thomson settled in the spring of 1623. It is consistent with the fact that Weston came over with fishermen and had relief at Piscataqua after his shipwreck. It is a reasonable deduction, also, that Thomson would not have visited Plymouth (in July, 1623) until he had spent some months getting his habitation in order and his servants disciplined and contented enough to leave with safety while he called on his neighbors. So we may accept it as a well-proved fact that Thomson was settled on New Hampshire soil in the early spring of 1623. Little Harbor as the place is determined by the story of Levett.

The statement of Phinehas Pratt assumes importance with respect to the date of the Dover settlement when one considers the words "the first plantation att Pascataqua." When he recorded the visit, he must have had in mind that there were, at the time of writing (1662), two settlements on the Piscataqua—Portsmouth and Dover—and a third, if Exeter be assumed to be on a branch of that river. Did he consciously declare that they were all antedated by Thomson's plantation at Little Harbor? Perhaps that would be claiming too much—not because Pratt had not ample means, in 1623, of knowing whether Dover was then in existence, but because of the possible failure of memory in nearly forty years. Yet here, again, it may assume some evidentiary value when compared with other evidence, or lack of evidence, as to the time of Dover's planting.

We return now to Hubbard, who states that the Plymouth merchants sent over in 1623, "one Mr. David Thompson, with Mr. Edward Hilton and his brother, Mr. William Hilton ....some of whom first in probability, seized on a place called the Little Harbor........the Hiltons meanwhile setting up their stages higher up the river, toward the northwest, at or about the place since called Dover. But at that place called Little Harbor, it is supposed the first house was set up that ever was built in those parts." It will be noted that Hubbard's statement is chiefly suppositious. He says "in probability" the first settlement was at Little Harbor; "it is supposed" the first house was built there. He says boldly however, that the Hiltons came over with Thomson and settled at Dover at about the same time, though "probably" a little later.

Thus Hubbard set going a chain of guesses which have been written into New Hampshire history ever since. As far as his suppositions about the first settlement and the first house are concerned, he is supported by the evidence we now have at hand. How about the rest of it?

There is not a shred of proof that Edward and William Hilton came over with Thomson. As to the former, we simply do not know how or when he came. As to William there is competent evidence.

Captain John Smith in *New England's Trials* tells the story of the founding of Plymouth, of the return of the "Mayflower," of the immediate fitting out of a ship (the "Fortune") to take supplies to the new colony, of her reaching there on November 11, 1621, of her return eastward, her capture by the French, her final arrival in England on Febru-

ary 14, 1622, bearing a letter in part as follows:

"LOVING COUSIN, at our arivall at New Plimmouth in New England, we found all our friends and planters in good health......... We are all freeholders, the rent day doth not trouble us,—I desire your friendly care to send my wife and children to me............

WILLIAM HILTON"

So William Hilton came to Plymouth in the fall of 1621. He liked so well that he sent back immediately for his family. Naturally he waited for them; he did not go back to England and re-sail in the "Jonathan" to an experimental, unlocated colony. At Plymouth he waited until his family arrived on the "Anne" in July, 1623, several months after Thomson, without him, landed from the "Jonathan" at Little Harbor—indeed after Thomson had himself visited Plymouth. Hilton was allotted some land at Plymouth in 1623. How long he stayed there is uncertain. After 1627 it is sure he was no longer at Plymouth. The first evidence of his presence at Dover is as late as 1631.

Of course this does not prove that Edward Hilton was not at Dover in 1623. On the other hand the only ground we have to place him there is Hubbard's statement (made fifty-seven years later, without offering any proof) that Edward and William came over with Thomson and set up their fishing-stages at or near Dover. Hubbard was notoriously inaccurate and unreliable. On the face of them, his allegations about the Dover settlement are "probabilities"; his flat statement that Edward and William came with Thomson is provably erroneous as to the latter, and entirely unsupported as to the former. It is to be regretted that some of our historians lacked the documents; while others, having the documents, have not been over-critical in handling them.

Edward Hilton is first located in New England by Bradford's record that in 1628 he paid one pound sterling towards the expenses of ousting Thomas Morton from Merrymount. This happened probably in the summer; for Bradford says that shortly after that, Endicott came over. Endicott arrived the early part of September. If Hilton planted in the spring of 1628 he was in time for this event. Yet he may have come earlier.

Hilton was given a patent on March 12, 1629-30, "for and in consideracon that Edward Hilton & his Associates hath already at his and their owne proper costs and charges transported sundry servants to plant in New England aforesaid at a place there called by the natives Wecanacohunt otherwise Hilton's point lying some two leagues from the mouth of the River Paskataquack in New England aforesaid where they have already built some houses, and planted Corne, And for that he doth further intend by Gods Divine Assistance, to transport more people and cattle." Livery of seizin was given on July 7, 1631, in the presence of William Hilton and others.

This preamble may not at first reading indicate much as to the date of Hilton's planting. Reread it several times, however, in the light of the knowledge that such preambles usually incorporated the most favorable statement of the deserts and good faith of the patentees, and one will be struck with the omission to set forth occupation and cultivation since 1623. Fortified with such a long-standing colony as the inveterate tradition assigns, Hilton would have had much earlier ground for a patent, and in 1629 far stronger statement would have been made. "Already," "some houses," "planted Corne," are colorless words to describe a plantation of six years standing; they connote rather, as Jenness points out, a rather young settlement; they point to the assumption of 1627

or 1628, rather than the year of "Pannaway."

And this is where the primary evidence as to Dover leaves us: There is no proof of any settlement before 1628. In the year 1623, both Levett and Bradford (William Hilton was then at Plymouth) had opportunity to know if Hilton's plantation then existed. Both wrote contemporaneous narratives from which they would hardly have omitted reference to the settlement if existent. Neither mentions it. What primary evidence there is negatives a settlement at Dover as early as 1623. Secondarily, Pratt had opportunity of knowledge; though his silence might be explained by forgetfulness, his declaration that Thomson's was the first settlement has at least a remote value.

For secondary evidence, documented many years later, we have the declaration made in 1654 to the Massachusetts General Court by John Allen, Nicholas Shapleigh and Thomas Lake, who humbly presented "That Mr. Edward Hilton was possessed of this land [in Dover] about the year 1628, which is about 26 years ago." The petitioners were seeking to show title to the land in question, and had every reason to date their claim from the earliest possible year. If in their belief they could have placed the origin back to 1623, would they not have done so? The tendency of those times (as perhaps of others) was always to make the claim at least as broad as the proof would warrant—if not to enlarge it a bit.

There remains for discussion one other important document, a petition by William Hilton, Jr., made to the Massachusetts General Court on May 31, 1660. The preamble follows: "Where as your petitioners father William Hilton came ouer into New England about the year Anno: Dom. 1621: & yor petitioner came about one Yeare & an halfe after, and In a little tyme following setled our selues vpon the River of Pischataq, with Mr. Edw: Hilton, who were the first Inglish planters there." This document has by some historians been accepted as proving beyond doubt the settlement of Dover by the Hiltons in 1623. The argument is that "In a little tyme" means immediately; the rest is the mere addition of one and a half to 1621, making 1623.

Let us consider it carefully. First, we must remark that memory plays strange tricks after a lapse of thirty-seven years, which must lead us always to scrutinize any writing based on old memory. Here is a case in point. The petitioner says his father came over "about" 1621. That happens to be the correct year, as shown by the records of Plymouth Colony, but obviously the son did not trust his memory fully enough to give the date with assurance.

There is a special reason for assigning to this writing only a secondary evidential value. It states not only a thirty-seven-year old memory, but a memory of childhood events. To a child, a little time is usually long; to a man of middle life, somewhat lengthy periods of childhood may seem "a little tyme." Was it otherwise in this case? Mrs. William Hilton, Sr., and her two children arrived in Plymouth on the "Anne." The exact date cannot be fixed. The "Paragon" came the latter part of June, 1623. How long she stayed at Plymouth does not appear. A fortnight after she left for Virginia, Bradford says the "Anne" came in. So the arrival of the Hilton family must have been after the middle of July.

The Plymouth Records show that William Hilton was allotted one acre in 1623. After the "Anne" came in, there was an allotment to the settlers whom she brought, and Hilton's wife and "two children" were assigned three acres. Unfortunately there is no record showing when any of these

holdings were conveyed by Hilton, or when the Hiltons left Plymouth; but the grants to them as late as midsummer of 1623, when no further crops could be raised (and they could not be used for grazing, there being no cattle then in the colony) negatives the idea that on the arrival of the "Anne" the Hiltons had any thought of settling on the Piscataqua in a short time, even that William then knew of any definite plan of his brother to plant there. The writer is aware of the fact that the grants of 1623 were for that year only; but they were renewed in fee in 1624, and it is quite possible that when the passengers on the "Anne" received their grants it was foreseen they would soon be made permanent. The internal evidence of the records shows clearly that the grantees of 1624 received the identical lots they had in 1623.

So it is a quite possible inference that the William Hilton family intended to stay in Plymouth for the season of 1624, if not indefinitely; or they may have kept secret their plans and taken the land as a sort of unjust enrichment; or neither assumption may be true. Now we come to a tradition handed down by Hubbard and to be received rather critically. This states that the original trouble with Lyford and Oldham arose from the baptism of a child of William Hilton, unpermissable because the father was not of the Plymouth church. If this be true, the Hiltons were at Plymouth in 1624, for Lyford did not come over until that year. Whatever be the trustworthiness of such a tradition, it is at least consistent with the first of the three inferences that William Hilton was still at Plymouth in 1624. If, then, his son was correct in declaring that Edward and William Hilton were the first English planters on the Piscataqua (waiving the question of the priority of Thomson at the smaller mouth of the river, and taking the statement to mean, as it seems to mean, that Edward and William went to the river together), it surely results that neither was at Hilton Point as a planter in 1623. So the secondary evidence leaves us just where the primary evidence did.

We shall therefore next year celebrate with assurance only the planting at Little Harbor. But Thomson abandoned his settlement in 1626 or soon after, and in 1630 his house was leased as headquarters for the servants of the Laconia patentees. They in turn abandoned it by 1633. Who thereafter occupied it we do not know. Long ago it fell into ruin, and nothing of it now remains except a few stones guessed to be the foundation of its chimney. There is no clear connection between "Pannaway" and the settlement begun at Strawberry Bank about 1631. So to Dover, whenever planted, belongs the honor of being our oldest plantation with an unbroken history.

That is honor enough. The assigning of the settlement of Dover to the year 1623 has never, since the days of Hubbard, been more than an unnecessary assumption—an assumption glorified by repetition into a well-nigh general belief. One is reminded of the saying of Doctor Johnson: "Many things which are false are transmitted from book to book, and gain credit in the world."

NEW HAMPSHIRE DAY BY DAY.

Two memorial occasions in the month of May in New Hampshire centered public attention, each for a day, upon the greatest figures in the history of the Granite State, Daniel Webster and John Stark. On Tuesday, the 16th, at Nashua, the markers placed by the state at the beginning of the Daniel Webster Highway, near the border line between Massachusetts and New Hampshire, were dedicated with appropriate ceremonies, including a very interesting address by Judge Charles R. Corning, president of the New Hampshire Historical Society, upon Webster, which we hope to print in full in the next issue of the Granite Monthly.

On Tuesday, May 9, at Manchester, under the auspices of the local Historical Association, due honor was paid to General Stark, of whose death the previous day had been the 100th anniversary. Captain Frank H. Challis presided, the High school pupils furnished music, Mayor George E. Trudel and others spoke and Governor Albert O. Brown delivered the principal address of the occasion as follows:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

New Hampshire may well be called the mother of men. From the earliest times her sons have distinguished themselves on almost every accessible field of human endeavor. In public service they have been conspicuous and in private affairs, prominent. They have found advantage and comfort in peace and sacrifice and glory in war.

At the breaking out of the Revolution they constituted, from environment, a race of farmers and hunters. They were inured to arms. Indeed, until the end of the Seven Years War they had not for a moment been free from the Indian menace. But with the peace of 1760 many found their occupation gone. It was not for long, however. The war for independence in which they were to bear such a noble part, and chiefly in other states for theirs was not invaded, soon followed.

A list of great names adorns the pages of our early history, both as a province and a state. Bartlett, Whipple and Thornton, signers of the immortal declaration, Weare, Wentworth and Langdon, executives and legislators, and Stark, Sullivan and Cilley, soldiers in the field, may be taken as the representatives of a much larger group. The name of Stark stands at the very top of the list and is most often upon the tongues of men.

If it should seem strange that John Stark, born upon a frontier beset with savages, reared apart from schools and almost entirely deprived of the use of books, was able to acquire a considerable knowledge of military science and to gain admission to the society of such trained men as Howe and Washington, let it be remembered that his father was a native of Scotland and educated at the ancient University of Glasgow. It is natural to believe that during the long winter evenings as well as in other periods of enforced leisure, the father imparted to the son something of the learning he was so fortunate as to possess. Moreover there is proof of instruction by the mother. At all events, young Stark learned something of history. Among other things he became familiar with the campaigns of Alexander and of Charles the XII, both of whom he greatly admired.

To the knowledge gained at home he soon added that of the wilderness. As a hunter and trapper in the northern wilds, as a

prisoner of the Indians in Canada and as a forest ranger for many years, he learned all there was to know.

In the war between England and France his name and his presence were feared all the way from Albany to Quebec. His exploits and escapes were more remarkable even than those of Major Rogers himself. So highly was his opinion regarded that in the campaign of 1758 he was summoned by Lord Howe for a conference at headquarters, and the night before Howe fell the two men lay side by side on a bear-skin in the forest and for hours discussed the position of Ticonderoga and the best methods of approach.

It is known to every careful student that, despite the neglect of historians resident abroad, the battle of Bunker Hill was fought and won, so far as it was won at all, by New Hampshire men. In numbers, in valor, and in everything that makes for efficiency, they were far in the lead in that memorable conflict. As they approached Charlestown Neck their advance was halted by a body of deserters and skulkers who could not be forced into action over that narrow passage, even then swept by the fire of the British fleet. They were requested to advance or give way and let Stark pass. They did the latter. And Colonel Stark led his regiment, which marched slowly and with the precision of veterans, through the disordered mass and then through a rain of grape and canister, to its position on the hill.

In this connection it is fair to remark that not all of the men of the Revolutionary period were heroes. But it is conforting to believe that not one of those who had traveled all the way from their northern homes to engage the enemy wherever he might be found, joined the rabble behind the lines or united with those faithless soldiers who from another hill looked down upon the battle, without rendering the aid or furnishing the supplies that would have meant victory to the American arms.

Stark's men were opposed by the Welsh fusileers, veteran soldiers with a proud record to maintain. Three times they advanced to the attack. Three times they were swept back with terrible loss. That morning they had numbered 700 strong. The next morning they could muster but 83 men.

Verily "the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd."

How did the men from Amoskeag fight on that eventful day? Captain John Moor and his small company strewed 96 dead bodies along the Mystic shore, exclusive of the officers, who were removed before the count was made.

When the powder which Sullivan had seized at Fort William and Mary at New Castle, at the time he began the war by the reduction of that fortress, and with which the battle of Bunker Hill was fought, failed, and Prescott was compelled to retreat, it was Stark who protected his rear and then withdrew his own troops in the same good order in which they had come upon the field.

It is true that the glory of Bunker Hill belongs at least to all who participated in the battle, but if it be asked who contributed most of experience, of daring, of military capacity and aptitude, to the fortunes of that day, the answer must inevitably be, John Stark.

There is no question about Bennington. The credit for that victory, as an achievement of command, belongs wholly to Stark. It was his capital service, and was in itself a supreme accomplishment.

Bennington, like Gettysburg, was the turning point of a great war. And it was relatively more important than Gettysburg, for the army of Lee escaped while that of Burgoyne was made an easy prey to General Gates. The attempt to separate New England from New York failed, and the way was opened for the French alliance. Thenceforth the fortunes of the colonies were in the ascendant.

Stark, although somewhat imperious, jealous of his rank and self-willed to the point of insubordination, continued in favor. He was gradually advanced until at the time of the fall of Yorktown he was stationed at Saratoga in full command of the Department of the North.

This assignment indicates that he was fitted for dutes of a far more comprehensive nature than those that devolve upon a mere scout or even a combat officer. His appointment as a member of the court marshal that tried and convicted Andre points in the same direction. That he was possessed of great wisdom and prudence in civil as well as military affairs must be the conclusion of all who will read his letter to Governor Chittenden on the relations of Vermont to New York and New Hampshire.

General Stark needs a biographer just as the state needs a historian. If some author would perform for him a service similar to that recently rendered to his loyalist contemporary, John Wentworth, by Mayo, he would stand forth more plainly than he does now as the great military genius which all those who have investigated for themselves know him to have been. He would clearly appear as second only to George Washington among the great commanders of the Revoution.

By a joint resolution of long standing the legislature has called upon our successive governors to proclaim an Arbor Day at this season of the year. This has generally been done. In the present instance the day was made to fall upon the one hundredth anniversary of the death of New Hampshire's greatest soldier and trees have been set for him as well as those who have died in war that we may live in peace. It would not seem inappropriate to make Arbor Day and Stark Day permanently identical to be devoted, in some part and among other purposes, to memorial trees and vines and shrubs.

ENCHANTMENT

By J. Roy Zeiss

Lure of the stream, and evergreen pines,
Fragrance of clover and honeysuckle vines;
Blue of the mirrored lake in early morn,
Rise of the sun in splendor reborn;
Call of the quail, and song of the lark,
Lap of the waves on the side of your bark;—
Fall of the fly and leap of the trout,
Flash of the silver! Your line running out!
Flicker of the shadows in the camp-fire's gleam,
Joys of the follower of forest and stream!

DANIEL WEBSTER, NEW HAMPSHIRE'S GIANT

By Rev. Roland D. Sawyer.

Two men grow upon me as I grow older, and as I have more to do with political and public life—they are Lincoln and Webster. Lincoln, for his quiet wisdom and ability to get things done. Webster for his native powers of intellect. Webster was a giant. His poise in public life came from an intellect confident of itself.

Capt. Webster of Kingston, born 1739, married 1761, was the first to move into the "North Country" in New Hampshire after the French and English treaty of 1763 opened upper New Hampshire to settlement by the English along the coast. In the little two room frame house there was born on January 18, 1782, the greatest son of New Hampshire. Only the robust survived, and Daniel grew to be a man possessed of fine physical presence and great physical endurance. A boyhood spent among the hills, his sports those of the pioneer, fishing, hunting, he from the out-door life learned to love Nature, to see things from the out-door standpoint—to see them big. He loved to see the sunrise upon the eternal hills of upper New Hampshire—to gaze upon the vast ocean at Portsmouth and Hampton, and later from his adopted home at Marshfield. He loved the great friendly ox—the best friend of the settler; majestic, slow-moving, but sure and strong —they were like himself. And the last act of his life was to have his oxen driven on the lawn before his sick room window, so he might watch them feed. Life was hard and dull in the country of Webster's early life; no papers, few books, hardships and never-ending toil—but such environment stirred lads of native endowment like Lincoln, Greeley, Ballou, Webster—and he read and meditated and became a man of wide information and sound knowledge.

Such was the life of the lad and young man, and as he steps upon the forum he seems fitted for that calling above all else. Just as Whitefield was fitted to be a great open-air preacher, so Webster was fitted for the forum of public life. His fine imagination, his stately eloquence, his love for his country—these fitted him to stand in Washington as America's Greatest Senator. President he was not destined to be, and it was well; the office of president would have detracted from his glory as America's greatest figure in parliamentary life and activity. And Webster won his fame, not at a time barren of great men—his colleagues were Clay, and Calhoun— "there were giants in those days" in the federal senate.

Alongside of the classics from Greece and Rome in their glory, we Americans can place the speeches at Bunker Hill, the Eulogy on Adams and Jefferson, the September speech at Marshfield, and the second speech on Foote's Resolution.

Webster symbolizes an epoch—he is the classic voice of America in the forming. Just as Washington stands for America struggling to be free and as Jefferson stands for America drawing up its form of organic government—so Webster stands for America as it finds itself and stands among the nations of the earth, the youngest, most alert, most virile, most just—of the earth's nations. He stood the great voice of the federal parliament, in that government; which as he himself expressed it is "The peoples' government, made for the

people, made by the people, and answerable to the people."

No native of New Hampshire who knows human history, will ever hear the name of Webster spoken, without drawing a long breath of pride, that he too, was born in the old Granite State.

DILEMMA

By Cora S. Day

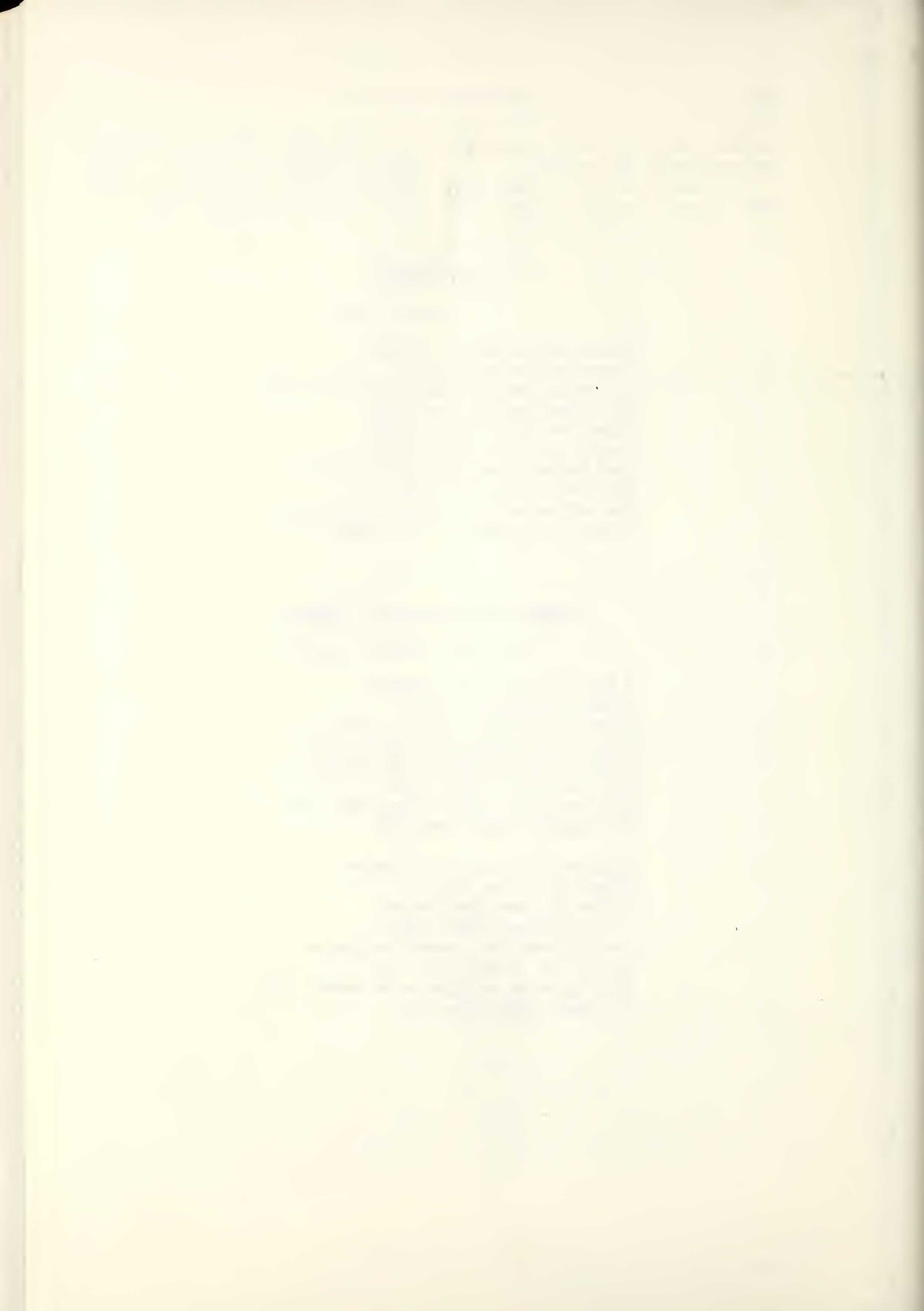
Riches and Greed and Pleasure
Passed by me on the road.
And not a one of them turned his head,
Or helped me with my load.
Then Love came by a-singing,
And stopped to chat with me
And before I knew he had taken all
My load, and set me free.
No—all he asked was the heart of me!
Now—am I bond, or am I free?

THE WOODSEY TRAIL

By Adeline Holton Smith

I have no use for the highway
Where automobiles glide:
Give me the little woodsey trail
That runs through the trees to hide.
The trail that climbs to the ledges,
The one to the shady pool,
The one that wanders down the hill
To the river swift and cool.

Give me the trail to the birches
Where, on either side
Under the ferns and mosses
The Christmas berries hide.
And the trail that crosses the pasture
Where the drowsy cattle are
That takes me straight to the shining gate
Of sunset and vesper star.



EDITORIALS

Memorial Day, 1922, in New Hampshire, was well observed. Of all our holidays, it retains and expresses the most of the purpose for which it was instituted. This has been largely, though not by any means wholly, due to the fact that behind its observance is an organization once powerful by virtue of its numbers and still potent because of the great achievement to its credit in preserving the unity of our nation on the one right basis. So long as one veteran of the Civil War remains in a community as a living symbol of what Memorial Day means, that community is not likely to allow May 30 to pass without some fitting recognition of the war which saved the Union and the men who fought it.

But when the last member of the Grand Army of the Republic has answered the final roll-call, when the Boys in Blue are only a glorious memory, will their holiday be allowed to lose its meaning and become merely one more free day for motoring, sports and recreation? We hope not. There are very few places in this country where July 4 gives any justification for being known as Independence Day; but in the hundred thousand cemeteries where the grave of every dead soldier is carefully marked with flag and flowers Memorial Day means something, to the youngest child who follows the band and the soldiers, as well as the oldest survivor who enlisted under the Stars and Stripes when but a child himself.

Let us whose generation came between, who were too young to fight in the Civil War and too old to fight in the World War, try to do something of our part for patriotism by making certain, so far as the enacting of laws and the educating of sentiment can do it, that the decorating of these graves continues, in the manner and the spirit of those who founded and have faithfully carried on this beautiful custom.

Just the kind of a letter, for three reasons, which the Granite Monthly likes to receive, came in today's mail from Mr. Charles W. Aiken, the distinguished inventor and manufacturer, of Brooklyn, N. Y., whose old home town is Franklin, N. H. The three reasons were these: First, the letter enclosed a check in advance payment subscription; second, it said "The Granite Monthly is interesting and very well worth while;" third, it offered a valuable suggestion as to increasing the magazine's subscription list. Enough of that kind of mail makes a perfect day for an editor and publisher. "It is a valuable work you are doing and I will lift my mite," writes J. M. Post of Mascoma, accompanying a check. The current catalogue of Libbie, of Boston of New England history, listing 50 volumes of the Granite Monthly, says the set is "a veritable storehouse of historical matter relating to the state, with much valuable genealogical information, biography, local history, etc., not to be found elsewhere."

BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

As interesting as the best fiction, yet of much value as an accurate historical record, is "The Cowboy," by Philip Ashton Rollins (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York). Mr. Rollins is a member of that distinguished New England family which has made so many important contributions to the literature of the nation as well as to its statecraft and finance, and, to its list the present work is a worthy addition. It is evidently a labor of love and one so well performed that even the casual reader, before he has turned many pages, comes to share the interest of the author in the subject of his portrait, "The Cowboy," not the theatric figure of the movies, but "an affirmative, constructive factor in the social and political development of the United States."

Mr. Rollins shows that he has read books, ransacked archives and consulted authorities in order to achieve correctness and completeness; which he has achieved to such an extent that we should call his work monumental, if that adjective was not likely to convey a false impression as to the readableness of the narrative. But it is not his diligence as a student which is the main factor in the undoubted success of Mr. Rollins's book; it is the vivid variety of his personal experiences, dating back to the days when Jim Bridger told him about Kit Carson, and coming down to the present time. Through long years he has been the cowboy's close companion and warm friend; so that he knows him from sombrero to chaps; at work and at play; at the round-up or on the trail. Beyond that, and this is where the public gains an interesting story as well as a valuable source of information, Mr. Rollins makes his reader see the cowboy as he was and is; to appreciate his virtues and to understand his faults; to recognize in him "the spirit of the West." So true a picture, so honestly painted, deserves a permanent place in our national gallery of American types.

Publishers send us occasionally books which have not New Hampshire connection, but which we can recommend as of interest, for other reasons, to our readers.

Coningsby Dawson's "The Vanishing Point" (Cosmopolitan Book Corporation) is a thrilling tale of world war aftermath, in which the gifted author forsees monarchy and anarchy in mortal combat and America once more quelling the storm, this time with bread instead of bullets. Very famous people appear in the story under thin disguises and the "pull" of the plot in which they strangely figure never slackens.

"The Wild Heart," by Emma Lindsay Squier (Cosmopolitan Book Company) is an engaging record of friendships between a boy and girl, on the shore of Puget Sound, and a sea gull, a jack rabbit, a deer, a bear, a heron, a seal, a quail, a hawk. The degree of rapport attained between the humans and the wild things seem almost incredible, yet the story is told with a simplicity that breathes truth in every line. The publishers have given the book an attractive form, with illustrations and decorations by Paul Bransom.

"The Red Cavalier," by Gladys Edson Locke (The Page Company, Boston) is a mystery story of old England and old India with all the necessary ingredients of love, jealousy, murder, jewels, a cypher,

etc., skilfully mingled so that the interest does not flag through the 372 pages.

"Henrietta's Inheritance," by Lela Horn Richards (The Page Company, Boston), continues through another volume the life story of a girl heroine already very popular with a large circle of young readers; subjecting her to severe trials but bringing her in the end a college degree, a fortune and a lover; of all of which she will make good use, judging from the portrait of her which Thelma Gooch has painted for the book cover.

The Page Company "Little Cousin" series now has reached a total of more than 50 titles, showing the popularity of this successful attempt to impart useful knowledge in pleasant form. Emily Goddard Taylor is the author of the latest issue which tells of the interesting island of Barbadoes and its Caribean neighbors under the title, "Our Little West Indian Cousin."

THE TREE

By T. P. White

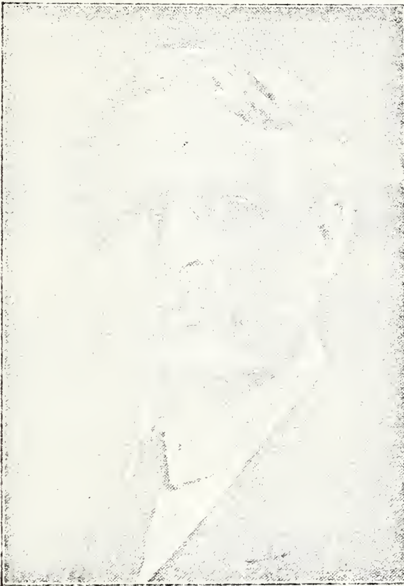
Silent and bare it stood when autumn days had past,
Gray as the leaden sky, braving the wintry blast.
Withered and sear there held onto its lofty arms
Scattering leaves of brown—remnants of glory's charms.
Weary and old it seemed, yet, sturdy, grand and strong,
Awaiting spring again, the balmy days, the song
Of mating birds. Its heart asleep dreamt of the time
When Nature's hand renews its work sublime.

Gladsome and gay there came the gentle winds of May;
Then with the tender leaves springing in wild array
Clothed and screened, the tree, out to the sky of blue,
Offering God its crown, extended arms anew.
Elfins and fairies danced under the swaying boughs,
As softly sighed the breeze carrying lovers' vows;
And Nature smiled. With sadness, mirth, laughter and tears,
Onward, ever onward roll the seasons and years.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

CHARLES R. WALKER, M. D.

Charles Rumford Walker, M. D., died in Concord, April 22. He was born in that city, February 13, 1852, the son of Joseph B. and Elizabeth L. (Upham) Walker and a descendant in the fourth generation from Rev. Timothy Walker, first minister of Concord. He attended the public schools of Concord; then graduated from Phillips Exeter Academy in 1870, from Yale in 1874 and from the Harvard Medical school in 1878. After postgraduate work abroad, in Dublin, London, Vienna and Strassburg, he began the practice of his profession in Concord in 1881 and so continued until his death, not only winning high honors as a physician and surgeon, but also doing an amount of good as a doctor, citizen and friend which is beyond estimate, because so much of it is known only to the persons benefited.



Dr. Charles R. Walker

He was a member of the New Hampshire Medical society, of which he was president in 1899; of the American Medical association; of the staffs of the Margaret Pillsbury and New Hampshire Memorial hospitals; and for 16 years was physician to St. Paul's school. During the war with Germany he served on the selective service board for his district.

Outside of his practice, Dr. Walker was best known as the active member of the board of trustees of the Timothy and Abigail B. Walker Lecture Fund, in which capacity he added greatly to the opportunities of the people of Concord for culture and entertainment. A Republican in politics, he could spare but little time from his profession for public service, but was a member of the board of aldermen in 1892 and of the state legislature in 1895 and had served on the Concord water board. At the time of his death he was president of the New Hampshire Savings Bank and trustee of the Rolfe and Rumford Asylum. At one time he was a surgeon in the New Hampshire National Guard. His clubs were the Wonolancet and Snowshoe of Concord.

June 18, 1888, Doctor Walker married in Boston, Frances Sheafe, by whom he is survived, with their two sons, Rev. Sheafe Walker and Lieut. Charles R. Walker, both graduates of Phillips Exeter and Yale and now of New York City.

JOSEPH W. LUND

Joseph Wheelock Lund, lawyer and sportsman, but best known, perhaps, for his activity as an alumnus of Harvard, died in Cambridge, Mass., May 5. He was born in Concord, March 14, 1867, the son of the late Charles Carroll and Lydia (French) Lund, and fitted at Phillips Andover academy for Harvard, where he graduated in 1890, being permanent secretary of the class. He graduated from the law school of the university in 1893 and had practised his profession in Boston since that date. He was an ardent rowing enthusiast, a trustee of the Weld Boat club at Harvard, and also was devoted to hunting and fishing. He was one of the chief workers in the campaign which resulted in erecting the handsome house of the Harvard Club of Boston and was chairman of the club's first house committee. He also was very active in the endowment drive of the university and in general was unceasing in his labors for Harvard. Mr. Lund never married. He is survived by a brother, Fred B. Lund, M. D., of Boston.

GEN. J. M. THOMPSON

Brigadier General John Milton Thompson, U. S. A., retired, died at Berkeley, Cal., April 6. He was born at Lebanon, August 1, 1842, the son of Ira and Cyn-

thia Wheeler (Spaulding) Thompson. He enlisted as a private in Company E., 7th N. H Vols., Nov. 7, 1861, and served with distinction throughout the great conflict; being commissioned captain Nov. 7, 1863. July 28, 1866, he was appointed second lieutenant in the 38th U. S. Infantry and after almost 40 years of service was retired with the rank of brigadier general Aug. 9, 1903. Congress by special act issued three bronze medals in recognition of General Thompson's bravery, one for the Civil War, one for the Indian wars and one for the war in the Philippines. He was a member of the G. A. R., the Loyal Legion and the Sons of the American Revolution. Dartmouth college conferred upon him the honorary degree of master of arts in 1907. He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Carrie Ellis Thompson; a sister, Mrs. Ferdinand Davis, of Pomona, Cal.; a brother, Elbridge H. Thompson of Lebanon; and a son, J. Walcott Thompson, of Salt Lake City.

SPRING PROMISE

By M. White Sawyer

Paleyellow green of Spring is seen
Near brimming brooks, new grass is growing.
All living things from bondage spring
As waking Earth new life is showing.

The tulips start two leaves apart
In pensive mood the garden dreaming
Cool lilies lure with colors pure
In myriad shades the glades are teeming.

So may our hearts renew their hopes
Let Charity enrich our living
And like the flower laden slopes
Let Love rejoice in Kindness giving.

BITTE

By Walter B. Wolfe

If at Maytide I should die
let me lie
buttercups about my head,
faery bluets for my bed,
where some shady apple tree
snows white petals over me.

Should I die while lilacs bloom
and perfume
lazy breezes with their scent—
when the willows redolent
in their spring time fragrance wave,
let their shadow be my grave.

When the robin's roundelay
fills the day
pray, do not close me in a tomb
but in sunlight give me room—
where the lark has built her nest
couched in grasses I would rest.

Tax Free in New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts and Connecticut

CENTRAL POWER AND LIGHT COMPANY

(A Massachusetts Corporation)

7% CUMULATIVE PREFERRED

PAR VALUE $100

Preferred as to Assets and Divdends

All outstanding Preferred Stock Callable on any dividend payment date at 105 and accrued dividend or on any part thereof at 110 and accrued dividend upon 30 days' written notice.

Dividends Payable Quarterly, Feb., May, Aug. and Nov. 15th

The Equitable Trust Company of New York, Registrar and Transfer Agent

CAPITALIZATION

(As of August 31, 1921 giving effect to recent financing and acquisition of 11 properties)

	Authorized	Outstanding*
7% Cumulative Preferred Stock	$1,500,000	$ 713,008
Common Stock	1,000,000	866,300
Secured 7% Notes, Due 1921-1930	1,067,500	1,067,500
First Mortgage and Prior Lien 6% Bonds	5,000,000	1,886,000

*In hands of public.

EARNINGS STATEMENT

Years Ending	Gross	Net	Gross
Dec. 31, 1920	1,837,401	404,124	22%
Aug. 31, 1921	1,960,924	491,489	25%
Oct. 31, 1921	1,977,054	519,992	26%
Dec. 31, 1921	2,015,275	547,560	27%

SALIENT FEATURES

PROPERTY VALUE approximately $5,887,000—after deducting par value bonds and notes outstanding, valuation remaining is nearly three times the amount of Preferred Stock outstanding.

EARNINGS over FIVE TIMES Preferred Stock requirements.
Net Earnings (after bond and note interest) must be two and one-half times dividend requirements if additional stock is issued.

Properties located in the rapidly growing states of Texas, Missouri, Oklahoma and Arkansas, serving a total population of over 155,000.

Very experienced and able management, with record of successful operation.

PRICE—$87.50 and Accrued Dividend to Yield 8%.

ALONZO ELLIOTT & COMPANY

INVESTMENT BANKERS

ESTABLISHED 1896 TEL. 952 INCORPORATED 1909

20 AMHERST STREET MANCHESTER, N. H.

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